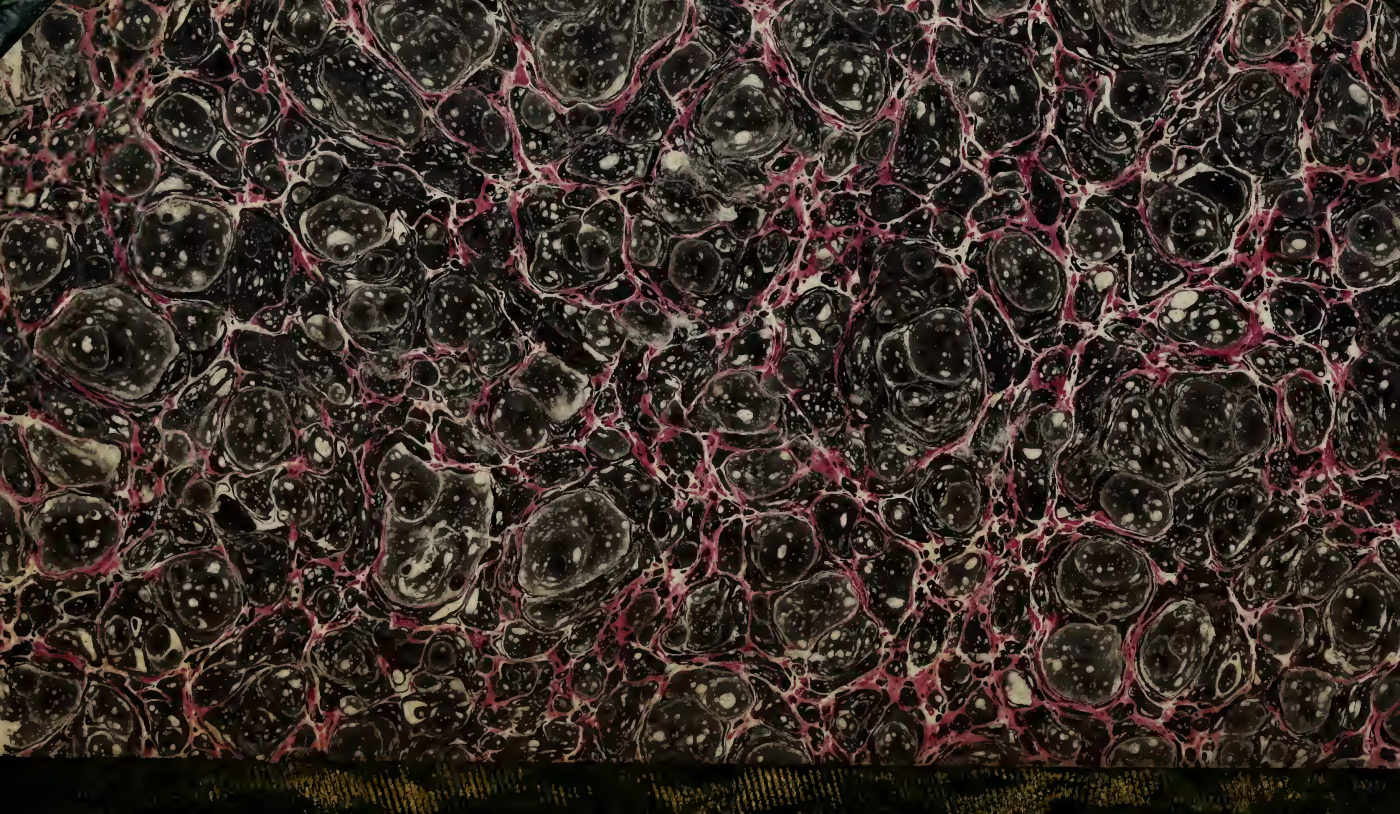

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A

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THROUGH

ITALY

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ITALY

An. MDCCCII.

Haec est Italia diis sacra, hae gentes ejus, haec oppida populorum.

Plin. Nat. Hist. iii. 20.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE

FOURTH EDITION.

To this edition, carefully revised, corrected and amended, is added a description of the most remarkable excavations of POMPEI subsequent to the author's tour, with a plan of that ancient city, and references to the same, and moreover an itinerary of the posts on the principal roads, and a list of the most celebrated, and commodious Inns throughout Italy

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A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

Milan, its History, its Cathedral—Comparison between Roman and Gothic Architecture—St. Charles Borromeo, his Character—St. Ambrose—Basilica and Bibliotheca Ambrosiana—Colleges and Hospitals of Milan—Character of its Inhabitants.

MILAN, *Milano*, anciently *Mediolanum*, may be ranked among the few cities of Italy which have, I will not say escaped, but risen superior to the devastation of ages, wars, and revolutions, and brought down to modern times the greatest part, if not the whole, of

their ancient celebrity. This city must be acknowledged to have enjoyed, during certain periods of her history, greater independence, but it may be doubted whether for any length of time she could boast of so exuberant a population, so wide a circumference, or such durable peace and prosperity, as from the middle to the end of the last century. Many, we well know, are the blessings which accompany independence; but independence, by which I mean exemption from foreign influence, is only a partial advantage if it be not perfected by liberty. This observation is, I think, in a peculiar manner elucidated by the history of *Milan*, which, from its situation, the fertility of the surrounding country, and the mildness of the climate, soon attained, and with a few intervals of visitation and disaster generally preserved, but never exceeded, a certain mediocrity of fame and magnificence.

This city, like most of those situated between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is of Gallic origin. The *Insubrians* were its founders, and at an early period of Roman history, built it, or rather erected few a hovels, which gradually rose from a village to a

town, and at length became a city; or so at least it was called during the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, or his successor Ancus Martius. As the capital of a considerable territory it had acquired, in the year of Rome 551, strength sufficient to keep a Roman army in check for some time, and to require the united efforts of two Consuls. Under Roman control it enjoyed tranquillity undisturbed for many ages, increased in extent and opulence, improved in the polite arts, and became the seat of an academy honored, if we may be allowed to conjecture from an inscription still extant, with the appellation of *Novae Athenae*. One advantage, indeed, this city possessed quite peculiar to itself, as its prosperity was rather increased than diminished by the civil wars and the invasions of the third and fourth centuries; so that while the other cities of Italy and of the whole empire were gradually wasting away under the increasing calamities of the times; and even Rome herself, with all her lofty prerogatives of majesty and of fame, saw her streets deserted and her pomp withering under the influence of warring Powers; *Milan* flourish-

ed in population and splendor, and became, not indeed the nominal but oftentimes the real seat of empire. Such was its state under some of the successors of Constantine; and particularly during the reign of the Valentinians, and such its glory when described by Ausonius, and decorated with temples and porticos, with baths and amphitheatres. But here its ancient prosperity closed, and the era of its disasters commenced. Its situation at the foot of the *Alps*, exposed it to the attacks, while its splendor and fame attracted the attention, of every invading barbarian. *Attila* visited it in his fury, and first plundered, then butchered its inhabitants. Next the *Goths*, under *Vitiges*, in order to punish an effort of Roman spirit indignantly spurning at their yoke, delivered it up to flames and devastation. It was afterwards taken and sacked by the *Longobardi*, under their king *Alboin*, and abandoned during the existence of their kingdom, to contempt and insignificance. *Charlemagne* restored it, in part at least, to its former dignity; but one of his successors, the Emperor *Barbarossa*, irritated by the insolence of its in-

habitants, or perhaps instigated by the neighboring rival cities, razed it to the ground, and if we may believe some historians, tore up its foundations and passed the ploughshare over its ruins. But *Milan* survived even this tremendous visitation, and rose almost immediately, and even with the assistance of the same prince, from her ashes.

This re-establishment, as well as her former splendor, was in some measure owing to the zeal and the authority of her pastors, who, like the Roman pontiffs, after having long been the benefactors and the fathers of their flocks, at length became their sovereigns. One of them, of the name of *Visconti* transmitted his temporal authority to his nephew, whose descendants reigned for several generations with considerable influence and reputation. Of these dukes, for such was their title, *John Galeas Visconti*, was the most distinguished, and the first perhaps who merited both by his military talents, and by his useful institutions, the sovereignty which his ancestors had in part usurped. The cathedral of *Milan*, the Carthusian abbey

of *Pavia*, several bridges and aqueducts, and above all the various canals that intersect, drain, and fertilize this country, are to this day monuments of the piety, the patriotism, and the benevolence of this prince.

Unfortunately for *Milan*, and indeed for all Italy, the family of the *Visconti* formed matrimonial connexions with the royal dynasty of France, which on the extinction of the former, laid claim to its territories, and made repeated attempts with various success to take possession of them. These attempts at length terminated in the decisive battle of *Pavia*, which broke the French power in Italy, and secured the possession of *Milan* to Spain, and eventually to Austria, who retained it, with a few intervals of incidental and temporary incursions, till the French revolutionary invasion.

I have elsewhere observed that the Austrian government is in general mild and benevolent, and that the provinces under its control enjoy a fair proportion of ease and prosperity. This observation is peculiarly applicable to the *Milanese*, the natural fer-

tility of which, if the cultivators be not checked by despotic regulations, and partial taxation, supplies in abundance all the comforts of life, and all that can stimulate and recompense industry. Hence, under the Austrian sway, it exhibited, like the Netherlands, a scene of population, riches and felicity, seldom equalled even in free countries, and alike delightful to the eye, and to the mind of the humane traveller. The Emperor *Joseph*, with good intentions but bad policy, first disturbed the tranquillity of both these happy provinces, in attempting to introduce innovations, most of which, whether in their own nature useful or not, were unquestionably unpopular. The fermentation excited by these ill-advised measures, was scarcely appeased by the prudence of *Leopold*, *Joseph's* successor, when the French revolution burst forth like a volcano, and disgorged its burning torrent over all the neighboring territories. How long the effects of this infernal ebullition may be felt, or how far its ravages may extend, it is difficult to determine. Suffice it to say, that both the *Milanese* and the *Netherlands* fell within its range, and have experienced the

full effect of its fury. The latter, plundered of its riches, and its constitution, and deprived of half its population, shares with France, her name, her misery, and her infamy. The former erected into the capital of a nominal republic, but in fact, of a miserable and oppressed province, sees its resources swallowed up in contributions, its churches stript, its public establishments plundered, its youth corrupted and enrolled in the armies of its oppressors, and all its scenes of opulence, and all its prospects of security, turned into want and uncertainty.

Milan is a great and splendid city, near eleven miles in circumference, containing about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its general appearance however, does not in my opinion, correspond with its reputation; the streets are not always either wide or regular, or well built, and it presents few edifices of magnificence or beauty sufficient to attract attention. Of these, the Cathedral without doubt is the principal. It is situate almost in the centre of the city, and occupies part of the great square. It is of Go-

thic architecture, and its materials are white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few. Inferior only to the *Basilica Vaticana*, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses the cathedral of *Florence* and St. Paul's; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in exterior it exceeds both; in fretwork, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. Such, at least, it must appear to those who admire the Gothic manner called by the Italians *Tedesca*, so uncommon in Italy in its purity, as most of the edifices that bear that appellation are, as I have before observed, a mixed style formed of a degradation of Roman architecture dressed up in *moresco* ornaments. The admirer of English Gothic will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of *Milan*, there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation. In the front of

the chancel, and almost immediately above the steps, rises on four additional steps the altar, and behind it, in a semicircular form, the choir. Thus the altar stands as in the Roman *Basilicae*, and indeed in all ancient churches, between the clergy and the people.

Two circumstances are particularly observable in this church; the one is, that there are no chapels properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, which long retained the ancient custom of allowing one altar only, and one service in each church, not having conformed to the modern mode when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made in the plan for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and the unity of the edifice. Altars however there now are in abundance, but placed in such a manner as does not interfere with the general design. The second is the thinness of the pillars or rather of the clusters of pillars, which, while they support the vault, and are of course numerous, amounting to fifty-two, yet conceal no part of the edifice, and allow the eye to range over the whole at pleasure. How much superior are

pillars to buttresses, and colonnades to arcades! the lightness, the simplicity, and the openness of the one, to the cumbersome weight of the other, which occupies so much space, conceals so many parts, and so obstructs the appearance of an edifice. In truth, the traveller when he has seen and admired the majestic simplicity of *St. Peter ad Vincula*, *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, and *St. Paul, fuori le mura*, views even the towering arcades of *St. Peter's* with regret, and laments that a colonnade is wanting to the interior perfection of the Vatican.

The pillars of the cathedral of *Milan* are more than ninety feet in height, and about eight in diameter. The dimensions of the church at large are as follows: In length four hundred and ninety feet, in breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, in interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight, and four hundred in exterior, that is to the summit of the tower. The pavement is formed of marble of different colors, disposed in various patterns and figures. The number of niches is great, and every niche has its statue, which, with those placed on the balustrade of the roof,

are reported to amount to more than four thousand. Many among them are said to be of great beauty.

Over the dome rises a tower or spire, or rather obelisk, for its singular shape renders it difficult to ascertain its appellation, which, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, adds little either to the beauty or to the magnificence of the structure which it surmounts. This obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century *, contrary to the opinion of the best architects. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascending, the traveller will observe, that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement, that has not only its hardness and durability, but its color, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is ex-

* 1763.

tensive and even novel, as it includes not only the city and the rich plain of *Milan*, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, and takes in the neighboring *Alps*, forming a magnificent semicircle and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant *Apennines*.

The traveller will regret as he descends, that instead of heaping this useless and cumbersome quarry upon the dome, the trustees of the edifice did not employ the money expended upon it, in erecting a front (for that essential part is still wanting) corresponding with the style and the stateliness of this superb temple. A front has indeed been begun, but in a taste so dissimilar to that of the main building, and made up of such a medley of Roman orders and Gothic decorations, that the total suspension of such a work might be considered as an advantage, if a more appropriate portal were to be erected in its place. But unfortunately the funds destined for the completion and repair of this cathedral are now swallowed

up in the general confiscation; and an edifice destined to be a monument of the piety of fifty generations, will be abandoned by the present atheistical government to neglect and decay. Had it been finished, and had the western front been built in a style corresponding with the other parts, the admirers of Gothic would have possessed one specimen perfect in its kind, and accompanied with all the advantages of the best materials set off by a fine climate.

In materials indeed, the cathedral of *Milan* surpasses all other churches, the noblest of which are only lined and coated with marble, while this is entirely built, paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and that of the whitest and most resplendent kind. Here then there would have been an object of comparison, and the lover of sacred architecture, after a minute examination, I will not say of the Vatican, for the magnitude, elevation, and accompaniments of that vast fabric, admit of no comparison, but of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, *S. Paolo fuori le Mura*, *Sta. Justina* at *Padua*, *St. Paul* in *London*, might decide which of the two styles is best adapted to the solemnity of reli-

gious offices, or which delights the eye and the mind most. The decision would be difficult. Most men have habits to resist, and prejudices to conquer on the subject. All the ancient, and with the exception of *St. Paul's* only, all the great edifices dedicated to religion in our own country are Gothic and Saxon, while Greek and Roman architecture is seen only in palaces, villas, and theatres. How naturally therefore does the former excite sentiments of awe and devotion? especially when we learn from our very infancy

> To walk the studious cloister pale,
> And love the high imbowed roof,
> With antique pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

If to these enchantments we add the *pealing organ*, the *full-voiced choir*, the *service high*, and *anthems clear*, we are irresistibly attracted to a style that awakens so many delicious recollections, and calls forth some of our best and most holy feelings. When opposed to it, Greek and Roman architecture, though it may retain its beauty, yet seems divested of its majesty; and appropriated as it is almost entirely amongst us to the mansions of the

great and to the resorts of the gay, it inspires pleasurable ideas only, and awakens emotions of mirth, and expectations of theatrical amusement. But this association of ideas, so favorable to Gothic, is peculiar to an Englishman. An Italian's prejudices run in a contrary direction. The Gothic, or *Tedesca*, he considers as an invention of the northern barbarians, and a combination of disproportions and dissonances. Its *twilight pale* is to him the sullen gloom of northern forests, and of skies for ever clouded; its clustered pillars are mere confusion, ill-contrived bundles of stone; the apparent length or elevation is the result of narrowness and disproportion; the pointed arch, the consequence of ignorance in not knowing the art of forming a round one; the stone braces that intersect the vault, clumsy contrivances to support it; the fretwork of the windows, happy inventions to obstruct the light; in short, he looks upon the whole style as an ill assorted mass of incongruities, disproportions, encumbrance, confusion, darkness, and intricacy, well adapted indeed, as were the forests of *Scandinavia*, to the gloom and the horror of Druidical sacrifices and Runic incantations,

Barbara ritu
Sacra Deum, structae diris feralibus arae.
Lucan.

but very ill calculated for the purposes of a christian congregation, the order and decorum of its rites, and the festive celebration of its mysteries.

It would here, perhaps, be the place to inquire when and *whence* the Gothic style passed into Italy; an inquiry would naturally lead to another inseparable indeed from it, though more extensive and intricate, *where* that style originated. But, as the subject is, if not strictly speaking Gothic, at least anticlassical, I may be allowed to exclude it from these sketches, and instead of a dissertation and my own very insignificant opinion, call the attention of the reader to a passage from Cassiodorus; and admitting that it may not refer to the style in question, yet I will ask him whether it would be possible to describe it more accurately*. — *Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem?*

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* Cassiodorus lived in the sixth century, and was secretary to the first Gothic kings.

moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum, quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiae qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas aestimes fuisse transfusas, alias caeris judicas factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum †.

The most remarkable object in the interior of this church is the subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles *Borromeo* reposes. It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into pannels representing the principal actions of the life of the Saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind the altar; it is stretched at full length, drest in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly, because much disfigured by decay: a deformity increased, and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendor of

† Lib. vii. Var. Form. xv. From this epistle we learn, that under the abovementioned princes, Rome still abounded in statues even of bronze—that its edifices were in good repair—and that government was extremely attentive to their preservation.

the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above. The inscription over this chapel or mausoleum, was dictated by St. Charles himself, and breathes that modesty and piety which so peculiarly marked his character. It is as follows:

CAROLUS CARDINALIS
TITULI S. PRAXEDIS
ARCHIEP. MEDIOLAN.
FREQUENTIORIBUS
CLERI. POPULIQ. AC
DEVOTI FÆMINEI SEXUS
PRECIBUS SE COMMENDATUM
CUPIENS HOC LOCO SIBI
MONUMENTUM VIVENS ELEGIT.

If ever a human being deserved such honors from his fellow-creatures, it was St. Charles *Borromeo*. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, talents, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him even when a youth *, without impairing that hu-

* He was made cardinal and archbishop in his

mility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness and holiness, which constituted his real merit and formed his most honorable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humbler duties which, though perhaps more meritorious, are more obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus, he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But, to reform a clergy and people depraved and almost barbarized by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence and general misery; to extend his influence

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twenty-third year, by his uncle Pius IV. who had resigned several rich livings to him twelve years before.

to every part of an immense diocese including some of the wildest regions of the *Alps*; to visit every village in person, and to inspect and correct every disorder; are offices of little pomp and of great difficulty. Yet, this laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and the perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of *Milan*, the most extensive perhaps in Italy, as it contains at least eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity, and in this respect has excited the admiration of every impartial observer. The good effects of the zeal of St. Charles extended far beyond the limits of his diocese; and most of his regulations for the reformation of his clergy, such as the establishment of seminaries, yearly retreats, etc. were adopted by the Gallican church, and extended over France and Germany.

Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools; and it is both novel and affecting to behold on that day the vast area of the Cathedral filled with children forming two grand divisions of boys and girls ranged op-

posite each other, and these again subdivided into classes, according to their age and capacities, drawn up between the pillars, while two or more instructors attend each class, and direct their questions and explanations to every little individual without distinction. A clergyman attends each class, accompanied by one or more laymen for the boys, and for the girls by as many matrons. The lay persons are said to be oftentimes of the first distinction. Tables are placed in different recesses for writing. This admirable practice, so beneficial and so edifying, is not confined to the Cathedral or even to *Milan*. The pious archbishop extended it to every part of his immense diocese, and it is observed in all the parochial churches of the *Milanese*, and of the neighboring dioceses, of such at least as are suffragans of *Milan*.

The private virtues of St. Charles, that is, the qualities that give true sterling value to the man, and sanctify him in the eyes of his Creator, I mean humility, self-command, temperance, industry, prudence, and fortitude, were not inferior to his public endowments. His table was for his guests; his own diet was confined to bread and vegetables; he al-

lowed himself no amusement or relaxation, alledging that the variety of his duties was in itself a sufficient recreation. His dress and establishment was such as became his rank; but in private he dispensed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under dress coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life, he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence. *

The immense charities of St. Charles exceeded the income and the magnificence of sovereigns. In every city in which he had at any time resided, he left some monument of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. Ten of the latter, five of the preceding, and

* That uniformity of action, demeanor, and conversation, which constitutes consistency of character, and gives to all stages of life a certain simmetry and unity of design so much admired by the ancients (Cicero De Off. lib. i. 31.) was peculiarly conspicuous in St. Charles. He lived only to serve his God; to this grand object he directed his toughts, actions, and whole being, without one sideling glance at interest or pleasure.

the former without number, still remain at *Pavia*, *Bologna*, *Milan*, and in all the towns of his diocese. Besides these public foundations, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor, and added to it in various cases of public distress during his life the sum of two hundred thousand crowns more; not including numberless extra benefactions conferred upon individuals whose situations claimed peculiar and perhaps secret relief. The funds which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archi-episcopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes or habits to indulge, were devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided according to the ancient custom into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches and edifices connected with them, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in the domestic expenditure of the bishop. But, of the whole income, the humble and disinterested prelate ordered an account to be submitted annually to the diocesan synod.

It is not wonderful that such virtues should have engaged the affection of his flock during his life, and that after his death they should be recollected with gratitude and veneration. The benevolent protestant will not quarrel with the *Milanese* for supposing that the good pastor at his departure cast an affectionate glance on his beloved flock *non deserens sed respectans* *; that the flame of charity still burns in the regions of bliss; that he looks down upon the theatre of his labors and of his virtues with complacency; and that he still continues to offer up his orisons for his once beloved people through the common Lord and mediator. †

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* Cic. de Sen.

† This extraordinary person died at the age of forty-six, not exhausted by his labors or austerities as the reader might imagine, nor of the plague to which he exposed himself without precaution or antidote (excepting the most effectual of all, *abstemiousness*) but of a violent fever caught in the neighboring mountains. (An. 158{.) He was nephew to the last Medicean Pope, Pius IV. and by him he was nominated

Of the statues crowded in and around the Cathedral of Milan, I have already observed that many are esteemed, and some admired. Of the latter, that of St. Bartholomew is the first; it stands in the church, and represents the apostle as holding his own skin which had been drawn off like drapery over his shoulders. The play of the muscles is represented with an accuracy, that rather disgusts and terrifies than pleases the spectator. The sculptor *Agrati* may have reason to compare himself, as the inscription implies, to Praxiteles: but his masterpiece is better calculated for the de-

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archbishop of *Milan* in the twenty-third year of his age. He who reads his life will find few miracles to entertain him, but will see many virtues which are much better; these virtues have extorted a reluctant compliment from Addison and even from Burnet, and when we consider on the one side the spirit of these writers, and particularly of the latter, and on the other recollect that St. *Charles Borromeo* was an archbishop, a cardinal, and, what is still worse, a *saint*, we shall be enabled to give this compliment its full value.

coration of a school of anatomy than for the embellishment of a church. The exterior of the chancel is lined with marble divided into pannels, each of which has its *basso relievo*; the interior is wainscoted, and carved in a very masterly style. The whole of the chancel was erected by St. Charles *Borromeo*. Two large pulpits stand one on each side of its entrance; that on the right, appropriated to the reading of the gospel, rests upon four bronze figures representing the four mysterious animals of Ezechiel; that on the left is supported by the four doctors of the Latin church in the same metal.

But it is not my intention to enumerate all the ornaments of this church, but merely to enable the reader to form a general idea of its magnitude and decorations. When we saw it, its magnificence was on the decline; the income destined for its completion and support had been considerably retrenched by the Emperor Joseph, and was, I believe, entirely confiscated by the French; the archbishopric and the chapter were impoverished by exactions and alienations; and thus all the

resources that fed the splendor of this grand metropolitical cathedral were drained or exhausted. Hence, it seemed to want that neatness and lustre which arise from great attention and opulence united. Here indeed, as in every territory where the French domineer, appearances of irreligion too often strike the eye; neglected churches and plundered hospitals,

> Ædesque labentes Deorum et
> Faeda nigro simulacra fumo,
>
> *Horace.*

are frequent spectacles as little calculated to please the sight as to conciliate the judgment, that looks forward with terror to the consequences of such a system of atheism. In fact, the dilapidation of benevolent establishments and the decay of sacred edifices are neither the only nor the worst symptoms of the propagation of French principles. The neglect of education, arising partly from the want of instructors, and partly from the suppression of ancient establishments, and the early depravation of youth that results from it, are already deeply felt and lamented. The lawless example of the French soldiery dispersed over the whole

territory, carries vice and impiety into every village, and literally scatters disease and death, both of mind and body, over all this country lately so virtuous and so happy

> Ille sitim, morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
> Nascitur, et laevo contristat lumine coelum*.
>
> *En.* 10.

The character of St. Ambrose, the celebrated archbishop of *Milan*, his eloquence, his firmness, and his political, as well as ecclesiastical influence, are well known; but it is not equally so, that he modelled and regulated the liturgy of his church, and that this liturgy is still in use in the Cathedral, and indeed in most of the capitular and parochial churches of this diocese. The reader, who may perhaps be acquainted with such forms of public prayer only as are of a later invention, will be surprized to hear that the Ambrosian liturgy in the

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* So Sirius, when his baleful beams arise
And glare disastrous o' er the sadden'd skies,
Affrights the nations; while his burning breath
Darts down disease, and pestilence, and death.
Pitt.

fourth century, was more encumbered, as a protestant would express it, with rites and ceremonies than the Roman is in the nineteenth. It must be remembered that St. Ambrose did not institute or compose the liturgy that now bears his name (it existed before his time, and was probably coeval with the church of *Milan*) but that he merely reduced it into better order, and improved it in expression and arrangement.

The body of this saint lies, not in the Cathedral, but in an ancient church at a considerable distance from it, that is now called from him the *Basilica Ambrosiana*, and is said to have been that in which he generally officiated. Though ancient, it has been so often repaired that it may possibly retain not much of its original materials or appearance. One proof indeed of its antiquity is the gradual elevation of the ground all around it, occasioned by the ruins of neighboring buildings; so that you descend some steps to enter it; a circumstance that gives it a damp and cheerless aspect. It has in front a large court surrounded with galleries conformably to the ancient mode,

which ought never to have been neglected, because it contributes so much to the silence and the tranquillity so necessary to the exercise of devotion. The doors are of bronze and said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius; but without the least foundation, as no doors were closed on the occasion; the piety of the Emperor rendered such a precaution unnecessary, and in the next place the present doors were made in the ninth century.

The church is divided by arcades into a nave and two aisles; it is terminated by a semicircle, and vaulted nearly in the same manner as the church of the Carthusians at Rome (the great hall of Diocletian's baths). The body of the saint is supposed to lie under the high altar together with those of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, of his brother Satyrus and of his sister Marcellina. St. Victor's church called in St. Ambrose's time *Basilica Portiana*, is ennobled by its connexion with the actions of the saint, and by his contests with the Arians. It is however old in site and in name only; the whole fabric being entirely modern, and far too gaudy for

ancient taste. This censure indeed may be passed upon many other churches in *Milan*, which lose much of their majesty and even of their beauty by the profusion of rich and splendid decorations that encumber them. The materials of all are costly, the arrangement of most is tasteless; yet there are few which do not present some objet of curiosity worthy of a visit. The same observation is applicable both to the convents and to the palaces.

From these edifices therefore we will pass to the Ambrosian library, an establishment which, notwithstanding its appellation, has no connexion with antiquity, and owes its existence entirely to the munificence of Cardinal *Federigo Borromeo*, nephew of St. Charles, and his successor in the See of *Milan*. This prelate, who seems to have inherited the virtues, if not the talents of his uncle, began to collect books when a student at Rome, and enlarging his plan as he advanced in age and dignities, at length when raised to the archbishopric, erected an edifice, placed his collection in it, and opened it to the public under the title of *Biblioteca Ambrosiana*. It contains about forty thousand volumes, and more, it is said, than

fifteen thousand manuscripts. There is also annexed to this library a gallery of pictures, statues, antiques, and medals, which contained many articles of great rarity and reputation. But these, whether statues, medals, or paintings, have, together with the most valuable books and manuscripts, been conveyed to Paris. The hall of this library is well-proportioned, though not so large as might be expected, and as is indeed requisite for a collection of books so considerable. The ceiling is adorned with paintings, and the space between the bookcases and the cornice filled up by the portraits of the most eminent authors, whose writings are deposited below, or to use the elevated language of Pliny the Elder, *quorum immortales animae, in locis iisdem loquuntur.**

It is well known, that one of the most curious and valuable articles in this library was a manuscript collection of various works of *Leonardo da Vinci,* accompanied with drawings, designs, etc. which had been presented to it by a citizen of the name of

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* Pliny, xxx.

Galeas Arconati, who generously refused vast sums offered for this precious deposit, and to secure its possession to his country, consigned it to the Ambrosian library as to an inviolable sanctuary. The reputation of *Leonardo*, whose genius ranged over all the sciences at pleasure, and shone with equal lustre in poetry, painting, architecture, and philosophy, gave these volumes of sufficient importance in themselves, an inestimable value in the eyes of his countrymen, who accordingly, with that enthusiasm for the arts which distinguishes the modern Italians as honorably as it did the ancient Greeks, erected a marble statue to the donor, and enregistered his name among the public benefactors of the city. What then must have been their rage and indignation when they saw this relict, the object of their pride and complacency, torn from them by the French*, and sent off jumbled and tost in the common mass of plunder, to Paris? But this injustice

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* Di Parigi
Le vagabonde belve.
Ab. Monti.

was not the last nor the greatest insult offered to the feelings of the *Milanese* by their invaders.

In the refectory or hall of the convent of the Dominicans was, as is well known, the celebrated Last Supper by the same painter, supposed to be his masterpiece. The convent was suppressed ; the hall was turned into a store-room of artillery ; and the picture was used as a target for the soldiers to fire at ! The heads were their favorite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others. Their impiety, though wanton and to them unprofitable, was impotent, and may be passed over with contemptuous abhorrence; but their barbarism in defacing a masterpiece which, though in decay, was still a model in the art, succeeded to the full extent even of their mischievous wishes, and has erased for ever one of the noblest specimens of painting in the world. It may be doubted whether the Goths, the Lombards, or even the Huns were ever guilty of such unnecessary outrage.

In colleges, hospitals, and establishments of charity in general, *Milan* is or rather *was*, most splendidly endowed, owing in a great

degree to the princely munificence of St. Charles. Of the former, the college of *Brera*, once belonging to the Jesuits, is the principal; it contained twelve hundred students besides professors, masters, and teachers; is of great extent and magnificence. Its courts (surrounded with galleries in two stories supported by granite pillars) its staircase, its library, and its observatory, are much admired by the *Milanese*, and not without reason; but the galleries would appear to more advantage if the pillars were nearer. Wide intercolumniations are however very general in almost all galleries, piazzas, and colonnades, that I have seen even in Italy; a defect more opposite perhaps to Greatness of manner and even to beauty than any other.

The Seminary, and *Collegio Elvetico*, particularly the latter, are adorned in the same manner with courts and porticos, and furnished with noble halls and libraries.

The *Ospedale Maggiore* is an immense edifice; its principal court, for it has several, is more than three hundred feet square; it is lined with a double portico, supported by columns of granite: the lower order is Ionic, the upper Composite; it contains more than

twelve hundred persons, and has halls appropriated to different trades and to working convalescents.

The *Lazzeretto* is a spacious quadrangle of twelve hundred and fifty feet in length, and twelve hundred in breadth. It contains about three hundred rooms with fire-places, is surrounded by a stream, and admirably adapted for the residence of epidemical patients, by its airiness and cleanliness. In the centre of the court stands a chapel, so contrived that the priest at the altar may be seen by the sick even from their beds. The pillars that support the portico are slender, and distant from each other; yet the solidity, uniformity, and immensity of this edifice give it a grand and very striking appearance. It is now used as barracks, or rather, I believe, as cavalry stables.

The reader may, perhaps, expect an account of the remains of ancient magnificence, the relics of that imperial splendor which once adorned *Milan*, and is recorded in the well known verses of Ausonius.

——— duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus; et inclusi moles cuneata theatri;

Templa, Palatinaeque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis;
Maeniaque in valli formam circumdata labro:
Omnia quae magnis operum velut aemula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romae.

But of these edifices the names only remain, annexed to the churches built on their site, or over their ruins.--*Sta. Maria del Circo, S. Giorgio al Palazzo, S. Vittore al Teatro.* We must except the baths, of which a noble fragment still stands near the parochial church of *St. Lorenzo.* It consists of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns fluted, and of white marble, with their architrave. They are all of the best proportion, and placed at the distance of two diameters and a quarter, the most regular and most graceful intercolumniation. The houses behind the pillars, and indeed the church itself, evidently stand on ancient foundations, and have enabled the antiquary to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the form of the original building. The era of the erection of these baths is not known, but the extreme elegance of the remains is a sufficient proof that they are the work of a

period of architectural perfection, and consequently long prior to the iron age of Maximian *.

But while the grand features of the ancient are wanting to the modern city, the minor advantages are nearly the same in both; and the plenty, the number of splendid and well-furnished houses, and till the present disastrous epoch, the simple manly manners of the inhabitants of *Milan* in the eighteenth century would, perhaps, enable it to vie, without losing much by the comparison, with *Mediolanum* in the fourth.

Copia rerum
Innumerae cultaequae domus—faecunda virorum
Ingenia : antiqui mores : . . .

The mental qualifications which the poet ascribes to the ancient inhabitants of *Milan* may, perhaps with equal reason be attributed to the modern; especially as the Italians are no where deficient in natural abilities. I do not however find that this city was at any period *particularly* pregnant

* The inscription on one of the pilasters is generally acknowledged to have no reference to this edifice.

with genius, nor do I recollect the names of any *very* illustrious writers born in it, or formed in its schools. We may therefore consider the import of this verse, as far as it confers on the *Milanese* any preeminence of talent as merely poetical and complimentary*. Another mark of resemblance I must mention, which is, that the modern like the ancient town is surrounded with a double wall, which is perhaps raised on the foundations of the old double circumference, and may be considered as an indication that the city covers as great a space now as formerly, and perhaps contains as many inhabitants.

I shall say nothing of the intended embellishments, nor of the future *Forum* of *Bonaparte*: the present government has a great

* The author does not mean to insinuate that Milan has produced no great men, or no celebrated author; but that the great men and celebrated authors which she has produced, either as natives or students, have not acquired that preeminence of fame which distinguishes the denizens of several other cities, such as Verona, Padua, and Florence; and of course that they were not entitled to the appellation of *very* illustrious writers.

talent for destruction, and is now occupied in the demolition of ramparts, convents, and houses, to make room for the latter edifice, destined hereafter to outshine that of Trajan itself. When it is to be begun is not known; meantime the work of destruction proceeds. However be these improvements what they may, I must say, that the beauties of *Milan* are not a little at present, and in opposition to the poet's declaration were, I believe, anciently still more eclipsed by the splendor of Rome. *Juncta premit vicinia Romae*, an observation applicable to *Milan*, to *Genoa*, and still more to *Florence* because nearer that Capital, so long the seat of beauty, of empire, and of Majesty*.

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* The traveller would do well to visit, as he easily may, the three cities above-mentioned, to which we may add *Turin* and *Venice* on his way to Rome. As for *Naples* it derives its attractions not from art but from nature, and will charm as long as its isles, its coasts with their windings, its lakes with their wild borders and classic haunts, and its mountains with their fires, fertility and verdure continue to glow with the beams of the sun that now enlightens them.

CHAP. II.

Como — The Larian Lake — Pliniana, the intermitting Fountain — Insula Comacena — The Lago di Lecco — The Addua — Site of Pliny's Villas — Observations on Collegiate Churches — Lago di Lugano — Varese and its Lake.

On Monday the 27th of September, we set out from *Milan*, about twelve o'clock, and took the road to *Como*. The distance is about twenty-six miles, and runs over an extensive plain, presenting in the midst of verdure and fertility many villas, but no object particularly interesting.

At *Berlasina* (about half way) we changed horses; and a few miles further on, the distant *Glaciers* began to increase in magnitude and grandeur, and at the same time, the country around gradually assumed rougher features, and presented hills heightening as we advanced, and exhibiting a variety of wild broken scenery. We entered *Como* about six o'clock.

Comum is like most of the towns between the *Alps* and *Apennines* of great antiquity, and like them also it owes its origin to a Gallic tribe, and its importance to Roman colonization. For the latter benefit it was indebted partly to the father of Pompey, and partly to Julius Caesar. It never fell to its lot to make a figure in the world, nor indeed to attract the attention of the historian, either by its glories or by its reverses; and it seems to have derived from its humble mediocrity a greater degree of security and quiet in the numberless disasters of Italy than any of the more powerful and more illustrious cities can boast of. Its principal advantage is its situation, and its greatest glory is the reputation of one of its ancient denizens, Pliny the Younger. Its situation is beautiful. On the southern extremity of the *Larian* lake it commands a fine prospect of that noble expanse of water, with its bold and varied borders. It is covered behind, and on each side, with fertile hills. It is an episcopal town of some extent, and of a pleasing appearance. The cathedral is of white marble, and mixed architecture: the

front is of light and not inelegant Gothic; the nave is supported by Gothic arches; the choir and transepts are adorned with composite pillars; a dome rises over the centre. The effect of the whole, though the mixture is incorrect, is not unpleasant. In the front of the cathedral, there is a statue of Pliny with basso relievos alluding to his writings, and on each side of the grand entrance is an inscription to his honor. The inscriptions are more commendable for the spirit than for the style; the best of the two concludes in the following manner.

Ordo, populusque Comensis Cajum Plinium Secundum . . . . . Municipem suum incomparabilem statua et elogio ornavere.

Faustus honor, dulcisque juvat me fama Secundum
At magis concives haec posuisse meos.

Without doubt, a writer so much attached to his country on one side, and so fond of fame on the other, as Pliny seems to have been, may be supposed to look down with complacency on the honors thus zea-

lously paid in his beloved *Comum* * to his memory so many ages after his decease. However, these honors are justly due, not to his reputation only but to his public spirit, as few citizens seem to have conferred so many solid benefits upon their country as he did on *Comum*. In the first place he established, or at least, he contributed largely both by his example and munificence, to the establishment of a school with an able teacher at its head **. In the next, he provided a fund for the support of free children; built a temple to contain the busts of the Emperors, which he had presented to his fellow citizens †; adorned the temple with a bronze statue of exquisite workmanship, *dignum templo*, *dignum Deo donum* ††; voluntarily resigned a legacy in favour of *Comum*; and, in short, seized every occasion of manifesting his affection for the town and for its in-

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* *Tuae meaeque deliciae*, says he to his friend, speaking of this town, their common country. —i. 3.

** iv. Ep. 13. † x. 24. †† iii. 6.

habitants. Few characters in truth appear more accomplished and more amiable than that of Pliny the Younger. Indefatigable both in the discharge of his duties and in the prosecution of his studies, frugal in the management, and generous in the disposal of his fortune, gentle in the private intercourse of society, but firm and intrepid in his public capacity, grateful and affectionate as a husband and friend, just as a magistrate, and high-minded as a senator, he seems to have possessed the whole circle of virtues, and to have acted his part in all the relations of life with grace and with propriety. Nothing can be more pleasing than the picture which he gives of his domestic occupations, and few lessons are more instructive than the transcript which we find in his epistles, of his sentiments and feelings on every occasion where friendship, merit, virtue, and patriotism, are interested. It is true, that the picture is drawn by Pliny himself, and both it and the transcript confessedly intended for the public; but the intimacy with such men as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Quintilian and the countenance of an Emperor

like Trajan, who knew so well how to appreciate merit, are sufficient guarantees that the author's life and writings were not at variance. One reflection however occurs not a little derogatory to the real substantial virtue of Pliny, and that is, that its motive was, or to speak more tenderly, seems to have been vanity; * a mean principle that makes virtue the handmaid of selflove, and instead of the noble object of ambition, degrades her into its tool and instrument. But, Christianity alone can correct this depravity; and we can only deplore the misfortune of Pliny, who never opened his eyes to its heavenly light.

We may collect from Pliny that *Comum* was in his time a rich and flourishing city, adorned with temples, statues, porticos, and pillared gates, and encircled with large and splendid villas; that it was governed by decurions, inhabited by opulent citizens, and endowed with rich lands. In most of these respects, modern *Como* does not perhaps yield to the ancient city. The

* ix. 3.

cathedral, in materials, magnitude, and probably in decoration, though not in style, equals the temple of Jupiter, and ten or fifteen other churches, four or five of which are remarkable for some peculiar excellence or other, may be deemed as ornamental to the city as half the number of temples. One of these churches, that of *St. Giovanni*, is adorned by several pillars, which are supposed to have belonged to a portico which Pliny mentions, as erected by Fabatus, his wife's grandfather. * Three colleges of reputation, and as many public libraries, are advantages, which Pliny would have extolled with rapture, and are far superior, it must be owned, even to the collection of imperial statues, and to the temple erected for their receptacle. † To complete the resemblance or the equality, *Como* is now, (was lately, I should have said) as an-

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† The curious reader may see a description of a temple which Pliny was about to erect, though probably on his Tuscan property, not at *Comum*.—ix. 40.

ciently, governed by *Decurions* of birth and property; to which I must add, that it contains a population of nearly twenty thousand souls. Pliny therefore might still behold his beloved country with delight, and exult in its prosperity after so many centuries of revolution, as well as in its gratitude after so many ages of barbarism and oblivion.

Next morning we embarked at nine o'clock. The view of the lake from the town is confined to a small basin that forms the harbor of *Como*, but the view of the town from the lake, taken at the distance of a mile from the quay, is extremely beautiful. The expanse of water immediately under the eye, the boats gliding across it; beyond it the town with its towers and domes, at the foot of three conical hills all green and wooded, that in the middle crowned with a crested castle, extending its ramparts down the declivity; on both sides bold eminences, chequered with groves and villas; form altogether a varied and most enchanting picture.

On passing the little promontory that forms the harbor, we discovered a fine sheet

of water of seven miles, with the pretty little town of *Carnobio* full before us; and on our left, an opening between the hills, through which we discovered some *glaciers*, and in particular Mount *St. Bernard*, covered with perpetual snows. The mountains on both sides rose to a great elevation, sometimes ascending abruptly from the lake itself, and sometimes swelling gradually from its borders, always shaded with forests of firs and chestnuts, or clad with vines and olives. But whether steep or sloping, the declivities are enlivened by numberless villas, villages, convents, and towns, seated sometimes on the very verge of the water, sometimes perched on crags and precipices; here imbosomed in groves, and there towering on the summits of the mountains. This mixture of solitude and of animation, of grandeur and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, gave inexpressible interest to the scene, and excited in the highest degree our delight and admiration.

We next doubled the verdant promontory of *Torno* on the right, and bending to-

wards the eastern bank, landed at a villa called *Pliniana*. It owes this appellation, as the reader will easily guess, to the intermittent fountain so minutely described by the younger Pliny. It is situated on the margin of the lake, at the foot of a precipice, from which tumbles a cascade, amid groves of beeches, poplars, chestnuts, and cypresses. A serpentine walk leads through these groves, and discovers at every winding some new and beautiful view. The famous fountain bursts from the rock in a small court behind the house, and passing through the under story, falls into the lake. Pliny's description of it is inscribed in large characters in the hall, and is still supposed to give an accurate account of the phaenomenon. It is rather singular that the intervals of the rise and fall of this spring should be stated differently by the elder and by the younger Pliny; both of whom must have had frequent opportunities of observing it. The former represents it as increasing and decreasing every hour — *In Comensi juxta Larium lacum, fons largus, horis singulis semper intumescit, ac resi-*

det; * the latter thrice a day only — *ter in die statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit, decrescitque.* † According to some modern observers, the ebb and flow are irregular; but the greater number, with the inhabitants of the house, assure us, that now, as in Pliny's time, it takes place usually thrice a day; *usually*, because in very stormy and tempestuous weather, the fountain is said to feel the influence of the disordered atmosphere, and to vary considerably in its motions. This latter circumstance leads to the following conjectural explanation of the cause of this phenomenon.

The west wind, which regularly blows upon the lake at twelve o'clock, or midday, begins at nine in the upper regions, or on the summits of the mountains; upon these summits, and particularly that which rises behind the *Pliniana*, there are several cavities that penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and communicate with certain internal reservoirs of water, the ex-

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* Lib. ii. cap. 106. † iv. Ep. 30.

istence of which has been ascertained by various observations. Now, when the wind rushes down the cavities above mentioned, and reaches the water, it ruffles its surface, and carries its waves against the sides of the cavern, where, just above its ordinary level, there are little fissures or holes. The water raised by the impulse which it receives from the wind, rises to these fissures, and passing through them trickles down, through the crevices that communicate with the fountain below, and gradually fills it. In stormy weather the water is impelled with greater violence, and flows in greater quantities, till it is nearly exhausted; or at least, reduced too low to be raised again to the fissures. Hence, on such occasions, the fountain fills with rapidity first, and then dries up, or rather remains low, till the reservoir regains its usual level, and impelled by the wind, begins to ebb again. Such is the explanation given by the *Abate Carlo Amoretti.*

We had not time to verify the return of the fountain, which when we visited it, was at its lowest ebb, but we have no doubt as to the flux and the reflux; the

regularity of which was confirmed by the testimony of the servants of the house, and indeed by that of all persons in its vicinity. After all, this fountain is classical, the scenery around it is romantic, and the way to it is magnificent; but in itself, it is inferior in every respect to the intermitting fountain near *Settle* in Yorkshire, whose ebb and flow recur every quarter of an hour, and succeed each other without a minute's variation.

Some writers have supposed, that one of the villas which Pliny possessed in the neighborhood of *Como* occupied this site; but though he had many in the vicinity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favorite retreats, and the situation of the *Pliniana* corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and in this respect it resembled the *Pliniana*; but it would be difficult to find in the latter sufficient space among the rocks for the *gestatio quae spatiosissimo xysto leviter inflectitur*. The other villa might possibly have stood on the neighboring promontory of *Torno*, whence (*editissimo dorso*) it

might have commanded two bays. There are, indeed, many situations on the banks of the lake which correspond with Pliny's descriptions, and consequently leave us at a loss to guess at the particular spots to which he alludes. A little farther on, the lake first contracts itself at *Brienno*, remarkable for its flourishing laurels, and then expands again and makes a fine sweep, which forms the bay of *Agregno*, a busy little town, the mart of the neighboring vallies. The banks still continued to present the same bold and wooded scenery — *amaenum* * (as Pliny the Elder expresses it) *arbusto agro* — the constant characteristic feature of the *Larian* lake, and territory.

We next landed on a little island, now called *Di S. Giovanni*, anciently, that is, in the seventh century, *Insula Comacena*. This island is wooded and cultivated like a garden, or rather, an orchard, and presents a most enchanting retreat to its proprietor, if he has either taste to discern, or means to enjoy its beauties. However,

* x. 29.

with all the charms of its situation, it never seems to have attracted much notice, as we find no allusion to it among the ancients, and little attention paid to it by the moderns. But, in the ages of barbarian invasion, and particularly under the *Longobardic* kings, it was occasionally resorted to as an asylum safe from sudden attack, and sometimes capable of sustaining a siege. There is, indeed, an account of one of the *Longobardic* monarchs having discovered and conveyed to *Pavia* a treasure which the Romans had here deposited; a circumstance which, with a few additional embellishments, might be worked into a tolerable romance, especially as the age, in which the event is supposed to have taken place, is fertile in legends, and of course fully open to fiction. We are told, indeed, that it afforded a retreat to the Christians during the persecutions of the three first centuries, and that from their numbers it derived the rank of a town, under the appellation of *Christopolis*; that it next sheltered the Greek exarchs, and enabled them to make a successful stand against the *Longobardic* invaders; and, in fine, that it became an inde-

pendent republic, extended its conquests over the neighboring banks, and carried on a long and eventful war with *Como*. But, these and its other brilliant achievements, not having a Thucydides to transmit them emblazoned to posterity, are gradually sinking into darkness, and will probably ere long be buried in total oblivion. This romantic island swells gently from the lake, is about a mile in length, half a mile in breadth, and half a mile distant from the western bank.

Nearly opposite to it on the eastern bank, the rocks and precipices are rough, shapeless, and menacing; hollowed into caverns and recesses, all dark and tremendous; while beneath them the water is unusually deep, and from its depth, and the shade which the superincumbent rocks cast upon it, appears black and dismal to the eye as well as to the imagination.

As we advanced, we passed some beautiful bays and promontories with their villas and villages. Among these are *Balbiano*; *Lenna*, where some years ago a subterraneous temple was discovered with a marble statue of Diana; and on the very

margin of the lake, *Villa*, which took its name without doubt from the mansion which formerly occupied the same spot, and seems to have been of great extent and magnificence, as remains of pillars are discernible, in calm weather, under the water close to the shore. Some antiquaries suppose this to be the real site of Pliny's villa; he could not indeed have chosen a more beautiful spot, nor, if we may believe the general opinion, a more genial climate. Hence, its productions, such as aloes, capers, etc. seem to belong to a more southern sky, and surprize us by their blooming appearance under the snowy brows of the *Alps*. We then traversed the little bay of *Tramezzina*, and landed at *Cadenabbia* about four o'clock.

The view from *Cadenabbia* is the most extensive, and at the same time, the most interesting on the lake; it takes in the greatest expanse of water, because it overlooks the *Larian* before its division into its two branches (one of which takes its name from *Como*, and the other from *Lecco*) and it includes the greatest variety, of scenery, because it commands the entrance into both these branch-

es, and the promontory that separates them from each other. This promontory swells into a lofty eminence, is covered with woods, adorned with several villas, and crowned with a convent. It is called *Bellaggio*, from a village that stands on its extremity.

In front and over the widest part of the lake rises a rough rocky shore, with a ridge of broken grotesque mountains beyond, and above them the bare pointed summit of *Monte Legnone*, one of the highest of the *Alps*. As the situation of *Cadenabbia* is so beautiful, and as its accommodations are good, the traveller, who wishes to explore the recesses of the *Larian* lake and its bordering mountains, may make it his headquarters, and from thence commence his excursions. *Bellaggio*, and the branch of the lake which lies beyond it, will first attract his attention. The *Lago di Lecco* (for so that branch is called) takes its name from the town of *Lecco* (probably the ancient *Licini forum*) which stands at its extremity, at nearly the same distance from the point of separation as is *Como*. The *Lago di Lecco* is, properly speaking, the chan-

nel of the *Adda* (*Addua visu caerulus* *) which flowing through the upper and wider part of the lake, may be considered as turning from it at *Bellaggio*, and contracting its channel as it withdraws, at length resumes its original form and name a little beyond *Lecco*.

The next excursion may be to *Bellano*, some miles above *Cadenabbia*, and on the opposite side of the lake. He will here visit a cavern formed by the falling of the river *Pioverna* through a rocky cliff, and called very appropriately from its darkness and the murmurs of the torrent, *L'Orrido*. Lower down and nearly opposite *Cadenabbia* is a village called *Capuana*, supposed by some antiquaries to have been the real situation of Pliny's lower villa. Their conjectures are founded principally upon a Mosaic pavement discovered there, a circumstance which proves indeed that a villa was there, but nothing more. Both Pliny's favorite seats must, I conceive, have been in the neighborhood of *Comum*. Not far

* Claudian de vi. Cons. Hons.

from this village is a stream called *Latte*, which bursts from a vast cavern on the side of a mountain, and forms a cascade of more than a thousand feet before it reaches the plain. The cavern is supposed to extend for miles through the bowels of the mountain, and even to lead to the icy summit which supplies the stream.

Thence the traveller may return by *Bellaggio*, and range through its groves of olive and pines, visit its palaces, and compare it with the description which Pliny gives of his upper villa or his *Tragedia*; for on this spot it stood, if we may credit antiquaries, and certainly a more commanding and majestic site he could not have chosen; but though several circumstances of the description agree with this situation, yet, I doubt much as to the accuracy of their application— *Imposita saxis lacum prospicit . . . . lacu latius utitur . . . fluctus non sentit*, etc. are features applicable to a hundred situations on both the shores of the lake, as well as to the promontory of *Bellaggio*; while the only expression which seems to distinguish it from many others is not, in my opinion, applicable, in Pliny's

sense, to the spot in question. His words are — *Haec unum sinum molli curvamine amplectitur; illa editissimo dorso duos dirimit.* That the word *sinus* may be understood of the two branches of the lake I admit, but that it is not so extensively applied in this passage must appear evident, when we consider that no villa, garden, nor park, can be supposed to embrace in its windings one of the branches of the lake, which is fifteen miles in length, and consequently we may conclude that the word *sinus* here signifies one of the little bays formed by some of the numberless promontories, that project from the shores between *Como* and *Cadenabbia*.

I must here notice another mistake, into which the same antiquaries seem to have fallen. They suppose that the channel between the island above described and the shore, is alluded to in the following words:— *Quid Euripus viridis et gemmeus* * ? Now it is evident from the context, that the villa to which this *Euripus* belonged, was

* i. 3.

in the immediate vicinity of *Como, suburbanum amenissimum*, an appellation by no means applicable to a seat sixteen or eighteen miles distant from a country town.

But to return to *Bellaggio*. — This delightful spot, now covered with villas and cottages, was, during the anarchical contests of the middle ages, not unfrequently converted into a receptacle of robbers, outlaws, and banditti, who infested all the borders of the lake during the night, and in day-time concealed themselves amid these thickets, caverns, and fastnesses: and indeed when neglected, and abandoned to nature it must have resembled the fictitious haunts of Apuleius's robbers, and have been a steep and savage wilderness *Mons horridus, sylvestris frondibus umbrosus et imprimis altus . . per obliqua devexa . . saxis asperrimis cingitur* *.

From *Cadenabbia* we sailed to *Menaggio*, a few miles higher up the lake. From this little town we had a full view of the lake from *Bellaggio* to *Gravedona* and *Do-*

* Apud Metam. iv.

maso; beyond this latter place the *Larian* receives the *Adda*, after which it contracts its channel, and changes its name into the *Lago di Chiavenna*. We are now about to take our leave of this celebrated lake, but think it necessary first to make some general observations.

The lake of *Como*, or the *Larian* (for so it is still called, not unfrequently even by the common people) retains its ancient dimensions unaltered, and is fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth. Its form is serpentine, and its banks are indented with frequent creeks and harbors; it is subject to sudden squalls, and sometimes, even when calm, to swells violent and unexpected; both are equally dangerous. The latter are more frequently experienced in the branch of the lake that terminates at *Como* than in the other parts, because it has no emissary or outlet, such as the *Adda* forms at *Lecco*. The mountains that border the lake are by no means either barren or naked; their lower regions are generally covered with olives, vines, and orchards; the middle is encircled

with groves of chestnut of great height and expansion, and the upper regions are either downs, or forests of pine and fir, with the exception of certain very elevated ridges, which are necessarily either naked or covered with snow. Their sides are seldom formed of one continued steep, but usually interrupted by fields and levels extending in some places into wide plains, which supply abundant space for every kind of cultivation. These fertile plains are generally at one-third, and sometimes at two-thirds, of the total elevation. On or near these levels are most of the towns and villages, that so beautifully diversify the sides of the mountains.

But cultivation is not the only source of the riches of the *Larian* territory: various mines of iron, lead, and copper, are now as they were anciently, spread over its surface, and daily opened in the bowels of its mountains; besides quarries of marble, which supply *Milan* and all the neighboring cities with the materials and the ornaments of their most magnificent churches.

Nor are (*were* I should say) the borders of the *Larian* lake destitute of lite-

rary establishments. Several convents, and some collegiate churches kept or patronized schools, and spread knowledge and civilization over the surface of a country apparently rugged and abandoned. Collegiate churches, especially where all the canons without exception, are obliged to reside nine months in the year (as in the district of *Milan*, and indeed in all catholic countries) have always appeared to me of great utility in the country in general, and particularly in remote tracts and unfrequented provinces. The persons promoted to stalls in these establishments are generally such as have acquired reputation as authors, distinguished themselves in universities and colleges as professors, or rendered themselves serviceable as tutors in private education. The conversation of such men was well calculated to propagate a spirit of application and improvement in the vicinity of their Chapter; while the service of the church, always supported in such establishments with great decency and even splendor, strengthened the influence of religion, and with it extended the graces and the charities which ever accompany its steps. To these we may

add, that the decorations, both external and internal of these churches and of the buildings annexed to them, not only give employment almost constant to numerous artisans, but moreover inspire and keep alive a taste for the fine arts; and to the number of such establishments and to their splendid embellishments we may perhaps ascribe that relish for music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and that nice discernment in these arts, so generally prevalent in Italy, and observable even in peasants and day-labourers. The entire suppression therefore of such foundations, which is now taking place almost all over the continent, is to be lamented as impolitic and mischievous, and likely in its consequences to deteriorate the taste, and gradually to barbarize the manners of the people at large; and in a special manner, of the inhabitants of wild and mountainous regions.

I cannot turn from the *Larian* lake without reminding the reader of the verses in which Claudian alludes to its magnitude, the fertility of its banks, and the mountains that border it.

Protinus umbrosa qua vestit littus oliva
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
Parva puppe lacum praetervolat. Ocius inde
Scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes.
De Bello Getico.

We set out from *Menaggio* about ten o'clock, and took our way towards the lake of *Lugano* on foot, first over a fine hill, and then through a most delightful vale, between two very lofty and steep, but verdant mountains. From the summit of the hill we looked down on the *Lario*, and had also a distinct view of a considerable part of its eastern branch, the *Lago di Lecco*. The latter part of the valley through which we passed, seems, at some distant period, to have been under water, as it is low and swampy, and terminates in a lesser lake, called from its situation *Lago di Piano*. The picturesque hill which rises beyond this lake appears from the marshy flats that surround it, as if it had once been an island. The traveller on passing the valley ought to turn round occasionally, in order to behold the magnificent barrier of craggy rocks that close it behind.

LAGO DI LUGANO.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at *Porlezza*, six miles from *Menaggio*, and immediately embarked on the *Lago di Lugano*. This lake is twenty-five miles in length, in breadth from three to six, and of immense depth; indeed, in some places, it is said to be almost unfathomable. Its former name was *Ceresius Lacus*; but whether known to the ancients, or produced, as some have imagined, by a sudden convulsion in the fifth or sixth century, has not yet been ascertained. The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains, so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages, and so high, as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular, and descend so rapidly into the gulph below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet

they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure. The traveller feels a sort of terror as he glides under them, and dreads lest rocks should close over him, or some fragment descend from the crag, and bury him suddenly in the abyss.

To this general description there are several exceptions, and in particular with reference to that part, which expanding westward forms the bay of *Lugano*. The banks here slope off gently towards the south and west, presenting fine hills, fields, and villas, with the town itself in the centre, consisting in appearance of several noble lines of buildings. On the craggy top of the promontory on one side of this bay stands a castle; the towering summit of the opposite cape opens into green downs striped with forests, bearing a strong resemblance in scenery and elevation to the heights of *Vallombrosa*. The snowy pinnacles and craggy masses of the neighboring *Alps* rise behind the town, and form an immense semicircular boundary. The town is said to be pretty, and the climate is considered as mild and genial.

Lugano formerly enjoyed prosperity and

independence under the protection of the Swiss Cantons. In the late revolutionary war it was seized by the French, and annexed to the *Cisalpine* Republic. The change was not very popular, as may be imagined; however submission was unavoidable, till, impoverished by taxes, and teased by swarms of blood-suckers under the titles of prefects, mayors, commissioners, etc. the inhabitants yielded to the impulse of courage, threw off the yoke, and expelled the *Cisalpine* officers. It was in actual rebellion when we passed, and it had our cordial but unavailing wishes. In front of the town we sailed under a lofty mountain covered with wood, and projecting into the lake. Its interior is hollowed into a variety of caverns (called by the people *cantine*) remarkable for coolness and dryness. Here the citizens of *Lugano* store their wine and corn, and in the summer months they keep their meat here, which, even in the most sultry weather, remains untainted for a considerable time.

The bay of *Lugano* lies nearer the southern than the northern extremity of the lake,

which, a few miles beyond it, again expands and forms three other branches. One of the branches, bending northward, is of considerable extent, and discharges itself by the river *Tresa* into the *Lago Maggiore*. In turning from *Lugano*, the depth of the lake is, where narrowest, considerably diminished, a circumstance ascribed to the fall of a vast promontory. The same effect is supposed to have been produced by the same cause lower down, near a town called *Melano*. These tremendous falls are occasioned principally by the action of subterraneous waters that hollow the mountain into caverns, and sometimes force their way through its sides, tearing it asunder as they rush forth, and hurling its fragments into the lake below. Such an event happened in the year 1528, and nearly swept away a little town called *Campione*, almost opposite *Lugano*; and again in the year 1710 near the *Tresa* (the *emissary* or outlet of the lake) its channel moreover was choked with the ruins of a neighboring mountain. Hence we may conclude, that those who ascribe the origin of the lake itself to an internal convulsion,

derive some presumptive and plausible arguments to support their conjecture from the frequency of similar accidents.

As we advanced, the boatmen pointed to some distant caverns on the bank, as having once been the receptacles of a troop of banditti, who infested the lake and its immediate neighborhood for a considerable time, and by the secrecy and the extent of their subterraneous retreats, long eluded the pursuit of government. We glided over the latter part in the silence and obscurity of evening, and landed at about half past seven at *Porto*. The carriages had here been appointed to meet us, and as accommodations are very indifferent, being only a village, we immediately set out for *Varese*. The distance is seven miles. The country is said to be very beautiful, but the darkness of the night prevented us from observing the scenery.

At *Bisuschio*, the first village from *Porto*, there is a villa belonging to a family called the *Cicogna*, surrounded with a garden, *veramente Inglese*, for so they assured us. In a country like this, where there is so great variety of ground, so much water, so

much wood, and so much mountain, nothing is wanting to make a garden or park *truly English* but a little judgment, and some partiality for a rural life to bring it into action. It is to be regretted that this taste, so conformable to nature, and so favorable both to public and private felicity should be uncommon in a country pre-eminently adorned with all the charms calculated to inspire and nourish it.

. . . . . Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos; squalent abductis arva colonis:
Georg. i.

Varese is a small and cleanly town. It seems formed principally of the villas of some of the *Milanese* nobility: the Ionic front of the principal church was the only object that attracted my attention.

From *Varese*, having sent the carriages to *Novara*, we proceeded post in the vehicles of the country to *Laveno*. We set out about half past nine. The country which we traversed, when considered as bordering upon the *Alps*, may be called flat, but it is in reality varied with fine swells and undulations. Its principal ornament is the *Lago di*

Varese, an expanse of water very noble in itself, though it loses much of its real magnitude from the comparison which is perpetually made between this lake and three inland *seas* in its immediate vicinity. It appears to be of an oval form, about twelve miles in length, and six in breadth. Its banks slope gently to the verge of the water, and are covered with all the luxuriancy of vegetation. Fields of deep verdure bordered by lofty trees; hills covered with thickets; villas shaded with pines and poplars; villages encircled with vineyards, strike the traveller wherever he turns his eye, and amuse him as he wanders along the margin of the lake, with a continual picture of fertility and of happiness.

CHAP. III.

The Lago Maggiore or Verbanus — Its Islands—Lake of Magotzo—Vale of Ossola —Sempione— Arona —Colossal Statue of St. Charles—Observations on the Lakes— Comparison between the Italian and British Lakes— Novara—Vercelli—Plain of Turin.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at *Laveno*, a large and handsome village on a bay of the *Lago Maggiore*. Close to this village northward rises a rough craggy mountain, that pours a constant stream in a cascade from its hollow bosom. In front spreads the *Lago Maggiore*, in its widest expansion. The ancient name of this lake was *Verbanus*; its modern appellation is derived from its greater magnitude, or rather from its superior beauty; for in this latter quality only is the *Larian* lake inferior to it. Opposite the bay of *Laveno* opens another bay, and in the centre of the latter rise the *Borromean* islands, which are considered as the principal ornaments of the lake, and ranked indeed among

the wonders of Italy. To these islands, therefore, we immediately bent our course.

As we rowed along gently in order to enjoy the magnificent prospect that opened around us in every direction, we were informed by the boatmen that we were then in the widest and deepest part of the *Verbano*. Its breadth may be here about seven or eight miles, while the plummet descends to the enormous depth of eighteen hundred feet! The imagination takes alarm at the idea of skimming in a light boat over the surface of such a tremendous abyss, and even the traveller, who has been tost in the bay of *Biscay*, or lifted on the swells of the ocean, may here eye the approaching shore with some degree of complacency.

We first landed on the *Isola Bella*, as the first in fame and the most attractive in appearance. It derives the epithet of *beautiful* from the palace and gardens which cover its surface. The palace stands on the extremity of the island, and almost hangs over the water. It contains upon the lower story a suite of rooms fitted up in the style of grottos, paved, lined, and even covered with spars, shells, and party-colored marbles, and

in appearance, delightfully cool and refreshing. Two magnificent saloons in the principal story form the state apartments; the other rooms are not worth notice. The garden occupies nearly the whole island. It consists of a pyramid formed of ten terraces rising above each other, and terminating in a square platform. The terraces have gravel walks their whole length; they are bordered with flowers, and their walls are covered with fruit trees. Rows of orange and citron shade the walks; and gigantic statues, which when near appear grotesque, crowd the corners and front the palace. The parterres are watered by fountains that rise in different parts of the edifice, and fall in sheets from marble vases. The area of the pyramid covers a space of four hundred feet square; the platform on its summit is fifty feet square; and its whole elevation about one hundred and fifty. The terraces are supported by arcades, which form so many grand galleries or green-houses, where the more tender plants and flowers are ranged during the winter. The form and arrangement of this garden have been the subject of great admiration during part of the last century, and the

Isola Bella has been represented by many as a terrestrial paradise, an enchanted island, the abode of Calypso, the garden of Armida*.

In process of time when the public taste changed, and strait walks and parterres and terraces with their formal accompaniments were exploded, the *Isola Bella* forfeited its fame; the spell was dissolved; the fairy scenes vanished; and nothing remained but a dull heavy mass, a heap of deformity. But if it was then too much panegyrized, it is now perhaps too much despised. Praise is due to the man who had taste and discernment enough to select such a spot for his residence, especially as it was originally a bare and craggy or rather shapeless rock, and had no recommendation, but its site till then unnoticed. In the next place it would be unjust not to applaud the nobleman who, instead of wasting his income in the fashio-

* Burnet, who is enthusiastic in abuse only, when describing this island, for once rises into panegyric; pronounces it to be the finest summer residence in the world, and rapturously gives it the epithet *enchanted.*

nable amusements of a neighboring capital, devoted it to works which gave employment to thousands of hands, diffused riches over a large extent of country, and converted three barren crags into as many productive and populous islands. Edifices that give a permanent beauty to a country, that exercise the taste and the talents of the age in which they are erected, and become monuments of that taste and of those talents to posterity, are at least a proof of public spirit, and deserve our praise and our acknowledgment. To this we may add, that if pleasant walks at all seasons, and the most delicious fruit in abundance, be objects of importance in gardening; we must allow the merit of utility to an arrangement which multiplies space, sunshine, and shade, and adapts itself in some measure to the state of the weather, and to the fancy of the proprietor. However, even modern taste will be gratified and delighted with a grove, lining the north side of the garden, formed of various evergreens, but particularly of bay (laurel) of great height and most luxuriant foliage. A path winding in an easy curve through this thicket leads to a town, and thence to the pa-

lace. This grove, from its resemblance to domestic scenery, awakens some pleasing recollections in the mind of an English traveller.

A high wall surrounds the whole island, but it is so constructed as to form a terrace, and thus to aid the prospect. The prospect, particularly from the top of the pyramid, is truly magnificent: the vast expanse of water immediately under the eye, with the neighboring islands covered with houses and trees; the bay of *Magotzo* bordered with lofty hills westward, eastward the town of *Lavena* with its towering mountain, to the south the winding of the lake with numberless villages, sometimes on the margin of the water, sometimes on gentle swells, and sometimes on the sides and crags of mountains; to the north, first the little town of *Palanza*, at the foot of a bold promontory, then a succession of villages and mountains bordering the lake as it stretches in a bold sweep towards the *Alps*, and loses itself amid their snow-crowned pinnacles, all fill the mind with enthusiastic delight.* The banks of the lake are well

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* The present editor has here taken the liberty

wooded, and finely varied with a perpetual intermixture of vineyard and forest, of arable and meadow ground*, of plain and mountain. This latter circumstance indeed characterizes the *Lago Maggiore*, and distinguishes it from the others which are enclosed in a perpetual and uninterrupted ridge of mountains; while here the chain is frequently broken by interven'ng plains and vallies. This interruption not only enlivens its surface by admitting more light and sunshine, but apparently adds to its extent by removing its boundaries, and at the same time gives a greater elevation to the mountains by bringing them into contrast with the plains. Another circumstance, common indeed to all these lakes, contributes much to enliven their borders; it is, that all the villages with their churches are built of white stone, and have, particu-

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to make this little addition as well as alteration of the stops in order to conclude the sentence, as there are in the original no less than sixteen lines, without a single verb.

* The present editor takes the liberty to add the word *ground* for the adjective to agree with.

larly in distant perspective and in high situations, a very splendid and palace-like appearance.

The bank nearest to the *Isola Bella* is formed of a bold swell covered with a forest, and intersected by several dells, the beds of mountain torrents. The foliage of this forest was even at this season, of a fresh and vivid green, and it harmonized admirably with the gleam of the waters below, and with the deep azure firmament above. On the side of the island that faces this forest, a church with a few houses forms a little village.

About half a mile westward from the *Isola Bella* is the *Isola dei Pescatori*, so called from the ordinary occupation of its inhabitants. It is nearly covered with houses, and with its church makes a pretty object in the general view, but has no claim to nearer inspection. Its population amounts to about one thousand.

The *Isola Madre* rises at the distance of a mile north from the *Isola Bella*. The southern part of this island is occupied by terraces; its northern side is covered with a wood; its summit is crowned with a villa.

The terraces are formed on the slope of the hill, and may be considered almost as natural; the villa is spacious, but looks cold and uncomfortable. The wood is formed of laurel, cypress, and pine, and is the more beautiful for being neglected. This island is indeed in the whole less disfigured by ill directed art, and for that reason more picturesque and more likely to please English travellers than the *Isola Bella*, notwithstanding the more flattering appellation of the latter.

From *Isola Madre* we sailed up the bay of *Magotzo* lying full west, and landed at its extremity, whence we walked over a rough stony road about three miles, and about eight o'clock arrived at *Magotzo*. The inn seemed poor and dirty, but the people were obliging. Next morning we arose at daybreak, and had an opportunity of contemplating the surrounding scenery.

The little town of *Magotzo* is situate on the western extremity of a lake nearly oval, three miles in length, in breadth one and a half, bordered on the south and north by hills bold but not too steep, wild yet finely wooded. It is separated from the *Verbano*

(*Lago Maggiore*) by a plain of luxuriant verdure, divided by rows of poplars into numberless meadows; and intersected by a narrow stream winding along the road side, navigable only when swelled by abundant rains. This streamlet forms a communication between the two lakes.

About seven o'clock we mounted our horses, and advanced towards *Domo d' Ossola* through one of the most delightful vallies that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed. It is from two to seven miles wide, encompassed by mountains, generally of a craggy and menacing aspect, but not unfrequently softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. It is closed at one end by the towering summits of *Sempione*, whitened with everlasting snows. Through the middle of the valley meanders a river called *Tosa*, wide and smooth, narrow and rough alternately. The road sometimes crosses meadows, sometimes borders the stream shaded by the poplar, the lime, and the weeping birch; here it winds up the mountains, and edges the brink of the precipice, and there it intersects groves and vineyards, passing under vines carried over it on trellis-

work, and interwoven into arbours of immense length and impenetrable foliage.

About three miles from *Domo d'Ossola* we crossed the river in a ferry boat, passed a marshy plain covered with underwood, and entered the town about one o'clock. Thence we immediately proceeded by an excellent road towards *Sempione*.

This mountain, the object of our excursion, is one of the highest of the Italian Alps; it is covered with perpetual snow, and is remarkable for the passage of *Bonaparte* previous to the battle of *Marengo*. A road is now making over it under the direction of the French government, in order to open an easy *military* communication with *Milan*, and thus to secure the dependence of the Italian republic. The ascent and difficult part of the road commences at the spot where the torrent of *Divario* bursts through a vast chasm in the rock, and rushes headlong into the valley of *Ossola*. Over this chasm a bridge is to be thrown, an undertaking bold in appearance, but in reality not difficult, as the shallowness of the water in summer enables them to lay the foundation with ease, while the rock on

each side forms immoveable abutments. The piers were nearly finished. The road then, like all the Alpine passages, follows the windings of the defile, and the course of the torrent, sometimes a on level with its bank, and at other times raised along the side of the mountain, and on the verge of a precipice. To enlarge the passage, the rock has in many places been blown up; an operation carrying on as we passed, and adding, by the echo of the explosion, not a little to the grandeur of the scene. In one spot, where the mass of granite which overhung the torrent was too vast to be misplaced and too prominent to be worked externally, it was hollowed out, and an opening made of about sixty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and as many in height. This cavern is represented by the French as an unusual and grand effort, a monument of exertion and perseverance: but how insignificant does it appear when compared to the grotto of *Posilipo*, or to the gate of *Salzburg**. The ascent is very gradual, and per-

* The spacious galleries worked through the

fectly safe and commodious. It is therefore likely to become, when finished, the principal communication between Italy, France, and Switzerland; since no art can render the mountains, *Cenis*, *St. Bernard*, and *St. Gothard*, so secure and practicable.

Beyond the spot where the rock is perforated, the road reaches an elevation too cold for the vine, and the face of nature resigns the warm features of Italy. Indeed, a little beyond the next village, called *Gondo*, where the traveller passes from *Pueze* to *Imgutz*, the language itself alters; and German, more conformable to the ruggedness of the situation, assumes the place of Italian. The village which gives its name to the mountain, stands not on, but near, the summit, and is called by its inhabitants *Sempelendorf*. Its Latin appellation is supposed to be *Mons Caepionis;* or *Sempronii*, now *Sempione*.

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solid rock at Gibraltar, and formed into *aerial* batteries, are far superior to the above-mentioned *grottos* both in extent and in difficulty of execution.

As the road was merely traced out, but not passable beyond *Gondo,* we stopped at a spot where the torrent, forcing its way through two lofty rocks, takes a sudden turn, because the scenery here appeared particularly magnificent. Indeed, in descending, the grandeur of the defile is seen to more advantage in all its parts. On the bank opposite the road, the mountains rose in large perpendicular masses of brown rock, and swelling to a prodigious elevation, displayed on their craggy summits a few scattered plants, and sometimes woods of pine, fir, and beech. Behind us, were the snow-clad pinnacles of *Sempione,* and in front a ridge of towering rocks that overhang the vale of the *Tosa*. The severity and terror of the prospect increases at every step as we approached the entrance of the defile, and the view from the bridge passing through the cliffs, where apparently highest and darkest, and resting on the shining *glaciers* that crown the mountain, is by the contrast rendered peculiarly striking, and one of the most magnificent scenes of Alpine solitude.

We had in our progress noticed the mode

of forming the road, and though praise is due to the undertaking, we could not much admire the execution. The foundation is generally the natural rock, but where that fails, small stones are employed as a substitute; all the upper strata are formed in the same manner of small stones, and seem ill calculated to resist the force of torrents, or even the impetuosity of the winds that rush like hurricanes from the gullies of the *Alps*, sweep the snow in clouds from the frozen summit, and tear the trees and shrubs from the foot of the mountains. The masses of stone employed by the Romans seem much better adapted to such situations, and would have resisted alike the action of winds and of waters. But the road over *Sempione*, however commodious it may in time become, is not likely to equal the *Via Appia*, either in solidity or in duration; nor indeed is it comparable either in convenience or in extent to the passage by the *Rhaetian Alps*, or by the *Tyrol*, which seems to be the most ancient, and is the best and most frequented of all the grand avenues to Italy.

We returned by the same road, and pass-

ed the night at *Domo D'Ossola*. The first part of the name of this village or little town is *Duomo*, the appellation always given in Italy to the cathedral, as the *House* by eminence, and was appropriated to *Ossola*, because in it was the principal church of the whole valley to which it gives its name. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of a wooded hill, encircled with fertile meadows, and much frequented by *Milanese* and *Swiss* merchants. The inn is tolerable.

Next morning we returned to *Magotzo*, and after a slight repast, took a boat and rowed across its lake. We traversed the meadows that enclose it to the east, on foot, and re-embarked on the *Lago Maggiore*. It seems highly probable that these two lakes were formerly united, and it is possible that the *Lago Maggiore* extended its waters over all the *Val d'Ossola*, and once bathed the feet of the granite mountains that enclose it. Strabo represents the *Lacus Verbanus* as nineteen miles in breadth, that is, nearly the distance between *Laveno* and *Domo d'Ossola*, a circumstance not a little favorable to this conjecture. We once more glided by the *Isola*

Bella, and turning southward, left the grand and stupendous boundaries of the northern part of the lake behind us, and found ourselves amid the milder scenes or ornamented cultivation, verdant swells, tufted hillocks, towns, and villages, scattered confusedly on each side.

Approaching *Arona*, we were struck with the colossal statue of *St. Charles Borromeo*, erected on the summit of a hill near the town. It represents the archbishop in an attitude equally appropriate to his office and to his benevolent feelings, as turned towards *Milan*, and with an extended arm imploring the benedictions of heaven upon its inhabitants. It is supported by a marble pedestal forty-two feet in height, and is itself seventy; it is of bronze, and supposed to be finely executed. If the qualities which, according to Virgil, open Elysium to those who possess them, can claim at the same time the minor honors of a statue, *St. Charles* is entitled to it under a double capacity, both as a blameless priest and as a public benefactor.

> Quinque sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat....
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

It must also be acknowledged, that such a monument of public gratitude and veneration, is highly honorable to the people who conceived and erected it. It bespeaks public feelings grand and capacious, and while it far surpasses the diminutive distinctions of modern nations, it emulates the style and the imperial honors of the Romans. A little above the town of *Arona* stands a castle now in ruins. It was once the principal residence of the *Borromean* family, where *St. Charles* was born. Yet neither this circumstance nor its strength and commanding position, could secure it against neglect and decay.

Arona is a little but an active commercial town; in the cathedral there are said to be some fine paintings. But it was dusk when we arrived, and as circumstances did not permit us to pass the night there, we took a coach and proceeding to *Novara*, where the carriages were waiting, arrived there at a late hour.

We have now taken leave of the Italian lakes, and as we turn from them, it is impossible not to express some surprise that their beauties should have been so

little noticed by the ancients, even in poetry, and apparently so little known by the travelled and the inquisitive. Virgil indeed alludes to them in general, as conspicuous features of Italian scenery, and mentions two in particular, the *Larius* for its magnitude, and the *Benacus* for its majestic ocean-like swell*. Catullus speaks with fondness of his beautiful villa on the promontory of *Sirmio*. But these poets were born in the vicinity of one of the lakes, and had it constantly under their eyes in their youth, and not unfrequently even in their riper years. Pliny the Elder mentions them in a cursory manner, though as a native either of *Verona* or of *Comum*, he might be supposed to glory in them as the principal ornaments of his native country. The younger does enlarge with expressions of complacency on the views of the lake,

* The two other lakes he omitted, probably because they were little known, being in a remote part of the country, and at a considerable distance from any great town, while the vicinity of *Comum* to the *Larian*, and of *Verona* to the *Benacus*, gave publicity and fame to their beauties.

and the charms of his villas on its borders. But neither he, nor even Virgil and Catullus, speak of them in such terms of admiration and rapture, as their beauty and magnificence seem calculated to inspire. Whence comes this apparent indifference? were the Romans in general insensible to the charms of nature? it cannot be supposed. Were the Latin poets—were Virgil and Horace inattentive observers? Every line in their works proves the contrary.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius, etc.

Virgil, Georg. ii.

. . . . . , Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque,

Hor. Epist. lib. i. 10.

is the language of passion and enthusiasm. Yet Virgil, in the lines immediately following those which I have cited, passes from the magnificent objects around him and almost before his eyes, to scenery remote, and certainly inferior, perhaps even known to him only in description, and embellished only by the charms of poetic imagery. This latter circumstance may perhaps in part ac-

count for the apparent indifference which we have remarked. At the era of these two poets, *Gallia Cisalpina* was scarcely considered as a part of Italy; it had been successively overrun by various Gallic tribes, and those tribes had not been long enough subjected nor sufficiently civilized and polished to assume the name of Romans. Their country had not yet become the seat of the muses; it had not been ennobled by glorious achievements, nor inhabited by heroes, nor celebrated by poets. Its beauty was inanimate, its grandeur mute, and its forests, and its lakes, and its mountains, were all silent solitudes, unconnected with events and destitute of recollections. Such *barren* scenes the poet contemplates with indifference, and willingly turns to regions where history infuses a soul into nature, and lights up her features with memory and imagination. But what this grand subalpine scene then wanted, it has since acquired. One work of Virgil has given dignity to the *Larian* lake; one verse has communicated the grandeur of the ocean to the *Benacus*; and a few lines have raised the little streamlet of the *Mincius* above the full and majestic *Danube*.

O testudinis aureae
Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas, . .
Totum hoc muneris tui est.
Horat. lib. iv. 3.

The lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are to England, what those of the *Milanese* are to Italy. Yet none of our ancient poets have noticed their distant beauties. They still remain unsung and unconsecrated in classic story. One of the Scottish lakes has lately been more fortunate. Yet, who ever heard of *Loch Katrine* till the Minstrel peopled its lonely isle with phantoms of valor and of beauty?

And sweetly o'er the lake was heard his strain
Mix'd with the sounding harp.
Lady of the lake

Before we abandon the subject it may perhaps be asked, what proportion in beauty, magnitude, and grandeur, the British lakes bear to the Italian. England, as far as regards the face of nature, has been represented as a miniature picture of Europe at large, and its features, though perhaps equal in beauty, are yet considered as inferior in boldness and in relief to the traits obser-

vable on the continent. This remark is peculiarly applicable to its lakes and mountains, which contract their dimensions and almost sink into insignificance when compared to similar objects in Alpine regions. In truth, to a traveller lately returned from Italy, *Windermere* appears a long pool, and *Skiddaw* shrinks into a hillock. *Ullswater* alone, in the comparative boldness of its banks, may perhaps present a faint resemblance to some parts of the *Lago di Como*; but the parallel is confined to that single feature. The rocks that frown over *Buttermere* may be sufficiently grand, but how insignificant is the sheet of water spread beneath them. One of the Scotch lakes (for the others I have not visited) *Loch Lomond*, reminded me of the *Benacus* in the wideness of its expanse and in the gradual swell of its banks. But the resemblance goes no further; for, admitting that the little islands interspersed in the broad part of the lake have a considerable share of beauty, yet the heavy lumpish form of *Benlomond*, its heathy sides and naked brow, with the lifeless masses around it, which form the only grand features the

prospect can pretend to, are very indifferent substitutes for the noble Alpine ridge that borders the *Benacus*, and presents every mountain-form and color from the curve to the pinnacle, from the deep tints of the forest to the dazzling brightness of snow. When to these conspicuous advantages we add the life and interest which such scenes derive from churches, villas, hamlets and towns, placed as if by the hand of a painter in the most striking situations, so as to contrast with and relieve the horror of the surrounding picture, we describe the peculiar and characteristic features which distinguish the lakes of Italy, and give them an undisputed superiority. *

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* I am willing to believe all that is related of the matchless beauties of the lake of Killarney, but as I have not had the pleasure of seeing them, I cannot introduce them into the comparison. However, they seem to be too often clouded with mists and drenched in rain, to be capable of disputing the palm of beauty with scenes lighted up by the constant sunshine and the azure skies of Italy. Of the Helvetian lakes we may perhaps discourse hereafter. At present I shall

Adde lacus tantos te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benace marino.
Virgil.

Having taken a slight refreshment at *Novara*, as the night was far advanced, we determined to continue our journey; especially as the district which we were about to traverse was a dead flat, intersected with canals, and planted with rice, the distinguishing mark of an unwholesome and uninteresting country.

In leaving *Novara* I need only observe, that it is an episcopal city of great antiquity, but of little renown either in ancient or modern times, so that its Roman name is the only title it has to the traveller's attention. The night was clear and refreshing. At a little distance from *Novara* we passed the *Agogna*, and about break of day we crossed the *Sesia*, a wide but then shallow river, and immediately after entered *Vercelli*, a very ancient city, still retaining its Roman name, and probably con-

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only say, that they are on the *wrong* side of the *Alps*.

taining as great a population as in Roman times. It never indeed rose to any very great celebrity, though it enjoyed a transient gleam of liberty and independence in the middle ages. It is rather a handsome and flourishing town. The portico of the cathedral is admired.

We proceeded over a flat and fertile country, but neither so productive nor so beautiful, nor so populous as the *Milanese*. This plain has indeed been the theatre of many sanguinary contests between the French, the Spaniards, and the Austrians, during the two last centuries, and is now subject to the iron sway of the French republic; neither of which circumstances are calculated to improve its appearance, or to increase its importance in classic estimation. In our progress we crossed four rivers, all of which still preserve their ancient appellations; the *Baltea*, the *Orco*, the *Stura*, and the *Dora*. We entered *Turin* about six o'clock (October the third.)

CHAP. IV.

Turin, its History, Appearance, Edifices, Academy, and University — the Po — the Superga — Consequences of the French Conquest — previous Introduction of the French Language, Manners, and Dress at Court — Observations on Dress in General.

TURIN, like *Genoa*, though of ancient foundation, can boast only of modern fame; with this difference, that the reputation of the former is recent, and almost confined to the last century, while the glories of the latter rose early and blazed through a series of active and eventful ages. *Augusta Taurinorum* was the Roman appellation of this city, which it received when raised to the dignity of a Roman colony by Augustus. Before that period it seems to have been mentioned only in general, as a town of the *Taurini*, the Gallic tribe of whose territory it was the capital.

Taurinorum unam urbem caput gentis ejus, quia volens in amicitiam ejus non

veniebat vi expugnarat *, says Livius, speaking of Annibal; and from these words we learn the little importance of this city in the eyes of the historian, and in the next place, the attachment of its inhabitants to the Romans. This insignificance and fidelity seem to have been the constituent features of the destiny of *Turin* for a long succession of ages, and have continued to expose it both to the hatred and to the vengeance of all the invading hordes, from Attila to Francis I. During this long era of anarchy and of revolution, it was alternately destroyed and rebuilt, deserted and repeopled.

Its importance commenced in the thirteenth century, when it became the residence of the princes of Savoy, and assumed the honors of a capital; since that period, though in the heart of a country, the constant theatre and oftentimes the object of war; though often besieged, and not unfrequently taken; yet it continued in a progressive state of improvement, and had

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* L. xxi. 39.

become about the middle of the last century, one of the most populous and flourishing cities of Italy. This its prosperity must in justice be ascribed to the spirit, the prudence, and the activity of its princes. Its disasters, like those of Italy in general, flow from its vicinity to France, whose armies have so often overrun its territories, assailed its ramparts, wasted its suburbs, and as far as their ability equalled their malice, destroyed its edifices. In one of these inroads, the French, under Francis I. demolished all the monuments of Roman antiquity, which had escaped the rage of preceding barbarians, and which had till then constituted the principal ornament of *Turin*. In another, they were defeated by Prince Eugene, and obliged to raise the siege, with prodigious slaughter; but unfortunately they have since been more successful, *Turin* yielded without the formalities even of a blockade, and *Piedmonte*, in spite of the *Alps*, was declared to be a department of France.

While the residence of its sovereigns, this capital was lively, populous, and flourishing. Its court was equally remarkable for

politeness and for regularity, and much frequented by strangers, because it was considered as an introduction to the manners and to the language of Italy. Its academy enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, and was crowded with foreigners, attracted in part by the attention which the king condescended to shew to the young members, and partly by the cheapness of masters, and by the facility of instruction in every branch and language. This academy was indeed a most useful establishment, and extremely well calculated to usher young men into the world in the most respectable manner, and to fashion them to courts and to public life. A year passed in it, with the least application, enabled them to prosecute their travels with advantage, not only by supplying them with the information necessary, but by procuring them such connexions with the first families in all the great cities as might preclude the formalities of presentation, and admit them at once into the intimacy of Italian society. Without this confidential admission (which few travellers have enjoyed for many years past) the domestic inter-

course of Italians, and consequently the character of the nation, which is never fully and undisguisedly unfolded unless in such intercourse, must continue a mystery. Now the academy of *Turin*, where the young students were considered as part of the court, and admitted to all its balls amusements, placed this advantage completely within their reach, and was in this respect and indeed in most others, far superior to *Geneva*, where the British youth of rank were too often sent to learn French and scepticism.

Turin is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the *Po*, at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, rising southward beyond the river; while northward extends a plain bounded by the *Alps* ascending sometimes in gigantic groups like battlemented towers, and at other times, presenting detached points darting to the clouds like spires glittering with unmelted icicles, and with snows, that never yield to the rays of summer.

The interior of the town is not unworthy its fame and situation; its streets are wide and strait, intersecting each other at right angles, and running in a direct line from

gate to gate, through some large and regular squares. The royal palace is spacious, and surrounded with delightful gardens. There are many edifices, both public and private, which present long and magnificent fronts, and intermingled with at least one hundred churches, give the whole city a rich and splendid appearance. In the churches and palaces, marble of every vein and color is lavished with prodigality, and decorations of all kinds are scattered with profusion; to such a degree indeed, as to encumber rather than to grace these edifices. Such are the general features of *Turin*, both grand and airy. Among these features the four gates of the city were formerly numbered, and as they were adorned with pillars, and cased with marble, they were represented as very striking and majestic entrances. But these celebrated gates the French had levelled to the ground, together with the ramparts, the walks and the plantations, that formerly encircled the town as with a forest.

The misfortune of *Turin* has been, that while both its sovereigns and its inhabitants wanted neither means nor inclination to embellish it, no architect of correct taste

was found to second their wishes. The two principal persons of that description employed at *Turin*, *Guarini* and *Juvara*, whatever might have been their talents, were deficient in judgment, and preferred the twisted, tortured curves and angles of *Borromini*, to the unbroken lines and simple forms of antiquity. Novelty, not purity, and *prettiness* instead of majesty, seem to have been their sole object. Hence this city does not, I believe, present one chaste model, one simple grand specimen in the ancient style, to challenge the admiration of the traveller. Every edifice, whatsoever its destination may be, whether church or theatre, hospital or palace, is encumbered with whimsical ornaments, is all glare and glitter, gaiety and confusion. In vain does the eye seek for repose, the mind long for simplicity. Gilding and flourishing blaze on all sides, and we turn away from the gaudy shew, dazzled and disgusted. The cathedral is an old Gothic edifice, in no respect remarkable; at its end is the chapel royal *della Santissima Sindone*, rich in the highest degree, and surmounted with a heavy dome. The *Corpus Domini*, *S. Lorenzo*, *S. Filippo Neri*, *Sta.*

Cristina, *S. Rocco*, *SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro* and several other churches, deserve a particular inspection either for their magnitude or their pillars, or for the variety of marbles employed in their decoration.

The University of *Turin* occupied a most extensive building, containing a library of more than fifty thousand volumes; a museum furnished with a numerous collection of statues, vases, and other antiques of various denominations; a very fine collection of medals; a hall of anatomy, admirably furnished: and an observatory. It was endowed for four-and-twenty professors, all of whom gave daily lectures. They were generally authors and men of great reputation in their respective sciences. There are two colleges dependent upon the university, remarkable also for their spaciousness and magnificence, as well as for the number of young students which they contained. To these we must add the academy which I mentioned above, forming altogether a very noble establishment for the purpose of public education in all its branches and modifications, highly honorable to the judgment and munificence of *Victor Amadeus*, who, by enlarging and re-

forming its different parts, may justly be considered its founder.

In hospitals *Turin* was, like the other cities of Italy, richly endowed. The *Regio Spedale della Carità* was on the plan of the celebrated hospital at Rome, and furnished at the same time provisions and employment to the poor, education to orphans, a dowry to unmarried girls, and an asylum to the sick and to the decayed. Eight or more establishments of a simular nature, though on a lesser scale, contributed to the same object in different parts of the city, and left no form of misery without the means of adequate and speedy relief.

The palaces, though some are large and spacious, are yet so disfigured by ill-placed decorations and grotesque architecture, as to make little impression on the eye, and consequently to deserve little attention. The pictures which formerly adorned their galleries and apartments have been transported to France, and their rich furniture carried off and sold by the plunderers.

We will pass therefore to the country immediately round *Turin*, which is by no means deficient in beauty. Its first and most conspi-

cuous feature is the *Po*, which gives its name to the principal street of the city, and bathes its walls as it rolls by in all its magnificence. I need not here inform the reader that the *Ligurians*, a tribe of Gallic or German origin, gave this river the name of *Bodinco* or bottomless, on account of its depth; nor need I enlarge upon its different appellations and their origin. He will smile however, when he is informed by a learned Dutchman*, that the *Eridanus*, consecrated by the fall of Phaeton, shaded by his sister poplars, and enriched by their amber tears, is not the celebrated river that gives fertility and fame to one of the noblest provinces of Italy, but the *Raddaune*, a stream that intersects the plains of Prussia, and falls into the Vistula near *Dantzic*! This change of site, climate, and scenery, will add much, without doubt, to the ideal charms which poesy has thrown over the *Eridanus*, and considerably enhance the pleasure which the reader receives from the various classic passages in which it is described.

* Cluverius, 1. 33. p. 391.

But to drop alike the fictions of the Greek poets, and the dreams of the German critics, we may observe that the account which Pliny the Elder has given of the *Po*, is still found to be tolerably accurate, though physical commotions, aided by human exertions, may be allowed to have made some petty alterations*. Of the power of the former we have two striking instances in the destruction of two ancient cities in this very region by the fall of mountains, one of which, *Industria*, lay near the road between *Turin* and *Vercelli*, and consequently not far from the channel of the *Po*. As to the latter, it has been exerted principally in opening new outlets at the mouth of the river, and in giving a better direction to its vast mass of waters, in order to prevent the consequences of inundations, and to recover some portions of land covered by its waves.

This magnificent river takes its rise about five-and-twenty or thirty miles from *Turin*, in the recesses of *Monte Viso* or *Vesulus*, celebrated by Virgil for its forests of pines,

* Lib. iii. 20.

and for the size and the fierceness of the boars that fed in them*. It becomes navigable even before it reaches *Turin*, though so near its source, and in a course which, including its windings, extends to three hundred miles, receives thirty rivers, bathes the walls of fifty towns and cities, and gives life, fertility, and opulence to the celebrated plains called from it *Regio Circumpadana*. Its average breadth from *Turin* to *Ariano* may be about twelve hundred feet; its depth is every-where considerable; and its current strong and equal. It may justly therefore be called the king of Italian rivers, and ranked among the principal streams of southern Europe. We had beheld it frequently in the course of our wanderings between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, and always beheld it with interest and admiration. We now had to take leave of it, and turn for ever from the plain,

qua
Eridanus centum fluviis comitatus in aequor
Centum urbes rigat et placidis interluit undis.
Fracast. Syphs h. 1.

* Eneid. x. 708.

The next object which attracts the eye of the traveller, and which really deserves his attention, is the mountain of the *Superga*, and the lofty temple that crowns its summit. The elevation and pittoresque appearance of the hill itself, and the cause, the destination, and the corresponding magnificence of the edifice, are all so many claims upon our curiosity.

The *Superga* is about five miles from *Turin;* the ascent is gradual, and the road good. The summit of the hill commands a noble view of the city, its suburbs, the river, and the circumjacent country; and on it *Victor Amadeus* and Prince Eugene met during the famous siege of *Turin* in 1706, and formed the plan for the attack of the enemy and for its deliverance. The duke (for the sovereigns of *Piedmonte* had not then assumed the title of king) made a vow, if Heaven prospered his arms, to build a church on the very spot as an everlasting monument of his gratitude. His prayers were heard; the French were defeated with great slaughter; the siege was raised; and the church was built. The edifice is not unworthy of its origin. It is really a grand memorial of royal

and national acknowledgment. Its situation is peculiarly well adapted to its object. On the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, it is visible to the inhabitants not of *Turin* only, but of the whole country for many miles round, and instantly catches the eye of every traveller and awakens his curiosity.

The church is of a circular form, supported by pillars; the portico is ornamented with pillars, and the dome rises on pillars. All these columns are of beautiful marble of different colors, and give the edifice an appearance unusually rich and stately. Instead of pictures the altars are decorated with basso relievos; the pavement is of variegated marble; in short, all the different parts of the edifice, and even the details of execution are on a scale of splendor and of magnificence, well adapted to the rank of the founder, to the importance of the occasion, and to the dignity of the object.

The mansion annexed to the church for the use of the officiating clergy is, in the galleries, the library, and even the private apartments, proportioned to the grandeur of the establishment, and like the temple itself, rich in marbles and in decorations.

It is occupied by twelve clergymen, who are remarkable for their talents and acquirements, and are here occupied in qualifying themselves for the highest offices and dignities of the church. In fact, the *Superga* is a sort of seminary which supplies the Sardinian or rather Piedmontese territory with deans, bishops, and archbishops. The expenses necessary for the support of this edifice and establishment were furnished by the king himself, who considered it as a royal chapel, and as the destined mausoleum of the Sardinian monarchs and of the dynasty of *Savoy*. But alas! I am now speaking of establishments that no longer exist; of temples verging to decay; of monarchs dethroned; and of dynasties exiled and degraded.

Turin was late the capital of a large and populous territory, and long the residence of a race of active and magnanimous princes; it was furnished with all the establishments, literary and civil, that usually grace the seat of royalty; it was enlivened by a population of one hundred thousand souls, and frequented by crowds of strangers from the most distant countries. *Turin* is now

degraded into the chief town of a French department, the residence of a petty tyrant called a *prefect*; it is stripped of its university, of its academy, and of all its noble and its well endowed establishments; it is reduced to one-half of its population, and mourns in vain its slavery, its impoverishment, and its solitude. The reader therefore, will easily believe that the French, every-where disliked, are here abhorred; that their language, manners, and persons are equally objects of antipathy; and that the day of deliverance and of vengeance is most ardently desired by the oppressed *Piedmontese*.

But though we sympathize most sincerely with this injured people, and lament the fall of the court of *Turin* as a general calamity; yet we may be allowed to observe, that this catastrophe is, in some degree, imputable to its own weakness and irresolution. Had the present sovereign inherited, not the justice and the piety only, but the martial spirit of his ancestors; had he been animated with the magnanimous sentiments of his grandfather *Amadeus*, he would, at the first menace, have marched direct to the *Alps*, garrisoned their impregnable fastnesses

with his troops; and if the enemy appeared, he would have swept the defiles with his artillery. If victorious, he would have buried half the French army in the precipices, and stifled the war at its birth. If defeated, he would have given his people, and they wanted neither courage nor inclination, time to assemble and to arm; and had he fallen in the contest he would have fallen, like Leonidas at *Thermopylae*, as a hero and a king, encircled with glory and with renown. But at that period of infatuation the Roman Pontiff alone had the sagacity to see the danger, and the courage to meet it. All the other Italian powers adopted a temporizing system, an ineffective neutrality, of all measures the most pernicious, because it leaves a state open to attack without the means of repelling it. *Sine gratia sine dignitate premium victoris* *. Thus they were easily overpowered one after the other, and plundered by the French, who ridiculed their want of policy while they profited by it. How different the conduct of the

* Liv. xxxv. 49.

ancient Romans, and how different the result!

When the Cimbri, far more numerous than the French, rushed like a torrent down the *Alps*, and threatened to inundate Italy with their myriads, the Senate, not content with the armies opposed to them under Marius and Catulus, ordered a census to be taken in all the states, and found that seven hundred thousand foot and one hundred and fifty thousand horse were ready to march at their order and to meet the common enemy. Yet at that time Italy was bounded by the *Apennines*, and one-third less than it now is; but very different was the spirit of the numerous little republics into which it was then divided under the guardian genius of Rome, from that of its present monarchies and its aristocracies, too often under the influence of foreign intrigue. This influence, which may justly be ranked among the greatest evils that modern Italy labours under, has been considerably increased, unintentionally perhaps, by the court of *Turin*. The matrimonial connexions which so often united the house of *Savoy* to that of *Bourbon*, and

the partiality which naturally accompanies such connexions, gradually introduced the language, dress, and manners, and with them not a few of the fopperies of the court of *Versailles* into that of *Turin*, and thence opened a passage for them into the other provinces of Italy. Hence an Italian author of some eminence observes, in a tone of half smothered indignation, that at *Turin* French is spoken oftener than Italian *; and he might have added, that preference, thus absurdly and unnaturally given to a foreign tongue so inferior in every respect to the native dialect of the country, is entirely owing to the example and the influence of the court. How impolitic such a preference is, I have elsewhere observed; here I shall only repeat, that the knowledge of the French language introduced French literature, French notions, and French principles into *Piedmont*; and that they again opened the way to French bayonets, French cruelty, and French oppression; to all the evils that now prey upon this once noble capital, consume its po-

* Denina, Vicende della Letteratura.

pulation, and seem likely to reduce it ere long to the loneliness and the insignificance of a village. A lesson to the northern capitals, and particularly to *Petersburgh*.

As for the French dress, it was first introduced into the northern parts of Italy by the Dukes of *Savoy*, in the time of Lewis XIV. and thence it passed into the southern provinces, and since has been adopted in all the courts of Europe. To enable the reader to determine how far the adoption of this *costume* is to be regretted, I take the liberty of offering the following observations. The human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet neither decency nor convenience permit it to be exposed to the eye, in all its naked proportions. A covering, therefore, of some kind or other is necessary, but its form and quantity depend upon opinion and circumstances. That which fits the limbs exactly, and shows their form and proportion, is not unbecoming. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful; that which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in

his garments, is cumbrous, and if not managed with unusual art, borders upon deformity. The last seems at all times to have been very generally preferred by the Orientals, and is still the mode of dress in use among the Turks and the Persians. The first, according to Tacitus, was the distinctive mode of the nobles among the ancient Germans, and is still the national dress of the Hungarians, imitated in the uniform of the Hussars *. The second and most elegant, as well as most natural, was the dress of the Greeks and Romans. Though all the motives of dress are necessarily combined in these different raiments, yet the object of the first seems chiefly convenience; of the second, grace; of the third, magnificence.

These habits have of course been modified, altered, and intermixed in various manners, according as taste or barbarism, reason or fancy have prevailed; though in most countries some remnant may be discovered of their ancient and long established garments. To the instances which I have just hinted

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* De moribus Germ. cap. xvii.

at, I need only add, that in Italy, in Sicily, and in the other provinces long subject to the Romans, some trace of the *toga* may be still discovered in the cloak without sleeves, which is thrown about the body to cover it in part or entirely, sometimes over one shoulder and under the other, and sometimes over both, so that one of the skirts falls loosely down the back. The *toga* was the characteristic dress of the Romans, the habit of peace and of ceremony, the badge of freedom, and the distinguishing ornament of a Roman citizen. Yet with these honorable claims in its favor, it could not resist the influence of fashion; since so early as the age of Augustus, we find the Romans fond of appearing without it even in the Forum, and rebuked for this practice as a symptom of meanness and degeneracy, by that prince, so tenacious of the decorum of ancient times. *En*, said he, *indignabundus*,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
Suet. Oct. Caes. Aug. 40.

Horace alludes to the same custom, as a mark of vulgarity *. But as the prosperity of

* In Martial's time the *toga* still continued

the state declined, and as the Roman name ceased to be an object of honorable distinction, the dress annexed to it was gradually neglected, not by the populace only, but by the higher orders, and in process of time by the Emperors themselves, who were oftentimes little better than semibarbarians. This negligence increased considerably during the decline of the empire; and yet both then and long after its fall, the Roman habit was still, in a great degree, the most prevalent. And indeed the barbarians, who invaded Italy, have in general been very ready to adopt its language, manners, and dress, as more polished and more becoming than their own; and the changes which have taken place in all these respects are to be ascribed not to the tyranny of the conquerors, but to the slavish spirit of the Italians themselves, sometimes too much disposed to copy the habits and the dialect of their conquerors. The Goths, in fact (not to speak of the short

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an essential part of decent dress in Rome; it was considered as one of the comforts of the country to be able to dispense with it—Hic *tunicata* quies.

reign of Odoacer) were Romans in every respect, excepting in name, long before they were introduced into Italy by Theodoric; and the *Longobardi*, though at first the most savage of barbarians, yielded to the influence of the climate, and bowed to the superior genius of their new country.

The principal change which took place therefore during those turbulent ages, was rather the neglect of what the Romans considered as decency of dress, than the adoption of any new habit. The toga was laid aside as cumbersome, and the tunica gradually became the ordinary habit; on the various forms of the tunica most of our modern dresses have been fashioned. In the middle ages richness and magnificence seem to have prevailed; in later times the Spanish dress appears to have been in use among the higher classes, at least in the north of Italy; and to it finally succeeded the French *costume*, without doubt the most unnatural, and the most ungraceful of all the modes hitherto discovered by barbarians to disfigure the human body. By a peculiar felicity of invention, it is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally

grace the human exterior, and to replace them by numerous angles, bundles and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen; the shoulders are covered with a cape; the arms, elbows and wrists are concealed and often swelled to a most disproportionate size, by sleeves; the knees are disfigured by buttons and buckles. The coat has neither length nor breadth enough for any drapery, yet full enough to hide the proportions of the body; its extremities are all strait lines and angles; its ornaments are rows of useless buttons; the waistcoat has the same defects in a smaller compass. Shoes are very ingeniously contrived, especially when aided by buckles, to torture and compress the feet, to deprive the instep and toes of their natural play, and even shape, and to produce painful protuberances. As for the head, which nature has decked with so many ornaments, and has made the seat of grace in youth, in age of reverence; of beauty in one sex, of command in the other; the head is encumbered with all the deformities that human skill could devise. In the first place, a crust of paint covers those ever-varying flushes, that play of features which

constitute the delicacy and the expression of female beauty, because they display the constant action of the mind. In the next place, the hair, made to wave round the face, to shade the features, and to increase alike the charms of youth and the dignity of age; the hair is turned back from the forehead, stiffened into a paste, scorched with irons, and confined with pins; lest its color should betray itself, it is frosted over with powder; and lest its length should *hang clustering* in ringlets, it must be twisted into a tail like that of a monkey, or confined in a black bag, *in sable state depending*. When the man is thus completely masked and disguised, he must gird himself with a sword, that is, with a weapon of attack and defence, always an encumbrance, though sometimes perhaps necessary; but surely never so when under the protection of the law, and perhaps under the roof, and in the immediate presence of the first magistrate *. In fine, to crown the whole fi-

* The reader need not be informed, that this custom is a remnant of barbarism. The Greeks

gure thus gracefully equipped, nothing is wanting but a black triangle (a form and color admirably combining both inconvenience and deformity), in other words a cocked hat! Addison has said, that if an absurd dress or mode creeps into the world, it is very soon observed and exploded; but

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and Romans never carried any kind of weapon, except when actually in war, and when embodied as soldiers. Among the latter, it was deemed a crime to fight, and it was murder to slay, even a public enemy, without having previously taken the military oath.—See a striking instance of this delicate sense of law and justice, in Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. 1. The barbarians, on the contrary, considered the sword as the mark of freedom and independence; they looked to it, and not to the law for protection. Like Mezentius they invoked it as their tutelary divinity.

Dextra mihi Deus et *telum* quod missile libro.
Virgil. x.

Our *polished* courtiers choose to imitate the latter. I recommend to their perusal a passage of Thucydides on this subject.—*Lib.* i.

that if once it be admitted into the church, it becomes sacred and remains for ever. Whether the latter part of this observation be well or illfounded, I will not at present undertake to determine; but the first part is clearly contradicted by the long reign of French fashions in courts, and by the apparent reluctance to remove them. After all, it must appear singular, and almost unaccountable, that courts so proud of their pre-eminence, and nations so tenacious of their independence, should so generally submit to the sacrifice of their national habits, and in their stead put on the *livery* of France, a badge of slavery, and a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority.

It was hoped at the union, that the French phrases, which still remain in parliamentary usage to perpetuate the memory of the Norman conquest, and to disgrace the lips of the sovereign even when arrayed in all the majesty of the constitution, would have been suppressed. The public were then disappointed, but it may not be too much to expect that a public spirited sovereign will, ere long, reject both the livery and the language of a hostile nation, and not yield

in patriotism to an usurper *, who never appeared in any foreign dress, or listened to any foreign language. Princes can by example, every where, and in their own courts, as well as in all public meetings, by command, establish whatever dress they may please to adopt; and it is not a little extraordinary, that they have so seldom exerted this control which they have over fashion, in favor of taste, of grace, or of convenience. Yet a sovereign of Britain need not go beyond the bounds of his own empire for a national dress, both graceful and manly, that displays at once the symmetry of the form, and furnishes drapery enough to veil it with majesty. The reader will perhaps smile when I mention the Highland dress, not as disfigured in the army, but as worn once, it is said, by Highland chiefs, and perhaps occasionally even now, by some remote lairds. This raiment borders nearer upon the Roman, and like

* Cromwell, whose foreign correspondence was always carried on in Latin, and whose dress was that of the cavaliers of the time.

it, is better calculated both for action and for dignity, than any modern dress I have ever beheld. A few improvements might make it perfect, and qualify it admirably for all the purposes of a national habit, and would very soon, by its intrinsic merit and beauty, supersede the *monkey* attire of France, not in the British empire only, but even on the Continent, still partial to the taste and to the fashions of England.

CAP. V.

Susa (Segusium) — Novalese — Passage of Mount Cennis — Convent on its Summit — Observations on the Passage of Annibal — The Advantage of having visited Italy in its present State — Consequences of the French Invasion — Conclusion.

On Wednesday, the 6th of October, we took a final leave of the last great city of Italy, and at eight in the morning set out for *Susa*. The road for several miles consists of a noble avenue, and runs in a direct line to *Rivoli*, remarkable only for a royal villa. Here we entered the defile of *Susa* through a narrow pass, formed by rocky hills branching out from the *Alps*, and approaching so near as merely to leave room enough for the road between them. From this spot Alpine scenery again commences; the sides of the mountains are successively craggy and naked, or green and wooded; the valley sometimes expands into a plain, and sometimes contracts itself almost into a dell; the *Dora*, which waters it, sometimes glides along as

a rill, and sometimes rolls an impetuous torrent. Woods and fields are interspersed amidst heaths and precipices; and a perpetual mixture of the wild and the cultivated varies the whole tract, and gives it a romantic and delightful appearance. *Susa* is seated amid rocky eminences on the banks of the *Dora*, here a mountain stream, on the very confines of the more savage regions of the *Alps*, where the steeps become precipices, and the mountains rise into *glaciers*. The town is in extent and appearance below mediocrity; but its antiquity and a triumphal Arch entitle it to the attention and the respect of the traveller. Its original name was *Segusium*, under which appellation it was the seat of Cottius, the petty sovereign of this mountainous region, and was considered as the capital of the Cottian Alps, and of the bordering territory. Cotys (for such was his real appellation) resigned his kingdom to Augustus, and wisely preferred the safer and more permanent honors of a Roman prefect to the insecure tenure of an Alpine crown.

The triumphal arch, which still remains, was erected by this prince to his benefactor,

and is a monument rather of his gratitude than of his means or magnificence. He rendered a more solid service to the Romans by opening a road through his mountains, and by establishing a safe communication between Italy and Gaul. This road still exists, and traverses *Mont Genevra*. The situation of the town and its strong citadel formerly rendered it a place of considerable importance; but it is now totally disregarded, as the citadel is dismantled, and as the French territory includes all the other passages of the *Alps*, and all the fastnesses that command them.*

We arrived at *Novalese* about ten o'clock,

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* Though the inn did not appear very alluring, yet as the night approached and we were unwilling to pass Alpine scenery in the dark, we were inclined to put up with it. However, considering the time necessary to cross the mountain, and listening to the representations of our drivers, who entreated us to proceed, we drove on. We had reason to thank Providence for the determination, as that very night the inn at *Susa*, with forty horses and all the carriages in the court, were burnt!

and as the moon shone in full brightness, we could easily distinguish the broken masses of Mount *Cennis* hanging over the town; with their craggy points and snowy pinnacles. Early in the morning, the carriages were dismounted; the body of each was suspended between two mules, one before and one behind; the wheels were placed on a third, and the axletree on a fourth; the trunks and the baggage of all kinds were divided into several loads, and laid on mules: the whole set out about six o'clock.

At half past seven we mounted our mules, and followed. The morning was fine, and the air cool, but not chilling. The ascent commences from the town-gate, at first very gradual; the steepness however increases rapidly as you ascend. The road at first winds along the side of the hill, then crosses a torrent, and continues along its banks all the way up the mountain. These banks are for some time fringed with trees and bushes. About half-way stands the village of *Ferrieres*, amid rocks and precipices, in a situation so bleak and wintry, that the traveller almost shivers at its appearance. A little

above this village, the acclivity becomes very abrupt; the bed of the torrent turns into a succession of precipices; and the stream tumbles from cliff to cliff in sheets of foam with tremendous uproar. The road sometimes borders upon the verge of the steep, but it is so wide as to remove all apprehension of danger. In one place only the space is narrower than usual, and there, a gallery or covered way is formed close to the rock, which rises perpendicular above it, in order to afford the traveller in winter shelter against the driving snows and the wind, that sweep all before them down the steep.

We shortly after entered a plain called *San Niccolò*. It is intersected by the *Cenisolle*, for that is the name of the torrent that rolls down the sides of Mount *Cennis*, or as the Italians call it more classically, *Monte Cenisio*. At the entrance of this plain the torrent tumbles from the rocks in a lofty cascade, and on its banks stands a stone pillar with an inscription, informing the traveller, who ascends, that he stands on the verge of *Piedmont* and *Italy*, and is about to enter *Savoy!* Though this pillar

marks rather the arbitrary than the natural boundaries of Italy, yet it was impossible not to feel some regret at the information; not to pause, look back, and reflect on the matchless beauties of the country we were about to leave for ever.

We continued our ascent, and very soon reached the great plain, and as we stood on the brow of the declivity we turned from the bleak snowy pinnacles that rose before us, and endeavored to catch a parting glimpse of the sunny scenery behind.

Here, amid the horrors of the Alps, and all the rigors of eternal winter, Religion in her humblest and most amiable form had, from time immemorial, fixed her seat; to counteract the genius of the place and the influence of climate; to shelter the traveller from the storm; to warm him if benumbed, to direct him if bewildered; to relieve him if in want; to attend him if sick, and if dead, to consign his remains with due rites to the grave. This benevolent establishment did not escape the rage of the philosophists, and was by them suppressed in the commencement of the republican era. On the re-establishment of religion, it was restor-

ed and augmented by order of the first Consul, and is now in a more flourishing state perhaps than at any former period.

This convent was formerly inhabited by friars; they are now replaced by monks. The superior was once a member of the celebrated Abbey of *Citeaux*, the parent monastery of the Bernardin order, and consequently he was of noble birth, as no others were admitted into that house. His manners are extremely polished, and his appearance gentlemanlike. He received us with great cordiality, shewed us the different apartments of the convent, and offered us such refreshments as the place afforded. He was accompanied by a fine boy his nephew, born to fortune, but reduced by the revolution to want and dependence. The education of this youth was his principal amusement, and occupied him delightfully, as he assured us, during the dreadful solitude of winter, when, secluded from the whole world, and visited only accidentally by a needy wanderer, they see no object but driving snow, and hear no sound but the howling of wolves, and the pelting of the tempest. Such readers as may have visited

Citeaux in the days of its glory, will not be surprized at the compassion which we felt for the poor monk transported from such a palace-like residence, in the plains of *Burgundy*, to an hospital on the bleak summit of Mount *Cennis*.

The weather was still clear, and the air just cold enough to render walking pleasant; and as we proceeded very leisurely towards the inn, we had an opportunity of observing the scenery around us. The plain which we were traversing is about six miles in length, and about four in breadth where widest. In the broadest part is a lake, in form nearly circular, about a mile and an half in diameter, and of immense depth. The plain is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding this elevation, is, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered on all sides by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount *Cennis*, covered for the greater part with everlasting snows, that glitter to the sun, and chill the traveller with the frozen prospect. On the highest of these ridges, which

rises three thousand feet above the convent, there is a chapel to which the neighboring parishes proceed in procession once a year, on the fifth of August: the ascent from the plain on the north seems gradual and not difficult; to the south, that is, towards Italy, the cliff presents a broken, and almost perpendicular precipice. From hence, it is said, the view extends over the inferior *Alps* that rise between, to *Turin*, to the plains of the *Po*, and to the Apennines beyond; and from hence, some add, Annibal pointed out the sunny fields of Italy to his frozen soldiers. *Praegressus signa Annibal in promontorio quodam unde longe ac late prospectus erat, consistere jussis militibus Italiam ostentat, subjectosque Alpinis montibus Circumpadanos campos.* The appearance of the ridge advancing like a bold headland towards *Novalese*, and the extensive prospect from its summit answers the description; but these two circumstances are not in themselves sufficient to justify the inference.

Most authors are of opinion that Annibal entered Italy by the Grecian *Alps*, about thirty miles eastward of Mount *Cennis*, and

seem to suppose that the road over this latter mountain was not open in ancient times. But as the route which Annibal took in his passage was a subject of doubt and controversy even in Titus Livius's time, and as this historian's own opinion on the subject is far from being very clear, the traveller is at liberty to indulge his own conjectures, and may, without rebelling against the authority of history, suppose that the Carthaginian general entered Italy by the very road which we are now treading, and that he took his first view of its glories from the summit of yonder towering eminence.

Those glories we could indeed no longer discover, yet as we paced along the summit of this vast rampart, these eternal walls * which Providence has raised round the garden of Europe, we had time to retrace in our minds, the scenes which we had contemplated, and to revive the impressions which they had made.

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* Mœnia Italiae. *Liv.*

ἐν τειχους σχηματι ἑρομα ἀῤῥηκτον· ὡςπερ τεῖχος Ιταλιας. *Herod.* ii. viii.

To have visited Italy at any time is an advantage, and may justly be considered as the complement of a classical education. Italy is the theatre of some of the most pleasing fictions of the poets, and of many of the most splendid events recorded by historians. She is the mother of heroes, of sages, and of saints. She has been the seat of empire, and is still the nursery of genius, and still, in spite of plunderers, the repository of the nobler arts. Her scenery rises far above rural beauty; it has a claim to animation and almost to genius. Every spot of her surface, every river, every mountain, and every forest, yes, every rivulet, hillock, and thicket, have been ennobled by the energies of the mind, and are become monuments of intellectual worth and glory *. No country furnishes a greater number of ideas, or inspires so many generous and exalting sentiments. To have visited it at any period, may be ranked among the minor blessings of life, and is one of the means of mental improvement.

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* Nullum sine nomine saxum. *Liv.* ix.

But this visit at all times advantageous, was on the present occasion, of peculiar interest and importance.

Italy seems now to be in the first stage of one of those revolutions that occasionally change the destinies of nations, and very much improve, or very much injure the state of society. Improvement Italy can scarce expect; she has enjoyed a long series of tranquil and almost glorious years, and attained a degree of prosperity and independence far greater than at any period of her history, from the reigns of the first Caesars down to the present epoch. She is now once more fallen into subjection, and actually lies prostrate at the feet of her most ancient and most inveterate enemies. These enemies have at all times been remarkable for their treachery and their rapacity, and these two destructive qualities they have already exercised in Italy with considerable latitude, and will probably indulge, without restraint, when their new domination shall be consolidated by time and by habit *. Though the levity of the natio-

* Gens rapiendi avidissima. *Livius* xxxviii.

nal character, and the history of the Gallic tribes, which represents them as invading almost every country, from the *Hebrides* to the *Caspian*, with success always followed by defeat, seem to militate against the probable durability of their empire beyond the *Alps*; yet, should it last for any time, its consequences would be infinitely more pernicious to Italy than all the preceding invasions united. That many of the hordes of ancient barbarians were cruel, I admit, and also that they ravaged Italy, sometimes butchered and always oppressed her unfortunate inhabitants; but it must be remembered that they all submitted to her religion, adopted her language, assumed her habits and manners, and made either Rome herself, or some one of the Italian cities, the seat of their empire. Now a country that retains all these advantages, though wasted by war and depredation, still possesses the means of restoration, and cherishes in its bosom the very seeds of independence and of prosperity.

How different are the views, how opposite the conduct, of the modern invaders! Declared enemies to Christianity, to the re-

ligion of Italy, they persecute it in all its forms. Their own language they wish to make the dialect of Europe; their fashions are to be the standard of civilization; and Paris is the destined metropolis of the universe. Italy is to be degraded into a province; her sons are to be the slaves and the instruments of the *Great Nation*, to recruit its armies and to labor for its greatness. With such views they will inevitably drain Italy of its population; they will strip it of its ornaments and its riches; they will break its spirit, and consequently they will stifle its genius; that is, they will deprive it of all its proud distinctions, of all its glorious prerogatives, and reduce it to the state of Greece under the Turks, that of a desolated province, the seat of ignorance and of barbarism, of famine and of pestilence. Thus the golden era of Leo will be followed, as the Augustan age was, by years of darkness and of disorder; the magnificent remains of its palaces and its temples will strew the earth in their turn, and perhaps excite the interest and exercise the ingenuity of future travellers. The seven hills will again be

covered with shattered masses; and the unrivalled Vatican itself only enjoy the melancholy privilege of presenting to the astonished spectator a more shapeless and a more gigantic ruin!

But we had now reached the northern brow of the mountain; we had passed the boundaries of Italy, and left the regions of classic fame and beauty behind us. Nothing occurred to attract our attention, or to counterbalance the inconvenience of delay. England rose before us with all its public glories, and with all its domestic charms. England, invested like Rome with empire and with renown, because like Rome governed by its senate and by its people. Its attractions and our eagerness increased as we approached; and the remaining part of the journey was hurried over with indifference, because all our thoughts were fixed on home and on its endearments *.

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* Not only tost on bleak Germania's roads,
And panting breathless in her *fumed* abodes;
Not only through her forests pacing slow,
And climbing sad her mounts of driv'n snow:

All dreary wastes, that ever bring to mind
The beauties, pleasures, comforts left behind.
But in those climes where suns for ever bright,
O'er scenes Elysian shed a purer light;
And partial nature with a liberal hand
Scatters her graces round the smiling land.
On fair Parthenope's delicious shore,
Where slumb'ring seas forget their wonted roar;
Where Ocean daily sends his freshening breeze,
To sweep the plain and fan the drooping trees;
And evening zephyrs springing from each grove,
Shed cooling dews and incense as they rove.—
And there, where Arno curled by many a gale,
Pours freshness o'er Etruria's vine-clad vale;
Where Vallombrosa's groves, *o'er-arching high*,
Resounding murmur through the middle sky—
Even there, where Rome's majestic domes ascend,
Pantheons swell, and *time-worn* arches bend;
Where Tiber winding through his desert plains,
'Midst modern palaces and ancient fanes,
Beholds with anguish half, and half with pride,
Here ruins strew, there temples grace his side;
(Unhappy Rome! though once the glorious seat
Where empire thron'd saw nations at his feet,
Now doom'd once more by cruel fate to fall
An helpless prey to treacherous pilfering Gaul.)
Even in these scenes, which all who see admire,
And bards and painters praise with rival fire;
Where memory wakes each visionary grace,

And sheds new charms on nature's lovely face;
Even in these sacred scenes, so fam'd, so fair,
My partial heart still felt its wonted care;
And melted still to think how far away,
The dearer scenes of lovely Albion lay.

DISSERTATION.

General Observations on the Geography — Climate — Scenery — History — Language — Literature — and Religion of Italy — and on the Character of the Italians.

THE following reflections are the result of the author's observations and researches while in Italy, and may, in part, be considered as a recapitulation of the whole work, and as the summary of an Italian tour. We will begin with its geography, because from its situation and climate, it derives the beauty and the fertility which render it the garden of Europe, and mark it out as perhaps the most delicious region on the surface of the globe.

GEOGRAPHY.

I. In geography, there are two modes of division to be considered; one natural, the other artificial. The former is generally permanent and unalterable; the latter being factitious, is liable to change, and seldom indeed outlasts the cause that produced it. The former, interests us where its lines are bold and magnificent; the latter, when connected with great events

and with the history of celebrated nations. * In both these divisions Italy is peculiarly fortunate, but transcendently so in the former. The *Alps*, the highest ridge of mountains in the ancient world, separate it from the regions of the north, and serve as a barrier against the frozen tempests that blow from the boreal continents, and as a rampart against the inroads of their once savage inhabitants. Annibal justly calls these mountains, *Maenia non Italiae modo sed etiam urbis Romanae.* †

The *Adriatic Sea* bathes it on the east; the *Tyrrhene* on the west; and on the south the *Ionian* opens an easy communication with all the southern countries. Numberless islands line its shores, and appear as so many outposts to protect it against the attacks of a maritime enemy; or rather as so many attendants to grace the state of the queen of the *Mediterranean.* Such are its external borders. In the interior, the *Apennines* extend through its whole length, and branching out into various ramifications, divide it into several

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* Most of the provinces still retain their ancient names, such as, Latium (Lazio) Etruria, Umbria, Sabina, Campania, Apulia, (la Puglia) Calabria, Samnium, etc. names blended with the fictions of the fabulous ages, as with the first events recorded in the infancy of history.

† Liv. xxi.

provinces materially differing in their climates and productions.

Italy lies extended between the thirty-eighth and the forty-sixth degree of northern latitude; a situation which exposes it to a considerable degree of heat in summer and of cold in winter; but the influence of the seas and of the mountains that surround or intersect it, counteracts the effects of its latitude, and produces a temperature that excludes all extremes, and renders every season delightful. However, as the action of these causes is unequal, the climate of the country at large, though every-where genial and temperate, varies considerably, and more so sometimes than the distance between the places so differing, might induce a person to expect. Without entering into all, or many of these variations, the effects of the bearings of the different mountains, Italy may be divided into four regions, which, like the sister naiads of Ovid, * though they have many features in common, have also each a characteristic peculiarity.

The first of these regions is the vale of the *Po*, which extends about two hundred and sixty miles in length, and in breadth, where widest, one hundred and fifty. It is

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* Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.
Metam. lib. ii.

bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines* on the north, west, and south; and on the east, it lies open to the *Adriatic*. The second, is the tract enclosed by the *Apennines*, forming the Roman and Tuscan territories. The third, is confined to the *Campania Felix* and its immediate dependencies, such as the borders and the islands of the bay of Naples, and of the plains of *Paestum*. The last consists of *Abruzzo*, *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and the southern extremities of Italy.

The first of these regions or climates, has been represented by many, as perhaps the most fertile and the most delicious territory in the known world; to it we may apply literally the encomium which Virgil seems to have confined to the vicinity of *Mantua*.

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt,
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus
Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponit.
Georg. ii.

It owes this fertility to the many streams that descend from the bordering mountains, and furnish a constant supply to the majestic river that intersects it; *Pluviorum Rex Eridanus*. But while the mountains thus water it with fertilizing rills, they also send down occasional gales to cool it in summer, and blasts that sometimes chill its climate, and give its winter some features of transalpine severity; slight indeed, as if

merely to call the attention of the inhabitants to that repository of eternal snow that rises perpetually before them; but sufficient to check the growth of such plants as, like the orange, and the almond, shrink from frost, or pine away under its most mitigated aspect. The vine, though common and indeed luxuriant, is supposed by many not to prosper in this climate, because the wines are in general thin and sour; but this defect must be ascribed, not solely to the climate, which in warmth and uniformity far excels that of *Champagne* or *Burgundy*, but to the mode of cultivation. To allow the vine to raise itself into the air, to spread from branch to branch, and to equal its *consort* elms and poplars in elevation and luxuriancy, is beautiful to the eye and delightful to the fancy; but not so favorable to the quality of the wines, which become richer and stronger when the growth is repressed, and the energies of the plant are confined within a smaller compass. *

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* The reader will observe, that I avoid the name frequently given to the plains of the *Po* or of *Milan*. *Lombardy* is a barbarous appellation derived from one of the fiercest tribes that invaded and wasted the delicious region I am describing. After more than two centuries of devastation and restless warfare, they were exterminated by Charlemagne; and I do not see why their

The second climate is protected from the blasts of the north by an additional ridge of mountains, so that it is less obnoxious to the action of frost, and is indeed more liable to be incommoded by the heats of summer than by wintry cold. Its productions accordingly improve in strength and flavor; its wines are more generous, and its orchards are graced with oranges. It is however exposed occasionally to chill-piercing blasts, and not entirely unacquainted with the frosts and the snows of transalpine latitudes.

In the third climate, that is, in the delicious plains of *Campania*, so much and so deservedly celebrated by travellers, painters, and poets, nature seems to pour out all her treasures with complacency, and trusts without apprehension her tenderest productions to gales ever genial, and to skies almost always serene.

The plains of *Apulia*, that lie beyond the *Apennines*, opening to the rising sun, with the coasts of *Abruzzo* and *Calabria*, form the last and fourth division, differing from that which precedes in increasing warmth only, and in productions more characteristic

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name should survive their existence, or why a barbarous term should displace a Latin appellation.

Occidit occideritque sinas cum nomine.
Virg.

of a southern latitude, such as the aloes and the majestic palm; objects which, though not common, occur often enough to give a novelty and variety to the scenery. I have confined this distinction of climates principally to the plains; as the mountains that limit them, vary according to their elevation, and at the same time enclose in their windings, vallies which enjoy in the south the cool temperature of the *Milanese*, and in the north glow with all the sultriness of *Abruzzo*. Such, in a few words, is the geography of Italy.

I must here observe, that an opinion has been adopted by several authors, that the climate of Italy has undergone a considerable change during the last fifteen centuries, and that its winters are much warmer at present than they were in the time of the ancient Romans. This opinion is founded upon some passages in the ancients, alluding to a severity of cold seldom experienced in latter ages, and sometimes describing winter scenes never now beheld beyond the *Apennines*. The supposed alteration is explained by the subsequent cultivation of *Germany*, whose immense forests and wide extended swamps, the receptacles of so many damp and chilling exhalations, have been cleared away, drained, and turned into fertile fields and sunny meadows, that fill the air with vegetable warmth and genial emanations.

Cultivation, without doubt, while it opens

the thick recesses of woods, and carries away stagnating waters, not only purifies the atmosphere, and may probably extend its beneficial influence to the adjacent countries. Yet, it is much to be doubted, whether the air of *Germany*, howsoever it may have been ameliorated, could ever reach Italy, or have the least influence on its climate. Not to speak of the distance that separates the two countries, the *Alps* alone form an insurmountable barrier that soars almost above the region of the wind, and arrests alike the breath of the gale and the rage of the tempest. If the long lingering winters of *Germany* do not now retard the progress of spring in Italy, and if the deep snows and the bitter frosts that chill the mountains and defiles of *Trent*, do not either check the verdure or blast the opening flowers in the neighboring plains of *Verona*, it is not credible that anciently the damps, which rose from the overflowings of the *Elbe* or the *Oder*, should have clouded the Italian sky; or that the keen blasts that sprung from the depths of the *Hercynian* forest should chill the gales of *Campania*, or cover its vineyards with snow. The Alps formed then, as they do now, the line of separation which distinguishes the climates as effectually as it divides the countries, and confines the rigors of winter to the northern side, while it allows the spring to clothe the southern with all her flowers. The climate, we may then fairly

conclude, remains the same; or if any partial changes have taken place, they are to be attributed to earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, or such like local causes, too confined in their operations to produce any general effect.

The classical passages which gave rise to the contrary conjecture may, I presume, be explained in a manner perfectly satisfactory without it. The first and principal argument in favor of the pretended change of climate is taken from Pliny the Younger, who, when describing his villa on the banks of the *Tiber*, admits that the severity of the winter was oftentimes fatal to his plants; but as a kind of consolation adds, that the neighborhood of Rome was not exempt from a similar inconvenience. The reader must observe, that the villa, of which Pliny speaks, was situate in a vale flanked by the *Apennines*, and open only towards the north, obnoxious, of course, to the cold blasts that sweep the bleak forests of *Monte Somma* on one side, and the snowy summits of *Sera Valle* on the other, as well as to the boreal tempest that blows unimpeded in its progress over the whole length of the valley. That, in such a situation, plants should frequently suffer from the inclemency of the weather formerly as well as at present, is not wonderful. As for the effects of cold in the neighborhood of Rome they are full as strong and as frequent now as in Pliny's time; and the reason is plain.

The *Apennines* form an immense theatre, including Rome and its *Campagna*, as its arena. Of these mountains most are covered with snow, three, many six, and some nine months in the year *. Whenever a strong wind happens to blow from any of these vast magazines of ice it brings with it so many frozen particles as to chill the warmest air, and to affect the temperature of spring though considerably advanced, and sometimes even of summer itself. Instances of such an alteration are by no means uncommon. The same influence of mountain air on the climate in general enables us to explain different passages of Horace usually quoted on this subject. *Mandela*, now *Bardela*, which the poet characterizes as, *rugosus frigore pagus*, is situated in the midst of the *Sabine* mountains, and of course chilled by many a biting blast; and as for

* The weather was so warm on the twenty-third of March, when we ascended the *Montagna della Guardia*, near *Bologna*, as to render the shade of the portico extremely pleasant. Near the church, on the summit of the hill, we found a considerable quantity of deep snow, which had till then resisted the full force of a vernal sun. As this hill forms the first step of the neighboring *Apennines*, the snow that lay on its summit was only the skirt of that vast covering which remains spread over the higher ridges of those mountains, till dissolved by the intense heats of Midsummer.

Mount *Soracte* *, the traveller may see it almost every winter *lifting its snowy ridge* to the clouds: while, if he traverses the defiles of the *Apennines*, he may behold many a forest *encumbered with its wintry load*, and discover here and there a stream *fettered with icicles* †.

The climate of Italy is therefore now, as it was anciently, temperate though inclined to heat. The rays of the sun are powerful even in winter; and the summer, particularly when the *Sirocco* blows is sultry and sometimes oppressive. The heat, however, is never intollerable, as the air is frequently cooled by breezes from the mountains, and is refreshed on the southern coasts by a regular gale from the sea. This breeze rises about eight in the morning and blows without interruption till four in the afternoon, deliciously tempering the burning suns of Naples, and sweeping before it the sullen vapors that brood over the torrid *Campania*. Moreover, the wind-

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* One of these sudden squalls occurred during our visit to Horace's villa, and has been mentioned among the incidents of that excursion. Vol. II. chap. vii.

† Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvae laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.
Hor. Carm. lib. 1. 9.

ings and the recesses of the mountains afford as they ascend several retreats, where in the greatest heats of summer, and during the very fiercest glow of the dog-days, the traveller may enjoy the vernal coolness and the mild temperature of England. Such are the baths of Lucca, situated in a *long withdrawing* vale and shaded by groves of chestnuts; such is Vallombrosa, encircled by the forests of the Apennine; and such too the situation of Horace's Sabine Villa, concealed in one of the woody dells of Mount Lucretilis, with the oak and the ilex wafting freshness around it.

Though rain is not frequent during the spring and summer months, yet occasional showers fall abundant enough to refresh the air and revive the face of nature. These showers are generally accompanied by thunder storms, and when untimely, that is before or during the harvest, are as mischievous in their consequences as that which Virgil describes with such appearances of apprehension *. As I have elsewhere mentioned the rains of Autumn, and the inundations of winter torrents, I need not enlarge upon

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* Saepe ego cum flavis messorem induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo
Omnia ventorum concurrere praelia vidi
Quae gravidam late segetem radicibus imis
Sublime expulsam eruerent . . . . .
Georg. i.

the same subject again, but it will be sufficient to observe, that the periodical rains, and the accidental showers, the local effects of mountains and seas; and that even the clouds and storms of winter, are only transient and temporary interruptions of the general serenity that constitutes one of the principal advantages of this delightful climate. The traveller, when after his return he finds himself wrapped up in the impenetrable gloom of a London fog, or sees the gay months of May and June clouded with perpetual vapors, turns his recollection with complacency to the pure azure that canopies Rome and Naples, and contemplates in thought the splendid tints that adorn the vernal skies of Italy.

> Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
> Purpureo.

SCENERY.

II. Nothing is more pleasing to an eye accustomed to contemplate prospects through the medium of a vaporous sky, than the extreme purity of the atmosphere, the consequent brightness of the light and the distinct appearance of remote objects. A serene sky takes off much of the horrors of a desert, and communicates a smile to barren sands and shapeless rocks; what then must be its effects upon the face of a region, in which nature seems to have collected

all her means of ornament, all her arts of pleasing; plains fertile and extensive, varied with gentle swells and bold elevations; mountains of every shape, outline and degree, at different distances, but always in view, presenting here their shaggy declivities darkened with woods, and there a long line of brown rugged precipices; now lifting to the skies a head of snow and a purple summit; unfolding as you advance, and discovering in their windings rich vallies, populous villages, lakes and rivers, convents and cities; these are the materials of picturesque beauty, and these are the constant and almost invariable features of Italian scenery. Hence, this celebrated country has not only been the resort and the theme of poets, but the school of painters, whether natives or foreigners; who have found in its varied prospects, the richest source of every species of beauty. There, amid the Sabine hills, that spread so many soft charms around *Tivoli*, *Poussin* formed his taste, and collected the originals of the mild rural scenes displayed in his most famous landscapes. *Claude Lorraine* made the Alban Mount, and all the successive range of Apennine that sweeps along the Roman and the Neapolitan coast, his favorite haunt; and there he saw and copied the glowing shades that embrown the woods, and the rich tints that gleam along the distant promontories, and brighten the surface of the ocean. *Salvator Rosa* indulged his bolder genius

in the mountains and the forests of Calabria, where he found that mixture of strength and softness, of grace and wildness, and that striking combination of deep and airy tinges that characterize his daring pencil.

HISTORY.

III. That a country, thus gifted with a fertile soil, a serene sky, and unusual beauty, should have attracted the attention of its neighbors, and not unfrequently allured distant tribes from less favored settlements, was natural; and accordingly we find that the nations of the south and the tribes of the north, *Phenicians*; *Trojans* and *Greeks*, *Gauls*, *Goths* and *Vandals*; and in more modern times, that *Spaniards*, *French* and *Austrians*, have invaded, ravaged, or subdued its several provinces in their turns with various success, and with very different consequences. The *Phenicians* established themselves in *Etruria*: the *Greeks* principally occupied the southern provinces: the *Trojans* fixed themselves in *Latium*, the heart and the centre of the country; and the *Celtic* tribes seized the fertile territories extending along the banks of the *Po*, and stretching from the *Alps* to the *Apennines* The *Phenicians* and the *Greeks* brought with them their arts and sciences, established flourishing cities, and laid the foundations of the future glory and prosperity of the country. The barbarians of the north never passed

their frozen barriers without bringing devastation and ruin in their train. If they made a transient incursion, like a tempest they swept away every thing within their range of havoc; if they settled, they lay like a swarm of locusts, a dead weight on the soil; and ages passed over their iron generations before they were softened into civilization and humanity. To the *Trojans* was reserved the nobler lot of establishing the Roman power; of taming and breaking the fierce spirit of the northern savages; of carrying the arts and sciences of the southern colonists to the highest degree of perfection; of uniting the strength, the genius, the powers of Italy in one centre; and of melting down the whole into one vast mass of interest and of empire.

Previous to the establishment of the Roman sovereignty, Italy, though independent and free, was weak because divided into petty states, and was incapable not only of conquest, but even of long and successful defence. During the era of Roman glory, Italy united under one head and directed by one principle, displayed talents and energies which astonished and subdued the universe, and furnished the brightest examples of virtue and courage of wisdom and success that emblazon the pages of history. After the fall of the empire, Italy was again divided, and again weakened; frequently invaded with success, and repeatedly insulted with impunity. The *Vene-*

tians, it is true, rose to a high degree of preeminence and consideration; but they retained even in their greatness the spirit of a petty republic, and alive to their own, but indifferent to the general interest, they too often conspired against their common country, and to further their own projects, abetted the cause of its oppressors. The sovereign Pontiffs alone seem to have inherited the spirit of the Romans, and like them to have kept their eyes ever fixed on one grand object, as long as its attainment seemed possible: that object was, the expulsion of the *barbarians;* and the annihilation of all foreign influence in Italy. They have failed, though more than once on the very point of success, and their failure, as was foreseen, has at length left Italy at the disposal of one of the most insulting and most wantonly mischievous nations that ever invaded its fair domains.

What may be the duration, and what the consequences of the present dependent and degraded state of that country, it is difficult to conjecture; but should it terminate in the union of all its provinces under one active government seated in Rome (and there is at least a possibility that such may be the result) such an event would compensate all its past sufferings, and place it once more within the reach of independence, of empire, and of renown. The power which the present sovereign of Italy and of France enjoys, is peculiarly his own;

and like that of Charlemagne, will probably be wrested from the grasp of his feeble successors. Whoever then becomes master of Italy, if he should possess abilities, will find all the materials of greatness ready for his use; an Italian army, a rich territory, an immense population, and a national character bold, penetrating, calm, and persevering; with such means at his command he may defy all foreign power and influence; may stand up the rival of France, and may perhaps share with the British monarch, the glory of being the umpire and the defender of Europe. No country in reality is better calculated to oppose the gigantic pride of France than Italy; strong in its natural situation, big with resources, *magna parens frugum*, *magna virum*, teeming with riches and crowded with inhabitants, the natural mistress of the *Mediterranean*, she might blockade the ports, or pour her legions on the open coast of her adversary at pleasure, and baffle her favorite projects of southern conquest, with ease and certainty.

But the fate of Italy, and indeed of Europe, hangs still uncertain and undecided; nor is it given to human sagacity to divine the permanent consequences that will follow the grand revolutions which have, during the last fifteen years, convulsed the political system. To turn, therefore, from dubious conjectures about futurity to observations on the past; Liberty, which has seldom visited any country more than once, and many not

at all, has twice smiled on Italy, and during many a happy age has covered her fertile surface with republics, bold, free, and independent. Such were the *Sabines*, *Latins*, *Volsci*, *Samnites*, most of the *Etrurian* tribes, and all the Greek colonies, previous to the era of Roman preponderance; and such the States of *Siena*, *Pisa*, *Florence*, *Lucca*, *Genoa*, and *Venice*, that rose out of the ruins of the empire, flourished in the midst of barbarism, and transmitted the principles and the spirit of ancient liberty down to modern times. Of these commonwealths, some were equal, and two were superior, in power, policy and duration, to the proudest republics of Greece, not excepting *Lacedemon* and *Athens;* and like them they enjoyed the envied privilege of producing poets and historians to record and to illustrate their institutions and achievements. The reader, who peruses these records, will applaud the spirit of liberty and patriotism that animated almost all the Italian republics during the periods to which I allude; and he will admire the opulence and the prosperity that accompanied and rewarded that spirit, as well as the genius and the talents that seemed to wait upon it, or to start up instantaneous at its command.

While contemplating the splendid exhibition of the virtues and the powers of the human mind, called into action and perfected in these latter as in those more ancient commonwealths of Greece and Rome, the

candid reader will perhaps feel himself disposed to question that grand axiom of politicians, that monarchy, when lodged in the hands of a perfectly wise and good prince, is the best mode of government. If peace, security, and tranquillity, were the sole or even the principal objects of the human mind in the present state of existence, such a position might be true; and in admitting its truth, man must resign his dignity, and must sacrifice the powers and the accomplishments of his nature to ease and to indolence. But the intention of Providence seems to be very different. He has bestowed upon man great intellectual powers, and endowed him with wonderful energies of soul, and his Will must be, that these powers and energies should be put forth, and developed and matured by exertion. Now, the more perfect the monarchy, the less occasion there is for the talents and the exertions of subjects. The wisdom of the prince pervades every branch of administration and extends to every corner of the empire; it remedies every disorder, and provides for every contingency, the subject has nothing to do but to enjoy, and to applaud, the vigilance and the foresight of his sovereign. That a state so governed is very delightful in description, and very prosperous in reality, I admit; but what are its fruits, and what the result of its prosperity? Ease, or rather indolence, pride, and luxury. No manly talents ripen, no rough hardy virtues

prosper under its influence. Look at the Roman empire under Trajan and the Antonines, the most accomplished princes that have ever adorned a throne, whose era is represented by Gibbon as constituting the happiest period of human history. Peace, justice, and order, reigned, it is true, in every province, and the Capital received every day additional embellishments.

Mollia securae peragebant otia gentes. *Ovid.*

But what great men arose to distinguish and to immortalize this age of happiness? The two Plinys, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Look next at the great republic in the days of Cicero, when jarring factions and clashing interests roused every passion, and awakened every energy: when every virtue and every vice stood in array and struggled for the mastery. See what talents were displayed! what genius blazed! what noble characters arose on all sides! Lucretius, Sallust, Cato, Pompey, Cicero, and Caesar, all sprang up in the midst of public fermentation, and owe their virtues, their acquirements, and their fame to the stormy vicissitudes of a popular government. Behold again the glories of the Augustan age, all a splendid reflection of the setting sun of liberty. Virgil, Horace, and Titus Livius, were nursed, educated, and formed under the Republic; they speak its lofty language, and breathe in every page its generous and ennobling sentiments. Let us again turn to the

Italian states. Naples has for many ages, indeed almost ever since the time of Caesar, been under the sway of a monarch; Florence, for many a century, and in reality till the sixteenth, was a republic. How unproductive in genius is Naples; how exuberant Florence!

In pursuing these observations I am tempted to go a step farther, and to infer from the great prosperity of the Italian, as well as of the ancient Grecian republics, that small territories are better calculated for happiness and for liberty than extensive empires. Almost all the great towns in Italy, particularly on the coasts and in the northern provinces, have in their turns been independent; and during the era of their indpeendence, whatsoever might be the form of their internal government, have enjoyed an unusual share of opulence, consideration, and public felicity. *Mantua*, *Verona*, and *Vicenza*, owe all their magnificence to their governors or to their senate, during that period; since their subjection or annexation to greater states, they have lost their population and riches, and seem to subsist on the scanty remains of their former prosperity.

Siena and *Pisa* could once count each a hundred thousand inhabitants, and though their territories scarce extended ten miles around their walls, yet their opulence enabled them to erect edifices that would do honor to the richest monarchies. These ci-

ties yielded in time to the prevailing influence of their rival *Florence*; and under its Dukes they withered away into secondary towns; while their wide circumference, stately streets, and marble edifices daily remind the few scattered inhabitants, of the greatness and of the glory of their ancestors.

Lucca still retains its independence and its liberty, and with them, its population, its opulence, and its fertility. *Parma* and *Modena* possess the latter advantages because independent, but in an inferior degree comparatively, because not free. *Bologna* is (I am afraid I may now say *was*) a most flourishing city, though annexed to the papal territory; because though subject to the pontiff, it is in part governed by its own magistrates, and enjoys many of the benefits of actual independence.

These petty states, it is true, were agitated by factions at home, and engaged in perpetual warfare abroad; but their civic tempests and foreign hostilities, like the feuds and the contests of the ancient Greeks, seem to have produced more good than evil. They seldom terminated in carnage or in destruction; while they never failed to give a strong impulse to the public mind, and to call forth in the collision every latent spark of virtue and of genius. It may, perhaps, be objected, that such petty states are too much exposed to external hostility, and are incapable of opposing a long and an effectual resistance to a powerful in-

vader; and the fate of Italy itself may be produced as an instance of the misery and desolation to which a country is exposed when divided, and subdivided into so many little independent communities. It may indeed be difficult for such states to preserve their independence at a time like the present, when two or three overgrown Powers dictate to the rest of Europe, and when great masses are necessary to resist the impetus of such preponderant agents. But I know not whether a sort of federal union, like that of *Switzerland* (for *Switzerland* lost her liberty, not because subdivided but because enervated) or an occasional subjection, like that of the Greeks to Agamemnon, and that of the Italian municipal towns to the Roman republic, when the common cause required them to unite and act as one body (while at the other times each state enjoyed its own laws and was governed by its own magistrates, under the honorable appellation of *Socii* :) I know not whether such a conditional and qualified submission would not be adequate to all the purposes of defence, and even of conquest in general, without subverting the independence, or checking the prosperity of any state in particular.

——— Sic fortis Etruria crevit:
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

But to conclude, and to sum up the history of Italy in one short observation: No

country has ever been the subject or the theatre of so many wars, has enjoyed a greater proportion or a longer duration of liberty, has exhibited more forms of government, and has given birth to so many and such powerful empires and republics. Virgil seems, therefore, not only to have described its past, but explored its future destinies, when comprising in four emphatic words its eventful annals, he represents it as,

Gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem.
Æneid. iv. 229.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF MODERN ITALY.

IV. That a country subject to so many vicissitudes, colonized by so many different tribes, and convulsed by so many destructive revolutions, should have not only varied its dialects but sometimes totally changed its idiom, must appear natural and almost inevitable: we are only surprized when we find that in opposition to the influence of so many causes, Italy has retained, for so long a series of ages, so much of one language, and preserved amidst the influx of so many barbarous nations uttering such discordant jargons, the full harmonious sounds of its native Latin. I have elsewhere made some observations on the origin and progress of this language *, and I need only

* Vol. ii. Ch. xii.

add that it remained long in a state of infancy and imperfection; that, in the short space of one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, it passed rapidly to the highest refinement; and that in the days of Cicero and Virgil, it was compared by the partial Romans, and not without some appearance of reason, for copiousness, grace, and majesty, to the most perfect of human dialects, the language of Plato and of Demosthenes. Its decline was as rapid as its progress. The same century may be said to have witnessed its perfection and its decay. The causes that produced this decay continued to operate during ten or even twelve centuries with increasing activity, during which Latin was first corrupted, and then repolished and softened into modern Italian. When this change took place, by what causes it was effected, or, in other words, when and from what the Italian language originated, has been a matter of much curious research and long discussion among the learned in Italy; and where the most eminent native critics differ, it would be presumption in a foreigner to decide. As to the precise period when pure Latin ceased to be spoken it would indeed be useless to inquire, because impossible to discover. Languages are improved and corrupted, formed and lost almost imperceptibly: the change in them, as in the works of nature, though daily carried on, becomes observable only at distant periods, while the intermediate grada-

tions are so minute as to elude observation. Gibbon, who might have been expected to enlarge upon a point so interesting in itself and so intimately connected with his subject as the fate of the Latin language, has only mentioned in general terms and without any allusion to the time, its entire cessation as a living tongue. For want of better information on this point, the following observations may, perhaps, be acceptable.

The Latin language, stripped indeed of its elegance, but still grammatical and genuine, survived the invasion and the expulsion of the Goths, and continued to be spoken in Rome in the beginning of the seventh century. That it was spoken under Theodoric and his successors appears evident from their laws, regulations, and letters in Cassiodorus. In one of these letters, *Theodahatus*, then king of Italy, speaking of the language of Rome, says — « *Roma tradit eloquium quo suavius nihil auditur* *. » After the long and destructive war, which terminated in the expulsion of the Goths, we find Gregory the Great, in the beginning of the seventh century, delivering his instructions to his flock in Latin, and in a style far more fluent and correct than Cassiodorus, who preceded him by more than fifty years. It is to be remembered, that these instruc-

* Cass. lib x. ep. 7.

tions were not learned harangues, *ad clerum*, but familiar discourses addressed to the people on Sundays, and consequently in the language best understood by those to whom they were directed. I am aware, that *Fornerius* asserts in a note on the epistle of *Theodahatus*, which I have quoted above, that he himself had seen a deed drawn up at Ravenna in the reign of Justinian, in the language of modern Italians; *eo sermone quo vulgus Italiae nunc utitur*; but whatever may be the genuineness of such an instrument or deed, it is evident, from the expression of the king which I have cited, that such could not have been the language of Rome at that era.

From the time of Gregory the Great to the restoration of the western empire, Rome, though perpetually threatened, was never taken by the Lombards, nor by any other barbarians, nor is there any appearance that any very extraordinary influx of strangers flowed into it during that interval. We may therefore conclude, that excepting the natural progress of barbarism in a dark and distracted age, the language remained unaltered; especially as all the public and private documents that have been transmitted to us from the intervening period are all drawn up in regular grammatical Latin. We may, I believe, on the same or similar reasons, ground an inference, that the same language though more corrupted still continued in use during the ninth, tenth, and

even eleventh centuries. In fact, all the sermons, letters, documents, and inscriptions of this era are all Latin, more or less corrupt, according to the profession and the information of the writer.

But, while I represent Latin as the language of the higher and better informed part of the community, so late as the eleventh century, I do not mean to assert that the lower classes, particularly in the country, spoke a dialect so regular and correct; and I am aware that at a much earlier period the pure and grammatical language of the classics was not even understood by the common people, at least in the transalpine provinces. In the third council of Tours, Anno 813, the clergy are required to explain or to translate their sermons into *Rusticam Romanam linguam*; and in *Fontanini* we find the form of a solemn engagement between *Charles the Bald* king of France, and *Lewis* of Germany, in the year 842, in that language, or rather jargon very different indeed from Latin; but we can only infer from hence, that beyond the Alps the progress of barbarism was far more rapid than in Italy. So late indeed as the twelfth century, we find a Calabrian hermit traversing the country, and crying out as he went along — *Benedittu*, *sanctificatu*, *laudatu*, *lu Patre*, *lu Filiu*, *lu Spiritu Sanctu*, terminations still retained in the Sicilian and Wallachian dialects, probably taken from the vulgar tongue, and

though corrupted still very intelligible to a Roman; at all events, this language and even modern Italian was long honored with the appellation of *Lingua Romana* and *Latina.*

From these observations, I think we may at least conclude, that no new language was introduced into Italy by any of the invading tribes. Odoacer and the Heruli were masters of Italy during the space of seventeen years only, a time too short to influence the language of a whole country. Theodoric and his Goths probably spoke Latin *. They had long been in the service of the empire, and many, perhaps most of them, had been nursed and educated in its schools

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* Odoacer made himself master of Rome and of Italy in the year 476, and was defeated and slain by Theodoric king of the Goths, in 493. The Goths were, in their turn, expelled in 553. The Lombards under Alboin invaded Italy, and made themselves masters of the northern provinces in the year 569, and their kingdom was destroyed in the year 774. The Saracens visited it, for the first time, in the year 820, and the Normans in 1016. A considerable number of Vandals were introduced by Belisarius into Italy, after the conquest of Africa, as was a whole colony of Bulgarians at a later period, to cultivate its provinces depopulated by war. Of these latter colonies it was observed by contemporary writers, that they soon equalled the native Italians in the purity and the correctness of their language.

and regions. Besides, they were collected in an army, and not numerous enough to produce such a revolution as a change of language over a country so extensive; to which may be added, that their veneration for the Roman name was such, that, in order to conceal their barbarism, they endeavored to adopt the language, the manners, and the dress of a people so far superior to them. Moreover, their reign did not exceed the narrow limits of sixty years; after which, during the course of a long and bloody war, they were almost exterminated by Belisarius, and by Narses. The Lombards entered Italy soon after the expulsions of the Goths, and remained there for the space of two hundred years: but their influence was confined principally to the northern provinces, and consequently neither extended to Rome, nor to the greater part of the south: and they also, like the Goths, seem, as appears from their laws, to have adopted the language of Italy, and whatever share they might have had in corrupting it, most undoubtedly they did not attempt to substitute any other in its place. The transient visit of the French and German Caesars, the predatory incursions of the Saracens, and the settlement of some bands of Norman adventurers, were inadequate to produce the effect in question; nor can we possibly attribute a change so slow and so extensive as the suppression or formation of a language, to causes so confined in

their continuance and operation. To these observations, we may add one more of great importance on the subject, which is, that there is not the least resemblance between the languages of Italy and the dialects of the various tribes which I have mentioned, as far as these dialects are known to us. The former is peculiarly soft and harmonious, all the latter are rough and discordant; and consequently we may conclude, that the Italian does not owe its origin to barbarians; and farther, that its introduction was gradual, and the operation, not of one, but of many succeeding ages.

But still it may be asked, whence does the Italian derive its origin? May it not take its origin from the corruption of the Latin language, the causes of which began to operate so early as the era of Julius Caesar, and continued till the twelfth century, when the modern dialect first assumed a regular and grammatical form? The causes, were first, the great influx of provincials into Rome. Caesar, to strengthen his party, brought several noble Gauls, who had attached themselves to his fortunes, into Italy, raised them to various dignities, and perhaps introduced some of them into the senate itself, then thinned by the civil war and its consequences *. This evil increased after the

* The concourse of strangers was so great about this period, that Caesar, to enable them

extinction of the Julian line, when the governors, and oftentimes the natives of distant provinces educated in the midst of soldiers, and unacquainted with the refinements of the capital, were promoted to the first stations, and not unfrequently raised to the imperial dignity itself. It reached a most alarming pitch in the time of Diocletian, and continued from that period to the downfal of the western empire, filling all the offices of state, crowding the legions, and degrading the throne itself, by the introduction and the usurpation of barbarians. The influence of these intruders upon the Roman idiom, may be traced through Lucan, Seneca, and Martial, to Ammianus Marcellinus and Salvian.

Secondly, the introduction of colloquial and oftentimes rustic pronunciation into the style of the higher classes, as well as into regular composition, or writing. The suppression of final letters, such as *s* * and *m*,

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to share the public amusements with which he entertained the Roman people, had plays acted in *all* languages.—*Suet. Div. Jul. Caes.* 39.

Confluxerunt enim, *says Cicero about the same time*, multi inquinate loquentes ex diversis locis —*De Clar. Orat.*

* Quin etiam quod jam subrusticum, videtur, olim autem politius, eorum verborum, quorum eadem erant postremae duae, quae sunt in *optumus*, postremam litteram detrahebant, nisi vocalis insequebatur. Ita non erat offensio in ver-

was, we know, common in ordinary conversation and in light compositions, and was probably, on account of the length and

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sibus, quam nunc fugiunt poetae novi. Ita enim loquebantur :

Qui est omnibu princeps. Non *omnibus princeps.* Et.
Vita illa dignu locoque. Non *dignus.*

Cicero had observed a little before, that the use, of the aspirate was much less common anciently than it was in his time, and that the early Romans were accustomed to pronounce Cetegos, triumpos, Cartaginem, etc. that is, as the modern Italians (*Orator* 48). The more frequent use of the aspirate was probably derived from the Greek pronunciation, which began to influence Roman elocution about that period. — *Cic. de Claris Orat.* 74.

The observations of Quintilian upon the *S* and the *M* are curious:

Caeterum consonantes quoque, eaeque praecipuae quae sunt asperiores in commissura verborum rixantur . . . . . quae fuit causa et Servio subtrahendae, S, literae quoties ultima esset aliaque consonante susciperetur. Quod reprehendit Lauranius, Messala defendit. Nam neque Lucilium putant uti eadem ultima cum dicit *Serenu fuit* et *dignu' loco* ; quinetiam Cicero in *Oratore* plures antiquorum tradit sic locutos inde *Belligerare*, po' *meridiem*. Et illa Censorii Catonis *Die' hanc*; aeque', M, litera in E mollita. Quae in veteribus libris reperta mutare imperiti solent et dum librariorum inscientiam insectari volunt, suam confitentur,—*Quintil.* lib. ix.

solemnity of the full sound, almost universal in the provinces and in the country. In the latter class, the custom of uniting a word terminating in a vowel, with the following word beginning with one, as well as an indistinct pronunciation of vowels and consonants of similar sounds, was noticed by Cicero. These elisions were very ancient, and probably remained among the peasantry when given up by the more polished inhabitans of the Capital. In fact, from the inscription on the rostral pillar, and the epitaph of the Scipios, we find that the *m* and *s* were anciently suppressed, even in writing; that the *b* and the *v*, the *e* and the *i*, were used indiscriminately, and that the *o* was generally employed instead of *u*. In an illiterate age, when few know how to read or write, and such were the ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, the pronunciation of the lower class generally becomes that of the community at large, and at length acquires authority by time and prescription.

Another cause, similar and concomitant, was the ignorance of orthography. The dreadful and destructive wars that preceded and followed that disastrous event, suspended all literary pursuits, dissolved all schools and seminaries, and deprived for ages the inhabitants of Italy of almost all means of instruction. Books were rare, and readers still rarer; pronunciation was abandoned to the regulation of the ear only, and

the ear was unguided by knowledge, and depraved by barbarous dissonance. We may easily guess how a language must be disfigured when thus given up to the management of ignorance, when we observe how our own servants and peasants spell the commonest words of their native tongue, even though in their infancy they may have learned at least the elements of reading and spelling *.

Among these causes we may perhaps number the false refinements of the Italians themselves; and it is highly probable, as the learned *Maffei* conjectures, that the unparalleled effeminacy of the Romans during the second, third, and fourth centuries, might have extended itself even to their language, multiplied its smoother sounds, retrenched some of its rougher combinations,

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* To the ignorance of orthography we may attribute half the corruption of the Latin language: hence the degradation of the Capitolium into *Campidoglio*, the Portico of Caius Lucius (Caii et Lucii) into *Galluccio*; hence the Busta Gallorum became *Porto Gallo*, the Cloaca, *Chiavica*, Video, *Veggo*, Hodie, *Oggi*, etc. etc. etc.

The most material change took place not in the sound but in the sense of the words, though it is difficult to conceive how it could have been effected. Thus, *laxare* to loosen, unbind, has become *lasciare* to let go, to let in general; *cavare* to hollow, now to take, to draw. *Morbidus*, sickly, morbid, *morbido*, soft, etc.

and turned many of its manly and majestic closes by consonants into the easier flow of vowel terminations. No circumstance relative to the Italian language is so singular and so unaccountable as its softness. The influence of the peasantry of the country, as well as that of the northern barbarians, must have tended, it would seem, to untune the language, and to fill it with jarring and discordant sounds; yet the very reverse has happened, and the alteration has been conducted as if under the management of an academy employed for the express purpose of rendering the utterance distinct and easy, as well as soft and musical. Thus the termination of *m*, so often recurring in Latin, was supposed to have a bellowing sound, and indeed Cicero calls it *mugientem litteram*; the *s* again was heard to hiss too often at the end of words; as *t* closing the third person was considered as too short and smart for a concluding letter; they were all three suppresed. *Cl*, *pl*, *tr*, have somewhat indistinct as well as harsh in the utterance; the first was changed before a vowel into *chi*; the second into *pi*; the *t* was separated from the *r*, and a vowel inserted to give the organ time to unfold itself, and to prepare for the forcible utterance of the latter letter. Thus *Clavis*, *placere*, *trahere*, were softened into *chiave*, *piacere*, *tirare*. For similar reasons, *m*, *c*, *p*, when followed by *t*, were obliged to give way, and *somnus*, *actus*, *assumptus*,

metamorphosed into *sonno*, *atto*, *assunto*; in short, not to multiply examples, which the reader's observation may furnish in abundance, the ablative case was adopted as the most harmonious, and the first conjugation as the most sonorous. The only defect of this nature in the Italian, and it may be apparent only, is the frequent return of the syllables *ce* and *ci*, which convey a sort of chirping sound, not pleasing I think when too often repeated.

As for the want of energy in that language, it is a reproach which he may make who has never read *Dante*, *Ariosto*, or *Tasso*; he who has perused them, knows that in energy both of language and sentiment, they yield only to their illustrious masters, Virgil and Homer, and will acknowledge with a satyrist of taste and spirit, that they *strengthen and harmonize both the ear and the intellect* *.

In fine, though the invading tribes did not introduce a new language into Italy, yet they must be allowed to have had some share in corrupting and disfiguring the old, perverting the sense of words, inverting the order of sentences, and thus infecting the whole language with the inaccuracy of their own dialects †. Hence, though the great

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* *Pursuits of Literature.*

† This corruption Vida exaggerates and de-

body of Italian remain Latin, yet it is not difficult to discover some foreign accretions, and even point out the languages from which they have been taken; and though singular, yet it is certain, that the Greek, the Sclavonian, and the Arabic tongues have furnished many, if not the greatest part, of these tralatitious terms.

The first remained the language of *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and other southern districts of Italy, which continued united to the Greek Empire many ages after the fall of the Western. The second was brought into Italy about the middle of the seventh century by a colony of Bulgarians, established in the southern provinces by the Greek Emperors: and the last by the Saracens, who established themselves in *Sicily*, and in some mari-

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plores as a change of language imposed by the victorious barbarians on the subjugated Italians.

> Pierides donec Romam, et Tiberina fluenta
> Deseruere, Italis expulsae protinus oris.
> Tanti caussa mali, Latio gens aspera aperto
> Saepius irrumpens. Sunt jussi vertere morem
> Ausonidae victi, victoris vocibus usi.
> Cessit amor Musarum, etc.

This *change of language* however is confined to about a thousand words, which are derived either from barbarous dialects, or from unknown sources. *Muratori* has collected them in his *Thirty-third* Dissertation. The rest of the language is Latin.

time towns in *Calabria*, during the ninth and tenth centuries. The Lombards probably left some, though, I believe, few traces of their uncouth jargon behind them; and the same may be supposed of the Vandals, whom Belisarius transported from *Africa*, and established as colonists in some of the most fertile provinces, to repair the dreadful havoc made in their population by the Gothic war.

These causes were doubtless more than sufficient to produce all the changes which have taken place in the ancient language of Italy, even though we should reject the conjecture of *Maffei*, who supposes, that the Italian retains much of the ancient dialects of the different provinces, which dialects yielded to Latin in the great towns during the dominion of Rome, but always remained in vigor in the villages and peasantry. Yet this opinion, in itself probable, as may well be supposed, since it is supported by such authority as that of the learned Marquis, is strengthened, and I might say almost established, by the information and the acuteness of *Lanzi*.

But whatever foreign words or barbarous terms might have forced their way into the language of Italy, they have resigned their native roughness as they passed the *Alps* or the sea, dropped their supernumerary consonants, or changed them into vowels; and instead of a nasal or guttural close, they have assumed the fulness and

the majesty of Roman termination. Such words therefore may, in general, be considered rather as embellishments than as deformities, and unquestionably add much to the copiousness, without diminishing the harmony of the language. In this latter respect, indeed, the Italian stands unrivalled. Sweetness is its characteristic feature: all modern dialects admit its superior charms, and the genius of music has chosen it for the vehicle of his most melodious accents. That this advantage is derived from the mother tongue principally, is apparent, as all the sounds of the modern language are to be found in the ancient; but some attempts seem to have been made, by retrenching the number of consonants and multiplying that of vowels; by suppressing aspirations and separating mutes; in short, by multiplying the opener sounds, and generalizing the more sonorous cases, tenses, and conjugations, to improve the smoothness of Latin, and to increase, if possible, its harmonious powers. How far these attempts have succeeded is very questionable; especially as they have been counteracted by the introduction, or rather, the extension, of articles and of auxiliary verbs, that dead weight imposed by barbarism on all modern languages, and invented, it would seem, for the express purpose of checking the rapidity of thought, and encumbering the flow of a sentence. In this respect particularly, and almost exclusively, the mo-

dern dialect of Italy betrays marks of slavery and of degradation.

> Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus.
> *Milton Epist. ad Patrem*

The Italian is, however, freer from these burthens than any other modern language; but this partial exemption, which it owes to a nearer resemblance to its original Latin, while it proves its superiority on one side, only shows its inferiority on the other. To which we may add, that the Roman pronunciation, the only one which gives the Italian all the graces and all the sweetness of which it is susceptible, is evidently the echo of the ancient language transmitted from generation to generation, and never entirely lost in that immortal Capital. Let not the daughter therefore

> Sdegnosa forse del secondo onore,

dispute the honors of the Parent, but content herself with being acknowledged as the first and the fairest of her offspring *.

I will now proceed to point out some of the most striking features of resemblance, which have been observed between the modern and the ancient dialects of Italy, and at the same time indicate several words bor-

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* « Figlia bensì della Latina, ma non men bella e nobile della Madre:- says *Muratori* with pardonable partiality.—*Dissert.* xxxiii.

rowed by the former from the latter. These I shall extract principally from *Lanzi*. I will then follow the Latin in its decline, as I formerly traced it in its advancement, and by presenting the reader with specimens of the latinity of each century, enable him to mark its approximation to the modern language. *

The differences between the early and later Latins, and between them and the modern Italians, may be classed under four heads — I. *Detractio* — II. *Adjectio* — III. *Immutatio* — IV. *Transmutatio*.

The Etrurians, like the Dorians, often retrenched syllables, as δω for δωμα, χαρα for χαριναι, and so the modern Italian *pro* for *prodo*, etc. and in *Dante*, *ca* for *casa*.

Retrenching the last syllable, was common from *Numa* to *Ennius*, *pa* for *parte*, *po* for *populo*; and in the latter, *cael* for *caelum*, *debil homo* for *debilis*, in *Lucretius famul* for *famulus:* a practice very common in Italian, especially in poetry,

Che non *han* tempo di *pur tor* gli scudi.
Ariosto.

han for *hanno*, *pur* for *pure*, *tor* for *torre* (*togliere*).

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* The reader will recollect, that the limits of the present work oblige me to confine myself to a few general observations, and to give him rather an imperfect sketch, than a full view, of this very extensive and interesting subject.

The letters N and R were often omitted, as *Cosol rusus* for *Consul rursus*. M at the beginning, as *Ecastor* for *Mecastor*, etc. and oftener at the end, as *Regem Antioco*, and *Samnio cepet*. S was generally omitted at the end of words, as *famī' causa*.

Cato the censor entirely omitted the M, according to Quintilian.

Vowels, in long syllables, were doubled, as *Feelix*.

In some of the ancient Italian dialects, and even in Latin, as in the modern language, vowels were sometimes inserted between two consonants, merely to prevent harsh sounds; thus ΔΕΡΟΣΕΟ for ΔΡΟΣΕΟ, etc. *principes, ancipes*, for *princeps, anceps, materi* for *matri*: *tirare* in Italian for *trahere*.

E and O were often added at the end, as *illico, face dice*, for *illic, fac, dic;* like the modern, *amano, face, dice*.

Syllables added in the beginning, middle, and end of words, not uncommon anciently; *danunt* for *dant* is a remarkable instance: in Italian *Chiavica* for *Cloaca*.

The custom of the modern Italians of ending syllables and words with vowels, is derived from their ancestors, the Latins, the Umbri, and the Etrurians, as well as the Oscans, as *arferture* for *adfertur, hoco for hoc.* etc.

Letters were frequently transposed to facilitate utterance by the Dorians and their Italian colonies anciently, as ΚΑΡΝΕΙΟΣ for ΚΡΑΝΕΙΟΣ a name of Apollo; as by the modern Italians.

C, among the ancient Latins, often used for *g*, as *acnu* for *agnus*, and for *q* as *cotidie*, as also for *x* as *facït* for *faxit*, sometimes with *s* as *vocs.* etc. for *vox*, etc.

Syllables displaced, as *precula*, *pergula*, *Tharsomeno*, *Thrasomeno*; and in derivatives, as from Μορφη *forma*, Τερην *tener:* all in use in Italian.

F, V, and B, and sometimes S and N, were used merely to mark the aspiration, as *Ferdeum*, *Hordeum*, *Helia*, *Velia*, *Eneti*, *Veneti*, *Fruges*, *Bruges.*

Consonants, of sounds not very dissimilar, were often used indiscriminately or confusedly, as B P and: F: M and N: D and T. *Bellum*, *Duellum; Purrhus*, *Burrhus; Capidolium*, *Capitolium*, from whence perhaps the modern *Campidoglio*, etc.

E was a prevalent letter, and often substituted for I, as in *Italian.* O also often substituted for E and U, as *Vostri*, *colpa*, etc. as again in *Italian.*

Aspirations were marks of rusticity in the earlier ages of Rome; but became common at a later period.

Diphthongs were used in genitives, datives, ablatives, for simple vowels.

The Etrurians and ancient Latins, like the modern Italians, often wrote *o* for *au*, as *plostrum* for *plaustro*, as also *dede* for *dedit*, *Orcule* for *Urguleius.*

Sapsa for *seipsa; on* at the end of verbs instead of *unt*, as *conveneron*, whence the Italian *amaron*, *sentiron*, etc. *cavneas* for *cave ne eas.*

The Italian sound of *z*, like *ts*, is very ancient, as appears from a medal of Trezaene, on which, for Ζευς, is ΣΔευς.

Ct was generally changed by the ancient as by the modern Italians into *tt*, as *Coctius* into *Cottius*, *pactum* into *pattum*, *factum*, into *fattum*, etc.; in Italian, *Cottio*, *patto*, *fatto*, etc.

Great confusion also prevailed in the ancient punctuation: sometimes neither sentences nor words were separated; at other times syllables, and even letters.

WORDS.

Susum (for *sursum*) ancient Latin, (hence the Italian *suso*), found in an inscription of the year of Rome 686.

Cusi for *sicut*, hence the Italian *così*.

Deheberis and *Teeberis* for *Tiberis*.

Among such words we may rank *Vitello*, *Toro*, *Capra*, *Porco*, which occur in the Eugubian tables, and were common in Italy before the formation and the general adoption of Latin.

Casino is derived from the Sabine *Cascinum*.

The Italian *come* seems to be derived from *cume* or *cum* sometimes spelt *quom*.

Cima for summit, is found in Lucilius, and seems to have been confined in process of time to popular use.

Basium, *basia*, used by Catullus only in the purer age of Latin, and afterwards resumed by Juvenal, Martial, and Petronius; it seems to have been borrowed, like the

word *Ploxenum*, used by the same author, from the Venitic dialect. *Circa Padum invenit*, says Quintilian.

Obstinata mente is used in the Italian sense by the same poet.—*Cat.* viii. *v.* 11.

In Plautus we find several words supposed to be derived from the Sabines, which were gradually retrenched from pure latinity, but preserved probably in the popular idiom, and revived in the modern language. Such are.

Batuere (now *battere*) to strike.
Poplom for *populum.*
Danunt (*dant*) now *danno.*
Dice for *dic.*
Face for *fac.*
Grandire (now *ingrandire*) to grow.
Minacia for *minae*, threats
Pappere (*edere*) to eat.
Merenda, a slight repast or collation.

Others of the same nature may be collected from Lucilius, as

Mataxa, now, *Matassa*, a skein (of thread).
Spara, a lance (whence our word spear).
Potesse, etc.

Cicero uses the *habessit*, whence the Italian *avesse*, as an ancient and legal form. *Separatim nemo habessit deos.*—De Legibus ii. 8.

He elsewhere notices the custom which he himself once indulged in, and afterwards corrected as faulty, of sometimes omitting the aspirate H, now universally suppressed in Italian.—*Orator* 48.

The following passage from Varro (quoted by *Muratori*) gives the origin of an Italian word *tagliare*, which without such authority, we should scarce have suspected of being derived from Latin.—Nunc *Intertaleare* rustica voce dicitur dividere vel excidere ramum ex utraque parte aequalibiter praecisum quas alii Calbulas alii Falcas appellant.

In Pliny the Elder we find the word *laetamen*, in Italian *letame*.—*Hist. Nat.* xviii. c. 16.

DECLINE OF LATIN.

Suetonius (in Augusto, 88) alludes to various peculiarities of Augustus, both in writing and speaking; and Quintilian assures us, that the Roman people assembled in the Circus and in the theatre, sometimes exclaimed in barbarous expressions, and concludes, that to speak Latin is very different from speaking grammatically,*—*Vulgo imperitos barbare locutos, et tota saepe theatra, et omnem Circi turbam exclamasse barbare.*—Lib. i. cap. 6.

That the cases required by the rules of syntax in the government of verbs and prepositions, were not always observed even in the very family of the above-mentioned Emperor, is clear from the following expres-

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* Aliud est Latine, aliud grammatice loqui.—*Cap.* 10.

sions, *quod est in palatium*, and *Dat Fufiae Climene et Fufiae Cuche sorores*, used even in writing by his own freedmen. (*Murat.*)

Festus observes, that the rustic mode of pronouncing *au* was like *o*, whence so many Italian words are formed in *o* from the *au* of the Latins. « Orata, » says he, « genus piscis appellatur a colore auri quod rustici *orum* dicebant. » Cato, cited by Varro, makes the same observation, or rather uses the rustic pronunciation; a pronunciation so prevalent at a later period, that the Emperor Vespasian seems to have been partial to it, and was reprehended by an uncourtly friend for changing *plaustra* into *plostra*.—*Suet. in Vespasiano.* 22.

Statius, in one single verse, seems to use a very common word in a sense peculiarly Italian.

> Salve supremum, *senior* mitissime patrum!
> *Epicedion in Patrem.*

« Quidquid, » says Seneca, « est boni moris extinguimus levitate et politura corporum. » The word *politura* is here taken in a sense purely Italian. *Impolitia*, taken in the opposite sense, was a word not uncommon among the early Romans, according to Aulus Gellius iv. 12.

The African writers seem to have used a dialect tending more to Italian than any others; whether derived from the early colonists, or from some provincial cause of corruption, it is difficult to determine. In Apu-

lelus we find, not only particular words, as *totus*, *russus*, *patronus*, etc. in the Italian sense, but united adverbs, accumulated epithets, and the florid phraseology of Italian poetic prose.

In the Augustan history several phrases bordering upon Italian, and words taken in an Italian sense, may be observed, as *a latus* instead of *a latere, ante fronte* for *frontem*, *ballista* (now *balletta*) for *saltationes*, *totum* for *omnia*, *intimare*, etc. etc.

The word *spelta*, signifying a certain vegetable, is represented by St. Jerom as *purely* Italian, and is still in use.—*Cap.* iv. *in Ezech.*

The same author alludes to the word *parentes*, taken in the Italian and French sense, that is, for *relations*, *kindred*, as used in his time, *militari vulgarique sermone.*—Lib. ii. *Apol. adv. Ruffin.*

Mulieri suae for his wife, is used by St. Augustine—*De Catech. rudibus* cap. xxvi. as is *jusum*, (*giu*, below, beneath, in Italian) *Tract.* viii. *in Epist.* i. *S. Johan.*

In the cemetery of Cyriaca (in the catacombs at Rome) the following words were inscribed in large letters: *Locus Pergei fi Montanes se bibo fece.*

In an apartment of the cemetery of SS. Marcellinus and Peter, there is on the wall a picture representing a repast—near one of the five figures is inscribed, *Irene da calda*, and near another, *Agape misee mi.* Many other instances of the corruption of the lan-

guage may be observed in these cemeteries, which cannot have been used as places of interment after the beginning, or at the latest the middle, of the fifth century.

A bishop of Brescia (St. Gaudentius, of the same era, mentions the word *brodium* for *broth*, a word solely Italian.—*Serm. 2do, ad Neophyt.**

St. Caesarius, bishop of *Arles*, employs the word *balationes*, *ballare*, for balls, dancing, etc. †

In St. Gregory we find the word *caballus* used for *equus* almost constantly, together with other words of rustic origin, replacing the more polite terms of the preceding ages.

Fabretti (in *Muratori*) has published a curious passage, extracted from the manuscript work of Urbicius, a Greek author of the fifth century, containing the forms employed in command by the centurions and tribunes. They are in Latin, though written in Greek characters, and run as follows:—

« Silentio mandata complete—Non vos turbatis—Ordinem servate—Bandum sequite—Nemo dimittat bandum et inimicos seque. »

Here we discover the construction, and even the phraseology of modern Italian, *complete*, *seguite*—*Bandum*, (*Bandiera*)—*Non vi turbate*, *segue*, etc.

In litanies sung publicly in Rome in the

* Fifth Century. † Sixth Century.

seventh century, we find *Redemtor mundi, tu lo adjuva;* thus *illum* first resumed its original form *illom*, and then became *lo*, as *illorum* by the same process, *loro;* thus also in the eighth century *ibi* was transformed into *ivi, ubi* into *ove, prope* into *presto*, etc. *Qui* and *iste* into *quiste, questa, questo*, etc. and frequently into *sto*, *sta*, etc.

From this period indeed the alteration of the language seems to have proceeded with more rapidity; and popular phrases bordering upon the modern dialect appear in every deed and instrument, as in a manuscript of Lucca,* « Una torre d' auro fabricata; » and another of 730 « Uno capite tenente in terra Chisoni et in alium capito tenente in terra Ciulloni; de uno latere corre via publica et de alium latere est terrula Pisinuli plus minus modiorum dua, staffilo.»

Again, in a deed of the year 816, we find, « Avent in longo pertigas quatordice in transverso, de uno capo pedes dece, de alio nove in traverso . . . de uno capo duas pedis cinque de alio capo.»

I alluded above to the oath which follows; it is well known, and shews what corruptions Latin had undergone beyond the Alps in the ninth century.

« Pro Deo amur, et pro Christian poblo, et nostro comun salvamento dist de in avant in quant Deus savir et podir me

* An. 753.

donat, si salvario cist meon fradre karlo, et in adiudha, et in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradre salvardist in o, quid il mi altre si fazet, Et ab Ludher plaid nunquam prindrai, qui meon vol cist meon fradre Karle in damno sìt.* »

In Italian this form would run as follows.

« Per amore di Dio, e per bene del popolo Cristiano, e per comune salvezza, da questo dì in avanti, in quanto Dio mi darà sapere e potere, così salverò questo mio Fratello Carlo, e gli sarò in ajuto, e in qualunque cosa, come uomo per diritto dee salvare il suo Fratello in quello che un altro farebbe a me; nè con Lottario farò mai accordo alcuno che di mio volere torni in danno di questo mio Fratello Carlo. »

Of nearly the same era are the following curious letters which are translations of the papal rescripts to the Emir of Palermo, on the purchase of certain captives, and may be considered both as specimens of the vulgar Latin of the age, and as instances of the benevolence and the active charity of the Popes.

« Lu Papa de Roma Marinu servus di omni servi di lu maniu Deu te saluta . . . . . La tua dominakzione me invii la responsio quantus vorrai denari per omni kaput de illa gens . . .

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* This is the first specimen on record of the Provincial, Provenzal, or Romance language.

de lu plus prestu; ki si farai ak kosa tantu bona, lu maniu Deu ti dat vita longa, omnia plena di benediksioni, etc: li tres di lu mensi di April oktocento oktanta dui, di lu usu di li kristiani.»

This epistle was written or rather translated from one written by Pope Marinus in the year 882. The subsequent letter is of the same Pope.

« Abeo kapitatu la tua littera signata kum la giurnata dilli quindisi dilu mense di Aprili oktocento octanta tre. Abeo lectu in ipsa ki lu Mulai ti a datu lu permissu di vindirmi omne illi sklavi ego volo la quali kosa mi ha dato una konsolatione Mania.»

In 1029 we meet with words and phrases perfectly Italian, as, » In loco et finibus ubi dicitur civitate vetera . . . . prope qui dicitur a le grotte.»

The first regular inscription in the modern language is of the following century, viz. 1135; it was engraved on the front of the cathedral of *Ferrara*, and is as follows:

Il mille cento tremptacinque nato
Fo questo tempio a *Z*orzi consecrato
Fo Nicolao Scolptore,
E Glielmo fo l'auctore.*

* The various forms which Latin has assumed in the different provinces where it was once the reigning language, might, if compared together, afford some means of discovering the common source of corruption. In the Engaddina and in

There is however a considerable difference between these half-formed rhymes and the highly polished strains of *Petrarca*. In the space that intervened between the date of the inscription of *Ferrara*, and the birth of that poet, taste began to revive, information became more general, and men of learning and genius applied themselves, to the cultivation of the vulgar tongue. Latin, which still continued then as now the language of the Church, of the schools, and of formal discussion and public correspondence, furnished both the rules, and the materials of amelio-

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Friuli two dialects exist among the common people, of Latin origin, but of very different sound. The first verse of Genesis in the Engaddina tongue runs as follows: In il principi creer Deis il Tschel e la terra; mo la terra era una chiaussa zainza fuorme, e voeda, e stiinczar sur la fatscha dell abiss: e il spiert da Deis s'muvieva sur la fatsche de las aguas. In Friulan, the same verse is rendered thus: In tel principi Gio al crea il ciel e la tiare; ma la tiare e iene vuaide e senza fuoarme, e par dut lis tenebris e jerin su la face dell abiss, el spirt de Gio al leve su lis aghis. In these two specimens there are two words only which are not evidently of Latin origin, and these two words are common to most, if not all, the dialects derived from Latin. Mo, Engaddina; ma, Friuli, Ital.; mais, French; mas, Spanish, mas, Portuguese; zainza, Engad.; senza, Friuli, Ital.; sans, French; sin, Spanish; sem, Portuguese.

ration; and to infuse as much of its genius and spirit into the new language as the nature of the latter would permit, seems to have been the grand object of these first masters of modern Italian. Among them *Brunetto Latini*, a Florentine, seems to have been the principal; and to him his countrymen are supposed to be indebted for the pre-eminence which they then acquired, and have ever since enjoyed in the new dialect, which from them assumed the name of *Tuscan*. *Dante*, *Petrarca*, and *Boccaccio*, completed the work which *Brunetto* and his associates had commenced; and under their direction the Italian language assumed the graces and the embellishments that raise it above all known languages, and distinguish it alike in prose or verse, in composition or conversation.

Illam quidquid agit, quoque vestigia vertit
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
Tibul. iv. 2.

In this form of beauty and perfection the new language had recovered so much of the parent idiom, that not the same words only, but even the same phrases are equally appropriate in both, and hymns have been written which may be called indiscriminately either Latin or Italian.* Of this description are the two following:

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* The same attempt has been made in favor of Portuguese, but the languages, as may easily be imagined, do not assimilate so naturally.

In mare irato in subita procella
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella ! etc.

The second turns upon the same thought, and must be considered by the reader merely as a poetical lusus, as I do not mean to be accountable for its theological accuracy.*

Vivo in acerba pena in mesto orrore
Quando te non imploro, in te non spero
Purissima Maria, et in sincero
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.
Et, O vita beata, et anni, et ore !
Quando contra me armato, odio severo
Te Maria amo, et in gaudio vero
Vivere spero ardendo in vivo amore.
Non amo te, Regina augusta, quando
Non vivo in pace, et in silentio fido ;
Non amo te, quando non vivo amando.
In te sola o Maria, in te confido
In tua materna cura respirando,
Quasi columba in suo beato nido.

When the reader has attentively perused these observations, he will, I believe, agree with me when I recapitulate and conclude, that Italian owes little to barbarians; that it has borrowed much from native sources; and that it still bears a sufficient resemblance to the ancient language, to entitle it to the appellation of LINGUA LATINA.

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* It was composed by *P. Tornielli*, a Jesuit of great literary reputation.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

V. But language is only the vehicle of instruction; and the sweetest dialect that ever graced the lips of mortals, if not ennobled by genius and consecrated by wisdom, can neither command attention, nor inspire interest. Fortunately for Italy, if the Goddess of Liberty has twice smiled, the Sun of Science also has twice risen on her favored regions, and the happy periods of Augustus and of Leo, have continued through all succeeding ages, to amuse and to instruct mankind. If the Greek language can boast the first, and Latin the second, epic poem, Italian may glory in the third; and *Tasso*, in the opinion of all candid critics has an undoubted right to sit next in honor and in fame to his countryman Virgil. *Dante* and *Ariosto* have claims of a different, perhaps not an inferior, nature; and in originality and grandeur the former, in variety and imagery the latter, stands unrivalled. *Petrarca* has all the tenderness, all the delicacy of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, without their foulness and effeminacy; he seems to have felt the softness of love without any mixture of its sensuality; he has even raised it above itself, as I have observed elsewhere, and has superadded to that grace and beauty, which have ever been deemed its appropriate ornaments, some of the charms of virtue, and a solemnity almost religious. Nor has the genius of Italian poesy, as if exhausted by

the effort expired with these, the first and the most illustrious of her offspring. The same spirit has continued to inspire a succession of poets in every different branch of that divine art, from *Boccaccio* and *Guarini* down to *Alfieri* and *Metastasio*; all *Phaebo digna locuti*, all inimitable in their different talents, equal perhaps to their celebrated predecessors in the same career and in the same country, and undoubtedly superior both in number and in originality to the bards of the northern regions.

The French, who glory, and not without reason, in their dramatical writers, have often reproached the Italians with the barrenness of their literature in this respect, and have even ventured to assert, that it proceeded from some want of energy or of pliability in the formation of their language. But the language of *Dante* and of *Ariosto* wants neither of these qualities; it has assumed all the ease and the grace of Terence, in the comedies of *Gherardo de' Rossi;* in the tragedies of *Alfieri*, it appears in all the dignity and the strength of Sophocles *; and

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* The tragedy of *Aristodemo* by *Monti* is deemed a masterpiece; it is in the chastest style of the Greek school. It would have been well for the Poet's virtue and honor

si sic

Omnia dixisset.

simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy, are the inseparable attendants of the virgin muse of *Metastasio*. It is indeed useless to enlarge on the excellency of Italian poetry: its superiority is admitted, and dull must be the ear, and unmusical the soul, which do not perceive in the chant of the Hesperian Muse a glow and a harmony peculiar to the age and the country which inspired the strains of Virgil and the lays of Horace.

Namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonet; O Dea, certe
Et Phœbi soror! *Æn.* lib. 1.

But the reader, if not better versed in Italian literature than most of our travel-

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The unhappy man in his old age sunk into folly and wickedness, insulted his Sovereign, and blasphemed his Saviour. To flatter his new masters, the French, he indulges himself in a philippic against England, which he emphatically calls *La Seconda Roma*. We accept the omen, and trust that modern Rome, powerful and free as the ancient, will triumph over modern Gaul. Its greatness is well described by the poet, and is an earnest of its success.

Sei temuta, sei forte: a te rischiara
L'un mondo e l'altro la solar quadriga,
E le tue leggi il doppio polo impara.
A te d'Africa e d'Asia il sol castiga
L'erbe, i fiori, le piante; e il mar riceve
Dalle tue prore una perpetua briga.
Capitolo d'Emenda

lers, will be surprised to hear that Italy is as rich in history as in poetry, and that in the former as well as in the latter, she may claim a superiority not easily disputed, over every other country. Every republic and almost every town has its historians, though their subject may sometimes appear too confined, possess the information and the talents requisite to render their works both instructive and amusing. The greater States can boast of authors equal to their reputation; while numberless writers of the first rate abilities have devoted their time and their powers to the records of their country at large, and have related its vicissitudes with all the spirit of ancient, and with all the precision of modern times. In these cursory observations, a few instances only can be expected, but the few which I am about to produce are sufficient to establish the precedency of Italian historians.

Paoli Sarpi, * in depth, animation, and energy, is represented by the *Abbé Mably* (not incompetent judge) as unrivalled, and is proposed as a model of excellence in the art of unravelling the intricacies of misrepresentation and party spirit. Cardinal *Pallavicini* treated the same subject as *Paolo Sarpi,* with candor, eloquence, and judgment, and his style and manner are sup-

* In his history of the Council of Trent.

posed to combine together with great felicity, the ease and the dignity that became the subject and the historian. *Giannone* possesses nearly the same qualities, and adds to them an impartiality of discussion, and a depth of research peculiar to himself. *Guicciardini*, with the penetration of Tacitus, unites the fulness (*lactea ubertas*) of Titus Livius, and like him possesses the magic power of transforming the relation into action, and the readers into spectators. This historian has been reproached with the length and the intricacy of his sentences; a defect considerably increased by the number of parentheses with which they are, not unfrequently, embarrassed. The reproach is not without foundation. But it must be remembered that his Roman master is not entirely exempt from the same defect, and that in neither, does it impede the fluency, or weaken the interest of the narration. The greatest fault of the Florentine historian is the frequency of his studied speeches; a fault into which he was betrayed by his admiration of the ancients, and by that passionate desire of imitating them, which is its natural consequence. But his harangues have their advantages, and, like those of Livius and of Thucydides, not only furnish examples of eloquence, but abound in maxims of public policy and of sound philosophy. *Machiavelli* ranks high as an historian, and may be considered as the rival of Tacitus, whom he imitates, not indeed in

the dignity and the extent of his subject, nor in the veracity of his statements, but in the concise and pithy style of his narration.

These historians were preceded and followed by others of talents and celebrity little inferior; such were the judicious historian of *Naples*, *Angelo di Costanzo*; the Cardinal *Bembo*, *Morosini*, and *Paruta* of *Venice*; *Adriani* and *Ammirato* of *Tuscany* or rather of *Florence; Bernardino Corio* of *Milan;* and in general history, *Tarcagnota* and *Campagna*, not to mention *Davila* and the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*. In each of these historians, the Italian critics discover some peculiar features, some characteristic touches exclusively their own; while in all, they observe the principal excellencies of the historic art, discrimination in portraits, judicious arrangements in facts, and in style, pure and correct language. These writers, it is true, flourished for the greater part, at a time, when Italian literature was in its meridian glory, that is, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; but its lustre *did* not cease with them, nor was Italy in the eighteenth century either unenlightened by history or unproductive of genius.

Were I to mention the learned and judicious *Muratori* only, and close the list of Italian historians with his name, I should not be called upon for any further proof of the superiority of the Italians in the re-

search, and the combination that constitute the excellence of this branch of literature. So extensive is the erudition, so copious the information, so judicious the selection, and so solid the criticism that reign throughout the whole of this voluminous author's writings, that his works may be considered in themselves, as a vast and well disposed library, containing all the documents of Italian history and antiquities, and the reflections which they must suggest to a mind of great and extensive observation.

But to the name of *Muratori*, I will add another equally illustrious in annals of literature, and like it capable even single, of fixing the reputation of a language of less intrinsic merit than Italian; I mean *Tiraboschi*, the author of numerous works, but known principally, for his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*. This work takes in the whole history of Italian literature both ancient and modern, and contains an account of the commencement and progress of each science, of the means by which knowledge was promoted, of libraries and literary establishments, of the lives, the works, and the character of great authors; in short, of persons, revolutions, events, and discoveries, connected with the fate of literature. It begins with the first dawn of science in Rome, and follows its increase, decline, and revival during the succeeding ages; of course it includes a considerable portion of the general history of the coun-

try at each epoch, and conducts the reader from the first Punic war over the immense space of twenty intervening centuries down to the eighteenth. Few works have been planned upon a scale more extensive, and none executed in a more masterly manner. A strict adherence to veracity; a thorough acquaintance with the subject in all its details; a spirit of candor, raised far above the influence of party; a discernment in criticism, deep and correct; and, above all, a clear and unbiassed judgment, *principium et fons recte scribendi*, pervade every part of this astonishing work, and give it a perfection very unusual in literary productions so comprehensive and so complicated. The style, according to the opinion of Italian critics, is pure, easy, and rapid, free alike from the wit that dazzles and from the pomp that encumbers, yet graced with such ornaments as rise spontaneously from the nature of the subject. On the whole it may be considered as one of the noblest and most interesting works ever published, and far superior to any historical or critical performance in any other language. The author intended it as a vindication of the claims of his country to the first honors in literature, and has, by establishing those claims, erected to its glory a monument as durable as human language, and has appropriated for ever to Italy the title of Mother of the Arts and Sciences, and Instructress of Mankind.

The work of Abate *D. G. Andres Dell' Origine, dei progressi e dello Stato di ogni Letteratura*, is a noble, an extensive, and a very masterly performance. I have already spoken of the *Rivoluzioni D'Italia*, by the *Abate Denina*; I need only say that to perspicuity and manly simplicity this author adds a great share of political sagacity, and a sound philosophic spirit. The same qualities are predominant in his discourses, *Sopra le Vicende della Letteratura*, a work which comprises, in small compass, a great mass of information, and may be considered as a compendious history, and at the same time, as a very masterly review, of literature in general.

In antiquities the Italians are rich to superabundance, and can produce more authors of this description not only than any one, but than all the other nations of Europe together. Among them we may rank the illustrious names of *Muratori*, *Maffei*, *Mazzocchi*, *Carli*, and *Paciaudi*, to which many more might be added were it not universally acknowledged that the study of antiquities called forth by so many motives and by so many objects, is an indigenous plant in Italy, and flourishes there as in its native climate *.

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* *En verité*, exclaims the Abbé Barthelemy, *on ne peut guère se dire antiquaire, quand on n'est pas sorti de France*!—Letter iv.

For the last fifty years political economy has been a favorite subject on the continent, and in it some French writers have acquired considerable reputation. In this respect as in many others, the French may be more bold, more lively, and perhaps more entertaining, because more paradoxical; but the man who wishes to be guided by experience and not by theory, who prefers the safe, the generous principles of Cicero and of Plato, to the dangerous theories of *Rousseau* and of *Sïeyes*, will also prefer the Italian to the French *economists*. Of the former the number is great, and from them has been extracted and printed in sets, as Classics (in which light indeed they are considered) a select number of the best, whose works form a collection of about fifty volumes octavo.

In Essays, Treatises, Journals, and Reviews, the Italians first led the way, and still equal every other nation. In the Sciences, they have been considered as deficient, but this opinion can be entertained only by persons imperfectly acquainted with Italian lite-

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The same ingenious writer observes elsewhere—*Il faut l'avouer encore une fois, ce n'est qu'ici que se trouvent des carrieres inépuisables d'antiquités; et relativement aux étrangers, on devroit ecrire sur la porte* del Popolo *cette belle inscription du Dante.*

* Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.

rature. To be convinced, that it is without foundation, we need only enumerate the astronomers, mathematicians, geographers, and natural philosophers, who have flourished in Italy from the time of *Galileo* to the present period; and among them we shall find a sufficient number of justly celebrated names to vindicate the reputation of their country, and to justify its claim to scientific honors. *

Here indeed, as upon another occasion, I must observe that Italian literature has been traduced, because its treasures are unknown; and that the language itself has been deemed unfit for research and argument, because too often employed as the vehicle of amorous ditties and of effeminate melody. This prejudice is owing amongst us in some degree to the influence of French fashions and opinions, which commenced at the Restoration, was increased by the Revolution, and was strengthened and extended in such a manner by the example of

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* *Les sciences sont plus cultivées à Rome qu'on ne le croit en France*, says the Abbé Barthelemy, *je vous dirai sur cela, quelque jour, des details qui vous étonneront.*—Letter xxviii.

Soyez persuadé, says he again, *que malgrè l'avilissement et le découragement général, l'Italie fournit encore bien des gens de lettres dignes de ceux qui les ont précédés. Ces gens là iroient bien loin s' ils avoient un Colbert à leur tête.* The lively Abbé, like most of his countrymen, seems to think that nothing can go on well without a Frenchman.

court sycophants, and by the writings of courtly authors, that French became a constituent part of genteel education, and some tincture of its literature was deemed a necessary accomplishment. Thence, French criticism acquired weight, and the opinions of *Boileau*, *Bouhours*, *Dubos*, etc. became axioms in the literary world. Either from jealousy or from ignorance, or from a mixture of both, these critics speak of Italian literature with contempt, and take every occasion of vilifying its best and noblest authors. Hence the contemptuous appellation of *tinsel* *, given by the French Satirist to the strains (*Aurea dicta*) of Tasso, an appellation as inapplicable as it is insolent, which must have been dictated by envy, and can be repeated by ignorance only.

The flippant petulancy of these criticisms might perhaps recommend them to the French public, especially as they flattered the national vanity, by depreciating the glory of a rival or rather a superior country; but it is difficult to conceive how they came to be so generally circulated and adopted in England; and it is not without some degree of patriotic indignation, that we see Dryden bend his own stronger judgment, and Pope submit his finer taste, to the dictates of French essayists, and to the assertions of Parisian poets. Addison,

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* Le clinquant de Tasse a tout l'or de Virgile. *Boileau Sat.* ix.

though in other respects an Anti-Gallican, and strongly influenced by those *laudable prejudices,* to use his own expression, *which naturally cleave to the heart of a true-born Briton*, here condescended to follow the crowd, and resigning his own better lights and superior information, adopted without examination, the opinions of the French school. This tame, servile spirit of imitation became in a short time general, and not only contributed to give the language of our enemies that currency of which they are now so proud; but restrained the flight of British genius, and kept it confined in the trammels of French rules and of French example.

How detrimental this imitative spirit has been to our national literature will appear evident, if we compare the authors, who were formed in the Italian school, with those who fashioned their productions on French models. To say nothing of Chaucer, who borrowed both his manner and his subject from Italy; or of Shakspeare, whose genius like that of Homer was fed, as the luminaries of heaven, by sources secret and inexhaustible; I need only mention the names of Spenser and of Milton, two towering spirits, who soar far above competition, and from their higher spheres look down upon the humbler range of Pope and of Dryden. Yet Spenser and Milton are disciples of the Tuscan school, and look up with grateful acknowledgment to their Ausonian masters. Waller and Cowley pursued the same path though

at a respectful distance, and certainly not, *passibus aequis*; especially as in the time of the latter, French fashion began to spread its baneful influence over English literature. Then came the *gossamer* breed of courtly poetasters, who forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that

> The sterling bullion of one British line
> Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine;

derived their pretty thoughts from French madrigals, and modelled their little minds, as they borrowed their dress from French puppets. I mean not to say that Italian was utterly neglected during this long period, because I am aware that at all times it was considered as an accomplishment ornamental to all, and indispensably necessary to those who visit Italy. But though the language of Italy was known, its literature was neglected; so that not its historians only were forgotten, but of all the treasures of its divine poesy, little was ever cited or admired excepting a few airs from the opera, or some love-sick and effeminate sonnets selected from the minor poets. French literature was the sole object of the attention of our writers, and from it they derived that cold correctness which seems to be the prevailing feature of most of the authors of the first part of the eighteenth century.

Nor was this frigidity, the only or the greatest evil that resulted from the then pre-

vailing partiality for French literature. The spirit of infidelity had already infected some of the leading writers of that volatile nation, and continued to spread its poison imperceptibly, but effectually, till the latter years of Louis the Fifteenth, when most of the academicians had, through interest, or vanity, ever the predominant passion in a French bosom, ranged themselves under the banners of *Voltaire*, and had become real or pretended sceptics. The works of the subalterns, it is true, were much praised but little read by their partisans; and *Helvetius*, *Freret*, *Du Maillet*, with fifty others of equal learning and equal fame now slumber in dust and silence on the upper shelves of public libraries, the common repository of deceased authors. But the wit and the ribaldry of their Chief continued to amuse and to captivate the gay, the voluptuous, and the ignorant: to dictate the *ton*, that is, to prescribe opinions and style to the higher circles; and by making impiety current in good company, to give it the greatest recommendation it could possess in the eyes of his countrymen, the *sanction of Fashion.*

Such was the state of opinion in France, when two persons of very different tastes and characters in other respects, but equally enslaved to vanity and to pride, visited that country—I mean Hume and Gibbon, who, though Britons in general are little inclined to bend their necks to the yoke of foreign teachers, meanly condescended to sacrifice the

independency of their own understanding and the religion of their country, to the flatteries and the sophisms of Parisian atheists. These two renegadoes joined in the views of their foreign associates, undertook to propagate atheistic principles among their countrymen, and faithful to the engagement, endeavored in all their works, to instil doubt and indifference into the minds of their readers, and by secret and almost imperceptible arts, gradually to undermine their attachment to revealed religion. Hints, sneers, misrepresentation, and exaggeration, concealed under affected candor, pervade almost every page of their very popular but most pernicious histories; and if the mischief of these works however great, be not equal to the wishes of their authors, it is entirely owing to the good sense and the spirit of religion so natural to the minds of Englishmen. This wise and happy temper, the source and the security of public and private felicity, the nation owes to providence; the *desolating* doctrines of incredulity *, Hume and Gibbon, and their disciples, borrowed from France and

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* Fuyez ceux qui sous pretexte d'expliquer la nature sement dans les cœurs des hommes de *desolantes doctrines* . . . . nous soumettent à leurs decisions tranchantes, et pretendent nous donner, pour les vrais principes des choses, les inintelligibles systêmes qu'ils ont bâtis dans leur imagination.—*Rousseau. Emile.*

its academies. Italian literature is exempt from this infection: its general tendency is religious; all its great authors have been distinguished by a steady and enlightened piety, and their works naturally tend to elevate the mind of the reader and to fix his thoughts on the noble destinies of the human race; an unspeakable advantage in a *downward* and perverse age, when men, formed in vain with *looks erect and countenance sublime*, confine their views to the earth, and voluntarily place themselves on a level with the *beasts that perish*.

Gray, who seems to have conceived, while in Italy, a partiality for its poetry, soon discovered the treasures which it contains; and first, I believe, attempted to copy the manner and to revive the taste that had formed *princes of English verse*, and had given them that boldness and that sublimity which foreigners now consider as their characteristic qualities. His school inherited his partiality, and the study of Italian began to revive gradually, though its progress was slow until the publication of the Life of *Lorenzo de' Medici*; a work which evidently awakened the curiosity of the nation, and once more turned their eyes to *Italy*, the parent and nurse of languages, of laws, of arts, and of sciences. Since the appearance of that publication, many champions have arisen to support the united cause of Taste and of Italian, and have displayed talents which might have obtained success with

fewer advantages on their side, but with so many could not fail to triumph. Among these, the public is much indebted to Mr. Mathias, and to the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* (*quocumque gaudet nomine*) who have struggled with unabating zeal to turn the attention of the public, from the frippery and the *tinsel* of France, to the sterling ore of Italy, and to place the literature of that country in the rank due to its merit, that is, next to the emanations of Greek and Roman genius.

VI. It is indeed much to be regretted that a language so harmonious in sound, so copious in words, so rich in literature, and at the same time so intimately connected with the ancient dialect of Europe and its modern derivatives, as to serve as a key both to one and to the others, should have been forced from its natural rank, and obliged to yield its place to a language far inferior to it in all these respects, and for many reasons not worth the time usually allotted to it in fashionable education. The great admirers of French, that is, the French Critics themselves, do not pretend to found its supposed universality on its instrinsic superiority. Not to speak of the rough combinations of letters, the indistinct articulation of many syllables, the peculiar sound of some vowels, the suppression, not of letters only but of whole syllables, and the almost insuperable difficulties which arise from these peculiarities to foreigners studying this language; the

perpetual recurrence of nasal sounds, the most disagreeable that can proceed from human organs, predominating as it does throughout the whole language, is sufficient alone to deprive it of all claim to sweetness and to melody. Some authors, I know, and many French critics discover in it a natural and logical construction, which as they pretend, gives it, when managed by a skilful writer, a clearness and a perspicuity which is scarcely to be equalled in Latin and Greek, and may be sought for in vain in all modern dialects. This claim has been boldly advanced on one side and feebly contested on the other, though many of my readers, who have amused themselves with French authors for many a year, may perhaps have never yet observed this peculiar excellence, nor discovered that the French language invariably follows the natural course of our ideas, and the process of grammatical construction.

I mean not to dispute this real or imaginary advantage; especially as the discussion unavoidably involves a long metaphysical question relative to the natural order of ideas and the best corresponding arrangement of words; but I must observe, that to be confined to one mode of construction, however excellent, is a defect; because it deprives poetry and eloquence of one of the most powerful istruments of harmony and of description, I mean, *Inversion:* and because it removes the distinction of styles, and brings all composition down to the same monotonous level.

French poets have long complained of the tame uniform genius of their language, and French critics have been obliged, however reluctantly, to acknowledge that it has no poetic style; and if the reader wishes to see how well founded these complaints are, and how just this acknowledgment, he need only consult the ingenious translation of Virgil's Georgics by the *Abbé de Lille*. In the preface he will hear the *critic* lamenting the difficulties imposed upon him by the nature of his language; and in the versification he will admire the skill with which the *poet* endeavors (vainly indeed) to transfuse the variety, the coloring of the original into the dull, lifeless imitation. If he has failed, he has failed only comparatively; for his translation is the best in the French language, and to all the excellencies of which such a translation is susceptible, adds the peculiar graces of ease and *propriety*. He had all the talents necessary on his side, taste, judgment, and enthusiasm; but his materials were frail, and his language, *Phoebi nondum patiens*, sunk under the weight of Roman genius. If other proofs of the feebleness of the French language, and of its inadequacy to purposes of poetry were requisite, we need only open *Boileau's* translation of Longinus, and we shall there find innumerable instances of failure, which, as they cannot be ascribed to the translator, must originate from the innate debility of the language itself.

In consequence of this irremediable defect

the French have no poetical translation of Homer nor of Tasso; nor had they of Virgil or of Milton, till the *Abbé De Lille* attempted to introduce them to his countrimen in a French dress *. But both the Roman and the British poet seem alike to have disdained the trammels of Gallic rhyme, and turned away indignant from the translator, who presumed to exhibit their majestic forms masked and distorted to the public. The exertions of the *Abbé* only proved to the literary world, that even *his* talents and ingenuity were incapable of communicating to the language of his country, energy sufficient to express the divine sentiments and the sublime imagery of Virgil and of Milton. In this respect Italian is more fortunate, and formed to command alike the regions of poetry and of prose. It adapts itself to all the purposes of argumentation or of ornament, and submits with grace and dignity to whatever construction the poet, the orator, or the metaphysician chooses to impose upon it.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
Tibullus, 4—2.

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* The author was present in a party in Paris many years ago, when the *Abbé de Lille* being asked by an English gentleman why he did not translate the Æneid, answered in a style of delicate compliment, *Monsieur donnez moi votre langue et je commence demain.* He was indeed an enthusiastic admirer of English poetry.

In fact, this language has retained a considerable portion of the boldness and the liberty of the mother tongue, and moves along with freedom which her tame rival would attempt in vain to imitate.

I have hinted at the difficulty of the French language, which is in reality so great as to become a serious defect, and a solid ground of objection. This difficulty arises, in the first place, from the general complication of its grammar, the multiplicity of its rules, and the frequency of exceptions; and in the next place, from the nature of several sounds peculiar, I believe, to it. Such are some vowels, particularly *a* and *u*; and such also many diphthongs, as *ieu*, *eu*, *oi*, not to mention the *l mouillé*, the *e muet*, and various syllables of nasal and indistinct utterance, together with the different sounds of the same vowels and diphthongs in different combinations. I speak not of these sounds as agreeable or disagreeable to the ear, but only as difficult, and so much so as to render it almost impossible for a foreigner ever to pronounce French with ease and strict propriety. Here again Italian has the advantage. Its sounds are all open and labial; it flows naturally from the organs, and requires nothing more than time and expansion. Its vowels have invariably the same sound, and that sound may be found in almost every language *. The nose and the

* In the year 1659, a certain *Le Laboureur*

throat, those *bagpipe* instruments of French utterance have no share in its articulation;

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undertook to prove that the French language was superior to Latin, not in construction only but even in harmony He was in part answered and refuted by a canon af *Liege*, of the name of *Slüze*. The Frenchman writes with ease, flippancy, and confidence. His adversary, a German, manages his subject with less skill and much more diffidence Neither of the combatants seem to have been sufficiently prepared for the contest, if we may judge of their information by the arguments employed, and the concessions made on both sides. Thus the Frenchman admits that Latin is an original or mother tongue, and that French is derived from it; and while he passes over the first part of this concession as self-evident, he softens the second by observing, that such a derivation was no proof of inferiority, as daughters are frequently more beautiful than their mothers; an observation so new and so dubious, that he fears his readers may call it in question, and therefore oppresses them at once with the authority of Horace, *O matre pulchra*, etc.

In order to prove that Latin is less copious than French, he asserts, that the Latins had only Greek to borrow from, while the French have Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, German, nay, even Hebrew and Syriac He forgets, it seems, that the Latins, besides Celtic and Greek, had also the ancient dialects of Italy, at least six in number, open before them, from which they might cull at pleasure; and that the wars of Rome, first with the Carthaginians, and then

no grouped consonants stop its progress; no indistinct murmurs choke its closes: it glides

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with the Dalmatians, Syrians, and Egyptians enabled them to lay the language of all these, nations under contribution. That the Romans did not profit by all these advantages to the full extent, will be admitted, but on the other hand nobody will maintain that French has derived much advantage from German, Hebrew, Syriac, or even from Greek, except through the medium of Latin, or which is the same, of Italian or of Spanish. On the contrary, so far from wishing to enrich their language with new acquisitions, the French seem to have been endeavoring to retrench its luxuriancy. Whoever has read *Montaigne's* Essais will easily perceive, how many manly and majestic expressions have died away, and how much the energy and copiousness of this language have been impaired during the last three centuries.

But the whole of this argument is grounded on a supposition, that the richest languages are those which have borrowed most; which is proved to be false by the acknowledged copiousness of Greek, which however is of all languages the least indebted to others. His objections to Latin poetry are rather singular. He censures the additions of such epithets as paint the object in its own coloring, such as *brindled* when applied to a lion, and such as mark the principal temples or countries in which the divinity in question seemed most to delight; such as *Lydian* Apollo, *Cyprian* Venus. He is therefore unmercifully severe on the two following lines of Horace—

from the lips with facility, and it delights the ear with its fulness, its softness, and its

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O quae beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum, et
Memphim carentem Sithonia nive,

as encumbered with circumstances introduced merely for the purpose of filling up the verse. This penetrating critic had never, it seems, discovered that the ancient poets excelled in painting, and that to retrench such exquisite pictures in Horace or Virgil (for we speak only of the Latins) is as absurd as it would be to expunge the temples, mountains, and streams that throw such glory and freshness over *Claude Lorraine's* landscapes. Rhyme, he finds delightful, enchanting, and far preferable to metre. French verse, it is true, tires sooner than Latin, and now and then lulls the reader to sleep. But this is the natural effect of its fluency, clearness and harmony, while Virgil (so happy is this critic in his instances) is not *quite* so well understood, nor of course read with so much ease and avidity. The elisions in Latin verse are rough and intolerable: in French, owing to the E *muet*, all smoothness. The following eulogium on his own language cannot be perused without a smile at the simplicity of the writer. The exclamation with which it commences, is truly comic.—« *Notre langue est si belle, quand on sait s'en servir! Elle tient plus de l'esprit et depend moins des organes du corps que toute autre: il ne faut ni parler de la gorge, ni ouvrir beaucoup la bouche, frapper de la langue contre les dents, ni* « *faire des signes et des gestes,* « *comme il me semble que font la plupart des*

harmony. As its grammar approaches nearer Latin, it is more congenial to our infant stu-

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étrangers quand ils parlent la langue de leurs pays ! «—The French *r* is not a very smooth letter, nor is the *u* very easily pronounced by any but Frenchmen*. With regard to the other letters, the palate, teeth and lips are relieved from all exertion by the action of the *nose*. The French, as *we* at least are apt to suppose, are not deficient in gesture. Latin (so says *Mons. Le Laboureur*) is monotonous, because all its vowels are pronounced with equal force. French is agreeably varied, because its vowels are frequently half uttered. Here the author forgets (what his countrymen are very apt to forget, as they have no prosody in their language) the difference of quantity in Latin, a difference which gives rise to so much variety and harmony; and in the next place he seems to consider indistinct sounds as pleasing; an opinion, I believe, peculiar to himself. French, he says, has a greater variety of terminations, and of course more grace, more amenity than any other language. Latin, Italian, Spanish, and almost every other, have always the same final letter. Had the author ever read ten lines of those lan-

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* Rough and uncouth pronunciation was imputed to the French at an early period. Bibuli gutturis barbara feritas . . . . naturali quodam *fragore*, quasi *plaustra* per gradus confuse sonantia, rigidas voces jactat . . . says John the Deacon.

dies, and may therefore be acquired with the greater facility.

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guages he could not have made such a remark. He complains of the frequent recurrence of the letter *m* in Latin; in French, though retained in spelling, it is in pronunciation changed into *n*. The truth is, that in French both *m* and *n* final are confounded together in the same nasal sound, and lost in a *grunt*; so that the nicest ear can scarce distinguish between *fin* and *faim*.

Both the disputants find Virgil *obscure*, and both admit the superior harmony of French; in neither point, I believe, will the reader agree with them. *Mons. Laboureur* at length acknowledges, that in copiousness Latin surpasses, but to compensate for this humiliating acknowledgment, he peremptorily requires that his antagonist should confess, that French words are better and more naturally arranged than in Latin. This indeed is the great boast of French grammarians, who fill whole pages with encomiums on the admirable arrangement, the method, the perspicuity of their language. If we may believe them, every object is placed in the sentence in the very order in which it occurs to the mind. Of the force, the beauty, and oftentimes the necessity, of inversion in prose as well as in poetry, there is, I believe, no doubt; of course a language which, like French, is not susceptible of it, must be defective. As for the natural order of ideas it has long been a matter of debate, and many grammarians have maintained that the Latin construction is more conformable to it than that of the French, or of any modern language. Among these, the *Abbé Batteux*, in his *Belles Lettres*,

In speaking of French literature I wish to be impartial; and most willingly acknow-

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has made some curious observations, and applied them to different passages from Livy and Cicero. The truth seems to be, that the construction common to French and most modern dialects is the grammatical, while that of the ancient languages seems to be the natural construction.

The preference given to the monotony of French verse, and the regular mediate suspension to the Cesura and feet of Latin, is too absurd to be noticed*.

Mons. Chapentier wrote a dissertation on the excellence of the French language, and the propriety of introducing it in inscriptions†. This author runs over the same ground as the preceding, and indeed the observation on the Latin *m* is taken from him. He complains of the inconvenience arising from the *full* sound given in Latin to every vowel, and the monotony resulting from it, and prefers the variety of *indistinct* sounds that occur in French, particularly the *e muet*. He forgets the effects of quantity, and will never persuade the world that indistinctness is not a defect, and the contrary a beauty. He inveighs also against *inversion*. Of the learning of these panegyrists of French literature we may

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* This *Le Laboureur* composed an epic poem, called *Charlemagne*, and quotes several passages from it in opposition to Virgil and *Tasso*.

† From a work entitled, *Varietés serieuses et amusantes*. Two Vols 8vo. 1683.

ledge that our rivals are a sprightly and ingenious nation; that they have long cultivated the arts and sciences, and cultivated them with success; that their literature is an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction; and that several of their writers rank among the great teachers and the benefactors of mankind. But after this acknowledgment, I must remind them that the Italians were their masters in every art and science, and that whatever claims they may have to literary merit and reputation they owe them entirely to their first instructors. Here indeed *Voltaire* himself, however jealous on other occasions of the prerogatives of his own language, confesses the obligation, and candidly declares that France is indebted to

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judge by a letter of *Perrault* their chief, who requests his friend to point out to him the *best* ode in Pindar, and the *best* in Horace, not being himself able to discover that secret!

Voltaire appreciates his own language with more impartiality than these scribblers,

Notre langue un peu seche, et sans inversions
Peut elle subjuguer les autres Nations?
Nous avons la clarté, l'agrément, la justesse.
Mais égalerons nous l'Italie et la Grece?
Est ce assez, en effet, d'une heureuse clarté,
Et ne pechons nous pas par l'uniformite?
Voltaire, *Epitre à Horace.*

La Harpe in his answer is not quite so modest as his master. He calls French the *language of the Gods*!

Italy for her arts, her sciences, and even for her civilization. In truth, the latter country had basked in the sunshine of science at least two centuries, ere one solitary ray had beamed upon the former; and she had produced poets, historians, and philosophers, whose fame emulates the glory of the ancients, ere the language of France was committed to paper, or deemed fit for any purpose higher than the diaries of a *Joinville*, or the songs of the *Troubadours*. To enter into a regular comparison of the principal authors in these languages, and to weigh their respective merits in the scale of criticism, would be an occupation equally amusing and instructive; but at the same time it would require more leisure than the traveller can command, and a work far more comprehensive than the present, intended merely to throw out hints which the reader may verify and improve at discretion, as the subject may hereafter invite. I must therefore confine myself to a very few remarks, derived principally from French critics, and consequently of considerable weight, because extorted, it must seem, by the force of truth from national vanity. The authority of *Voltaire* may not perhaps be looked upon as decisive, because, however solid his judgment, and however fine his taste, he too often sacrificed the dictates of both to the passion or the whim of the moment, and too frequently gave to interest, to rancor, and to party, what he owed to truth, to letters, and

to mankind. But, it must be remembered that these defects while they lower his authority as a critic, also obscure his reputation as an historian, and deprive French literature of the false lustre which it has acquired from his renown. And indeed, if impartiality be essential to history, *Voltaire* must forfeit the appellation of historian, as his *Histoire Generale* is one continued satire upon religion, intended by its deceitful author not to inform the understanding, but to pervert the faith of the reader. Hence the *Abbé Mably*, in his ingenious reflections on history, censures the above-mentioned work with some severity, without condescending to enter into the details of criticism.

The same author speaks of the other historians of his language with contempt, and from the general sentence excepts the *Abbé Vertot* and *Fleury* only; exceptions which prove at the same time the critic's judgment and impartiality; for few writers equal the former in rapidity, selection, and interest, and none surpass the latter in erudition, good sense, and simplicity. The same *Abbé* prefers the *History of the Council of Trent*, by the well known Father *Paolo Sarpi*, to all the histories compiled in his own language, and represents it as a model of narration, argument, and observation. We may subscribe to the opinion of this judicious critic, so well versed in the literature of his own country, without the least hesitation, and extend to Italian history in general the

superiority which he allows to one only, and one who is not the first of Italian historians, either in eloquence or in impartiality.

In one species of history indeed, the Italians justly claim the honor both of invention and of pre-eminence, and this honor, not France only but England must, I believe, concede without contest. I allude to critical biography, a branch of history in the highest degree instructive and entertaining, employed in Italy at a very early period, and carried to the highest perfection by the late learned *Tiraboschi*. In the French, few productions of the kind exist: perhaps the panegyrical discourses pronounced in the French Academy border nearest upon it; but these compositions, though recommended by the names of *Fontenelle*, *Massillon*, *Flechier*, *Marmontel*, and so many other illustrious academicians, are too glittering, too artificial, and refined, as well as too trivial and transient in their very nature, to excite much interest, or to fix the attention of the critic. In our own language *Johnson's Lives of the Poets* present a fair object of comparison, as far as the plan extends, and perhaps in point of execution may be considered by many of my readers as master-pieces of style, judgment, and even of eloquence, equal, if not superior, to the Italian. But as the narrow sphere of the English biographers sinks into insignificance, when compared to the vast orbit of the Italian historian, so their works bear no proportion, and cannot of course be

considered as objects of comparison. With regard to the execution, Johnson, without doubt, surprises and almost awes the reader, by the weight of his arguments, by the strength of his expression, and by the uniform majesty of his language; but I know not whether the ease, the grace, and the insinuating familiarity of *Tiraboschi* may not charm us more, and keep up our attention and our delight much longer.

In one branch of literature France may have the advantage over most modern languages, I mean in theological composition: and this advantage she owes to her peculiar circumstances; I might say with more propriety, to her misfortunes. The Calvinistic opinions prevalent in *Geneva* had been propagated at an early period of the reformation in the southern provinces of France, and in a short space of time made such a progress, that their partisans conceived themselves numerous enough to cope with the established Church, and perhaps powerful enough to overturn it. They first manifested their zeal by insults and threats, then proceeded to deeds of blood and violence, and at length involved their country in all the horrors of civil war, anarchy, and revolution. In the interim, the pen was employed as well as the sword, and while the latter called forth all the exertions of the body, the former brought into action all the energies of the mind.

During more than a century, war and controversy raged with equal fury, and whatever

the opinion of the reader may be upon the subject in debate, he will probably agree with me, that Calvinism, defeated alike in the field of battle and in the nobler contest of argument, was compelled to resign the double palm of victory to the genius of her adversary. In the course of the debate, and particularly towards its close, great talents appeared, and much ingenuity and learning were displayed on both sides; till the respective parties seem to have united all their powers in the persons of two champions, *Claude* and *Bossuet*. Though nature had been liberal in intellectual endowments to both the disputants, and though all the means of art had been employed to improve the gifts of nature, yet the contest was by no means equal between them; and after having been worsted in every onset, the *Elder* at length sunk under the superiority of the Prelate. But, if the victim can derive any credit from the hand that fells it, *Claude* and Calvinism may boast that the illustrious *Bossuet* was alone capable, and alone worthy, to give the fatal blow that put an end at once to the glory, and almost to the existence of the party in France.

Bossuet was indeed a great man, and one of those extraordinary minds which at distant intervals seem, as if deputed from a superior region, to enlighten and to astonish mankind. With all the originality of genius, he was free from its eccentricity and intemperance. Sublime without obscurity, bold yet accurate,

splendid and yet simple at the same time, he awes, elevates, and delights his readers, overpowers all resistance, and leads them willing captives to join and to share his triumph. The defects of his style arise from the imperfection of his dialect; and perhaps, he could not have given a stronger proof of the energies of his mind, than in compelling the French language itself to become the vehicle of sublimity. His works, therefore, are superior to all other controversial writings in his own, or in any other language.

In Italian there are, I believe, none of that description: there was no difference of opinion on the subject, and of course no controversy: a deficiency in their literature abundantly compensated by the absence of penal laws, and of insolence on one side; and on the other; of animosity and of degradation.

We have just reason to lament, that a language so inferior in every respect as French, should have been allowed to acquire such an ascendancy as to be deemed even in England a necessary accomplishment, and made in some degree an integral part of youthful education. If a common medium of communication between nations be necessary, as it undoubtedly is, it would have been prudent to have retained the language most generally known in civilized nations, which is Latin; especially as this language is the mother of all the polished dialects now used in Europe, has the advantage of being the clearest,

the most regular, and the easiest; and moreover, was actually in possession, at the very time when it pleased various courts to adopt, with the dress and other fopperies of France, its language also. Reason might reclaim against the absurdity of preferring a semi-barbarous jargon, to a most ancient, a most beautiful, and a most perfect language; but the voice of reason is seldom heard, and yet more seldom listened to at courts where fashion, that is the whim of the monarch or of the favorite, is alone consulted and followed even in all its deformities and all its extravagancies.

But that which escaped the observation of the courtier ought to have attracted the attention of the minister, who might have discovered by reflection or by experience, the advantages which a negotiator derives from the perfect knowledge of the language which he employs, and the extreme impolicy of conceding these advantages to our enemies. In order to form a just idea of the importance of this concession, we need only observe the superiority which a Frenchman assumes, in Capitals where his language is supposed to be that of good company, such as *Vienna* and particularly *Petersburg*, and contrast with that superiority, his humble appearance in London or in Rome, where he cannot pretend to such a distinction. In the former cities he feels himself at home, and considers himself as the first in rank, because the first in language; in the latter, the consciousness of

being a foreigner checks his natural confidence and imposes upon him, however reluctant, the reserved demeanor inseparable from that character.

Now, in all diplomatic meetings, French is the language of discussion, and consequently, the French negotiator displays his faculties with the same ease and with the same certainty of applause as in his own saloon, surrounded with a circle of friends at Paris. The English envoy on the contrary finds his natural reserve increased, and all his powers paralyzed by a sensation of inferiority in the use of the weapons which he is obliged to employ, and by a conviction that the eloquence of his adversary must triumph over his plain, unadorned, and probably ill-delivered statements. To this disadvantage we may, perhaps, attribute the observation so often repeated, that France recovers in the cabinet all she loses in the field: an observation, which, if it does not wound our pride, ought at least to awaken our caution.

But this diplomatic evil is not the only, nor the greatest mischief, that results from this absurd preference: it moreover enables our enemies to disseminate their political principles, to carry on intrigues, to multiply the means of seduction, and to insure, by the agency of numberless scribblers, pamphleteers, etc. the success of their dark and deep laid projects. They are already endowed with too many means of mischief, and

possess all the skill and activity requisite to give them effect.

tot sese vertit in ora,
Tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.
Æn. lib. vii.

Why should we voluntarily increase their powers of attack, and by propagating their language, open a wider field of action to their baneful influence? Such conduct surely borders upon infatuation.

In the next place, the propagation of the French language has produced no better effects in literature than in policy. If France has furnished the Republic of Letters with some finished models of theatrical excellence, some exquisite specimens of ecclesiastical oratory, and an immense collection of memoirs, the only branches in which she confessedly excels; she has, on the other hand, inundated Europe with frivolous compositions, erotic songs, and lovesick novels, by which she has warped the public taste from the classical rectitude of the preceding centuries; and inverting the natural process of the mind, turned it from bold and manly contemplations to languid and enervating trifles. Nay, she has done more. For the last sixty years, the genius of France, like one of those Furies * sometimes let loose

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* Cui tristia bella
Iraeque *insidiaque* et *noxia* crimina cordi.
Æn. vii.

to scourge mankind, and to ripen corrupted generations for destruction, has employed all its talents and all its attractions to confound the distinction of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, to infect the heart with every vice, and to cloud the understanding with every error; to stop for ever the two great sources of human dignity and felicity, Truth and Virtue; and to blot out of the mind of man, the very Sun and soul of the intellectual world, even the Divinity himself. Such is the unvarying tendency of almost all the works which have issued from the French press, and been circulated in all the countries of Europe during the period above-mentioned, from the voluminous and cumbersome *Encyclopedie* down to the Declamations of *Volney* or the Tales of *Marmontel en petit format*, for the accommodation of travellers. The truth is, that the appellation of French literature, at present, seems confined to the works of *Voltaire* and of his disciples, that is, to the infidel faction, excluding the nobler specimens of French genius, the productions of the age of Louis XIV. and of the period immediately following that monarch's demise: and if we wish to know the effects which this literature produces upon the human mind, we need only cast our eyes upon those who are most given to it, and the countries where it flourishes most. We shall find that impiety and immorality keep pace with it in private and public life, and that

domestic and national disorder and misery are its constant and inseparable companions. France, where the pestilence begun, first felt its consequences, and still bleeds under its scourge. The Prussian court, actually degraded and despised, smarts under the punishment brought upon the monarchy by the French principles of the atheistic Frederic. The Russian Capital, now the theatre of every dark intrigue, treacherous plot, and foul indulgence, may ere long have reason to curse the impolicy of Catherine, who, by encouraging the language and the opinions of France, sowed the seeds of death and of dissolution in the bosom of her empire,

Vipeream inspirans animam.

The late unhappy sovereign fell a victim to their increasing influence; and it is difficult to say, whether the same passions, working on the same principles, may not at some future period produce a similar catastrophe. Such are the consequences of partiality to French literature, and such the last great curse which that nation, at all periods of its history the bane and the torment of the human species, has, in these latter times, brought upon the civilized world. Now let me ask once more, in the name of truth and of virtue, of interest and of patriotism, by what fatality Europe is doomed to encourage a language, the instrument of so much mischief, and to

propagate a literature, the vehicle of poison and of desolation? What can induce her, by supplying means of communication, and facilitating the progress of armies already too rapid and too successful, to furnish weapons of assault to a giant Power, that massacres her tribes, and ravages her fairest provinces: and thus to prepare the way for her own final subjection? Surely such impolitic conduct must be the last degree of blindness, the utmost point of public infatuation. *

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* My reader, if partial to French, must excuse me, if in opposition to his taste and to the opinion of all the French academies, and their numerous dependents and flatterers I have given to that language the appellation of barbarous. If we take this epithet in the Roman, that is, in its proper sense, we may surely apply it with strict propriety to a language which, in its construction and pronunciation, has deviated more than any other from the excellencies and the harmony of the parent tongue. To prove these two points, we need but open any French book, particularly if a translation, and one page only will be sufficient to show, as I have already observed, its opposition to the freer and manlier arrangement of Latin; and as for the second, he who has heard the natives of different countries read Latin, will acknowledge, that the French tends more directly and more effectually than any European pronunciation, to untune the sweetness and to debase the acknowledged majesty of the Roman dialect. Nor is this opinion either new

But, it may be asked, where is the remedy? The remedy is at hand. We have our choice of two languages, either of which may be adopted as a general medium of communication, not only without inconvenience, but even with advantage — Latin and Italian. Latin is the parent of all the

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or peculiar; if it were, it might be attributed to that dislike to French utterance inherent in the natives of this country; but it is common to Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians; and as these latter may be considered the best judges because they have the most delicate ear, I shall quote the *Abbate Denina*, who, in one of his academical discourses, expressly asserts, that of *all European languages*, *French is, in construction and in accent, the most contrary to the phraseology and the harmony of Latin.*

But I wish, not only to apply the term *barbarous* to the language, but to extend it still farther, to many of its authors, who surpassed the barbarians in barbarism, and formed a project which would have shocked the Goths and Vandals themselves. This anti-classical project was no other than the total suppression of the ancient languages, by excluding them from the regular course of youthful studies, and substituting in their place, lectures on French literature, mathematics, chemistry, etc. The disposition of the present government in France is expressed, and its motives are pointed out with satirical delicacy, in the dedication of a work just published, entitled *Herculanensia*, by Sir William Drummond and R. Walpole, Esq.

refined languages in Europe; the interpreter of the great principles of law and of justice, or, in other words, of jurisprudence in all its forms, and with all its applications: it is the depository of wisdom and of science, which every age, from the fall of Carthage down to the present period, has continued to enrich with its productions, its inventions, its experience: it still continues the necessary and indispensable accomplishment of the gentleman and of the scholar, and is the sole introduction to all the honorable and liberal professions. It still remains the most widely spread of all languages, and its grammar is justly regarded for its clearness, its facility, and its consistency as the *General* grammar. Why then should we not adopt as an universal medium of intercourse, this language universally understood; and why not restore to it the privilege which it had ever enjoyed, till the fatal conquests of Louis XIV. spread the language and the vices of France over half the subjugated Continent?

I need not enlarge upon the advantages that would result from the adoption of Latin, or shew how much it would disencumber and facilitate the progress of education: this much, however, I will observe, that the energy and the magnanimity of the Roman authors in this supposition made common, might kindle once more the flame of liberty in Europe, and again *man* the rising generation, now dissolved in luxury and in effeminacy.

But, if in spite of taste and of reason, this noble language must be confined to our closets, and a modern dialect must be preferred to it, Italian, without doubt, is the most eligible, because it possesses the most advantages, and is free from every objection. I have already spoken of its exemption from evils to which French is liable; I need to say but a few words. It can have no political inconvenience; it is not the language of a rival nation. Italy pretends not to universal dominion, either by sea or by land; it administers to the pleasures without alarming the fears of other nations. Its language is that of poetry and of music; it is spread over all the wide-extended coasts, and through all the innumerable islands, of the Mediterranean, and has, at least, a classic universality to recommend it to the traveller who wishes to visit the regions ennobled by the genius and by the virtues of antiquity. The general tenor of Italian is pure and holy. None of its great authors were infected with impiety, and not one of its celebrated works is tinctured, even in the slightest degree, with that poisonous ingredient. I have already mentioned the ease with which it may be acquired: all its sounds may be found in every language; and if it be difficult, perhaps impossible, for foreigners to acquire all the graces of its modulation, they may, with very little labor make themselves masters of its essential parts, so as to express themselves with facility and with perspicuity.

But it may perhaps be objected, that a change of diplomatic language might at present be difficult, if not impossible. The difficulty is not so great as may be imagined *. What has been done may be done again. Let any one of the greater Courts declare its intention of communicating with foreign ministers only in its own language, or in Latin or Italian, and a revolution in this respect will be brought about without delay or opposition. That this change is desirable, and that it would bring with it many political, literary, and even moral advantages can scarcely be disputed; and that it may take place at some future period is by no means improbable **.

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* This revolution might have been effected in Vienna in the year 1794, that is, shortly after the commencement of the revolutionary war, if the court had supported the Anti-Gallican spirit of the gentry and the people, who pretty generally came to a resolution to dismiss all French teachers, and to forbid in their families the use of that language upon any occasion: a similar disposition was manifested in the year 1806 in Petersburg, in a much higher quarter, as the Emperor is said to have publicly declared, that he never expected to be addressed in any language but English and Russian, but in neither case was this patriotic resolution supported; the burghers of Vienna resumed their French grammars, and the Emperor Alexander submitted to French influence.

** How much the rejection of their language

Italian was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what French has been in the eighteenth, with this difference, that the former language owed to its own intrinsic merits that extension which the latter acquired by the preponderance of French power. When that power declines, and it is too gigantic and too oppressive to last, the language will decline with it, and again return to its natural limits; but what language will succeed it, it is not easy to conjecture. Italian has its intrinsic excellence and its superior literature to recommend it; but English, with similar though inferior claims, is supported by fashion, a very powerful ally, by influence commensurate with the known world, and by renown that spreads from pole to pole. It is already the language of commerce as French is that of diplomacy; and while the one is confined to courts and Capitals, the other spreads over continents and islands, and is the dialect of the busy and the active in every quarter of the globe. With such a weight on its side it is possible, even probable, that the scale will pre-

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annoys and mortifies the French Cabinet appears from the angry expressions of *Bonaparte*, complaining that, in the late negotiations (of 1806) the English Ministry wished to lengthen and perplex the discussions, by the introduction of *Latin forms*, etc.

ponderate in favor of English; a preponderance which may flatter our vanity, but cannot promote our interest, as it will increase an influence already exorbitant, and expose us more and more to the jealousies and the suspicions of Europe.

After all, it is very difficult to determine, whether any human efforts can influence the fate of languages, or abridge or prolong their destined duration. We move along in a vast funeral procession, which conveys individuals, kingdoms, and empires, with their passions, their monuments, their languages, to the tomb. The Greeks and Romans precede us in the paths of oblivion; a faint murmur of their languages reaches our ears, to subside ere long in utter silence. Shall our less perfect dialects be more fortunate, and can typographic art impart to them an immortality that fate refused to the beauty of Greece and to the majesty of Rome? I know not; but I can scarce expect such a distinction. One consolation however offers itself amid this gegeral wreck of man, of his works, and of his inventions; it is, that new political associations arise from the dissolution of kingdoms and empires, and call forth with increased vigor and interest the energies and the virtues of the human heart; that new combinations of sound spring from the decay of fading languages, affording fresh expressions to the understanding, and opening other fields to the imagination; and

that thus all the shifting scenery and the ceaseless vicissitudes of the external world tend only to develop the powers of the mind, and finally to promote the gradual perfection of the intellectual system.

RELIGION.

VII. The traveller who wishes to form a just idea of the religion of Italy, or indeed of any other European territory, would do well to consider, that in all Christian countries the same Gospel is professed, and of course the same principal articles of belief are admitted, the same moral duties are prescribed, and enforced by the same sanction of eternal rewards and punishments; or in other words, that Faith, Hope, and Charity, form the spirit and the essence of Christianity, in whatever manner it may be taught, or wheresoever established. When we inquire therefore, concerning the religion of a country, we mean to ask whether these Christian virtues influence its inhabitants more or less than they do those of other Christian countries, and according as this influence is perceptible in public and private life, we form a favorable or unfavorable opinion. The exterior of religion, that is the forms and the ceremonies of worship, with the administration and police of ecclesiastical government, the Protestant traveller will, if he be consistent, abandon to

the taste, the feelings, and the judgment of the public; certain that no form or ritual contrary to these grand agents in human affairs, by whatever authority it may be supported, will long prevail in any country. If we examine the religion of Italy upon these principles, we shall find much to praise, and something perhaps to admire.

In attendance on public worship, the Italians are universally regular, and though such constant attendance may not be considered as a certain evidence of sincere faith, yet every reader of reflection will admit, that it is incompatible with either infidelity or indifference. These latter vices are indeed very rare in this country, and entirely confined to a few individuals of the higher class, and to some officers in the army, who resigning their religion with their patriotism, have meanly condescended to adopt the fashions and the opinions of revolutionary France. Interest, the only motive that can induce men to act in opposition to their conviction and feelings, reaches only a few ostensible characters, and excepting under certain persecuting governments, cannot extend to the multitude.

Nor is the devotion of the Italian confined to public service. The churches are almost always open; persons of regular life and of independent circumstances generally visit some or other of them every day; and individuals of every condition may be seen at all hours, on their knees, engaged

in prayer or meditation *. Such instances of unaffected devotion often melt the heart of the pious traveller, and have, not unfrequently, extorted an approving exclamation from observers in other respects blinded by early prejudice, or inflamed by polemic animosity. If the reader be inclined to condemn such practices as superstitious or as favorable to idleness, let him open the Gospel first, and examine well both its words and its spirit; then let him consider how many minutes are trifled away by the busiest and most active in the course of the day; and finally let him remember how many cares corrode the human heart, which He only, who wove its tissue, can remove or mitigate.

The number of persons who receive the sacrament, and the becoming gravity of their deportment on this solemn occasion, will be another source of edification to a sincere Christian, who, of whatsoever denomination he may be, must always rejoice in seeing this affecting Rite, often renewed

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* « C'est un usage pieux des Catholiques, et que nous devrions imiter, «says Madame De Stael with her usual grace and feeling, « de laisser les eglises toujours ouvertes; *il y a, tant de moments où l' on éprouve le besoin de cet asile*, et jamais on n'y entre sans ressentir une émotion qui fait du bien à l'ame, et lui rend, comme une ablution sainte, sa force et sa pureté. « *L'Allemagne*, Vol. 1. Chap. 7.

and duly frequented. I say nothing of the numberless religious practices interwoven in the life of an Italian, and incorporated with the whole business and very substance of his existence, because I am aware that they are regarded by the bulk of my readers as marks rather of superstition than of piety. *

External practices, I know full well, have

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* One observation, however, I must make, in conjunction with a very learned and pious prelate of the Established Church (Bishop Butler in his Charge to the Clergy of Durham) that such occasional memorandums are too much neglected in England, and that he who observes them with prudence and discrimination performs a rational and useful act of Christian devotion: In fact, when an Italian, passing before a crucifix, takes off his hat, he means not to honor the wood or the bronze of which the image may be composed, but to express his reverence and gratitude towards the sacred person thus represented in the attitude of a victim. When he shews a similar respect to a picture of the Virgin, he means not to adore a creature, but to express his veneration for the most perfect model of virgin modesty, and of maternal fondness, on record in the holy Writings. As for the Eucharistic Elements, whatsoever opinion may be entertained of their mystic nature, yet they are universally acknowledged to be the most sacred and the most impressive symbols of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer; the respect, therefore, shewn to them, in which, deficiency is perhaps more blameable than excess, must rather edify than offend a devout and sensible Christian.

often been employed by the hypocrite as a convenient mask, and still more frequently, perhaps, abused by the libertine as a compensation and excuse; but I conceive that notwithstanding such perversion of motive, they are, when generally observed, a proof convincing and satisfactory of the sincerity and activity of national faith.

But to turn from the exterior of religion to practices more connected with its internal and most essential qualities, and consequently better adapted to the feelings of Englishmen in general, I will venture to assert, that no country exhibits more splendid examples of public benevolence, or furnishes more affecting instances of private charity, than Italy. Christian countries, in general (for there are some exceptions) and our own in particular, are not deficient in the number and endowments of public establishments for the relief of suffering humanity; but even in this respect, whoever has visited and examined the hospitals of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Venice, and Milan, will readily admit, that Italy has the honorable advantage of surpassing all the kingdoms of Europe in the number and the magnificence of her charitable foundations. To describe these edifices in detail, would require a separate work of considerable extent; and it will be sufficient perhaps to inform the reader, that there is no disease of body, no distress of mind, no visitation of Providence, to which the human form

is liable, from its first appearance till its final deposition in the grave, which is not relieved with tenderness, and provided for, if beyond relief, with a prodigality of charity seldom witnessed elsewhere *. However, one or two instances may be necessary for explanation. We have in England such establishments as Foundling Hospitals; but every body knows what interest and recommendation are necessary to introduce an unfortunate infant into such asylums. In many of the great towns of Italy, and in several of the smaller, such hospitals may be

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* It has been justly observed, that beneficent establishments owe their origin to christianity, and that the Greeks and even the Romans, howsoever humane in some respects, had little or no idea of such methods of relief. The only institution, or rather regulation, that bears any resemblance to any branch of our public charities is the provision made by Trajan for the education of the children of the poor in Rome first, and afterwards extended to Italy at large. The younger Pliny extols this institution with becoming eloquence. The mode in which the expence was defrayed deserves to be recorded. The legal interest of money was then twelve *per cent.*, the Emperor lent money to such landholders as wished to borrow at five per cent., obliging them to pay the interest into an office opened for the purpose. As the interest was low, the number of borrowers was great, and the funds superabundant.—*Brotier, Note. in Supplement. Hist.* lib. v.—*Plin. Paneg.* xxv,

found, and to avoid the evils of exposure with regard to the child, and to spare the delicacy or the pride of the parent, a box or case opens to the street, turning on a pivot in which the infant may be placed at any hour, and upon ringing a bell to give notice within, is immediately admitted without recommendation or inquiry. One request only is made to the parent, and that is to annex a paper to inform the administrators whether the child be baptized or not, and whether there be any disposition in the parent to acknowledge it at a future period.

The hospital of *St. Michael*, situated in the *Ripa Grande*, on the banks of the *Tiber*, is perhaps unequalled in its extent, endowment, and utility. Its front spreads along the river side, five hundred feet in length, and fifty in height; to it are annexed a magnificent church, a copious library, schools and work-rooms. It admits foundlings, orphans, and friendless children, decayed tradesmen, time-worn servants and the aged of all descriptions, when forlorn and helpless. The latter it supplies with every assistance spiritual and corporal, necessary to their years and infirmities. The former are nursed, educated, instructed in languages or trades, as their abilities and dispositions seem to require, and when they have learned some art or method of procuring a livelihood, they are dismissed from the hospital with a complete suit of clothes,

and a sum of money amounting to five pounds. Both sexes are admitted, but lodged in different wings of the hospital, and kept carefully separate even in the church.

I pass over in silence the superb Hospital of *St. John Lateran*, occupying one-half of the vast palace annexed to that cathedral, and containing six hundred patients; and the numberless similar establishments that truly grace and almost consecrate the fourteen *regions* or districts of this parent of cities, the Capital of the christian and civilized world. *

On the subject of hospitals I shall only add, that in many of them the sick are attended, and the ignorant instructed, by persons who devote themselves voluntarily to that disgusting and laborious task, and perform it with a tenderness and a delicacy which personal attachment, or the still more active and disinterested principle of Christian charity, is alone capable of inspiring.

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* It is with regret I feel myself obliged to add, that the licentiousness of the French soldiers and the rapacity of their generals, have nearly stripped the Roman hospitals of all their furniture, not excepting bedsteads, doors, and even windows; and what is still more distressing, because irremediable, almost exhausted the funds by which they had been supported, by draining the public treasury and destroying the credit of the State.

But, besides these public establishments, there are benevolent institutions, which, though properly speaking of a private nature, are widely spread and extensively felt: I allude to *confraternities*, or to use a more classical appellation, *Sodalities*. These *Sodalities*, or as the name implies; Companies, are formed by the voluntary agreement of a certain number of charitable persons, who unite together in order to relieve more effectually some particular species of distress. Thus, one of these benevolent societies devotes its attention to the wants of humble but decent families, and contrives to administer its alms in such a manner as to supply their necessities, and yet spare their honorable feelings. Another pays off debts contracted under the pressure of unavoidable distress, and restores the industrious sufferer to liberty and to labor. A third undertakes to visit goals, and to furnish means of comfort to such prisoners as are friendless and forsaken. A fourth discovers the obscure and forlorn sick, supplies them with medicines and professional assistance; if they recover, affords them nutritive food while in a state of convalescence; if they die, pays the expences of their funeral, and accompanies them with decent ceremony to the grave. *

* The reader may recollect, that several of these charitable societies have been enumerated in the account given of the Hospitals at Naples.

As I do not mean to enumerate all these humane and truly Christian associations, I pass over in silence those who make it their object to instruct ignorant youth and to portion virgin innocence; I need only say, that every want and every misfortune are certain of meeting with corresponding assistance from some band or other of generous *brethren;* and the traveller who contemplates the unwearied exertions of so many individuals united for such noble purposes, will be obliged to acknowledge, that in no country has charity assumed so many forms, or tried so many arts, to discover and to assuage the complicated varieties of human misery. These associations are composed principally of the middling classes, because in all countries these classes possess the greatest share of virtue and of compassion; yet, the most exalted characters for rank, fortune, and talents, enrol their names among them, and frequently distinguish themselves by their zeal and by their activity in the career of benevolence. On all public occasions, it is true, the members wear a dress that disguises and levels all ranks, under an appearance grotesque and ridiculous perhaps in the eyes of a stranger, but very well contrived to stifle that vanity which is so often the stimulus and the bane of public generosity.

From these superabundant funds of public and private charities, the poor of Italy, a class more numerous there than in most

other countries, owing in general to its great population, and in particular to the stagnating commerce, the declining manufactures, and the narrow policy of many of its States, are supported with comfort to themselves and with a certain sense of independence, without the oppressive burthen of poor rates, so inadequate to their object and so galling to the community.

After these details, in which I am not conscious of exaggeration or of misrepresentation, I think myself warranted in concluding, that a Religion which thus manifests its influence by so many effusions of devotion, and by so many deeds of benevolence, must be, or I know not what can be, true genuine Christianity.

Before I drop this subject, it may be proper to say something on the attention paid to the instruction of youth in Italy, as we have been assured by several travellers, that the lower classes in that country are not only neglected but purposely kept in a state of ignorance: but in this, as in many other instances, such writers either have allowed themselves to be blinded by their prejudices, or have given their opinion without the degree of observation requisite to ascertain its accuracy. In opposition to this partial and injurious representation, I shall state the following facts. In the diocese of *Milan*, or to speak more properly, in the vast tract of country, included between the Alps and the Apennines, and subject to the visitation

of the archiepiscopal See of *Milan*, in every parochial church the bell tolls at two o'clock on every Sunday in the year, and all the youth of the parish assemble in the church: the girls are placed on one side, the boys on the other: they are then divided into classes according to their ages and their progress, and instructed either by the clergy attached to the church, or by pious persons who voluntarily devote their time to this most useful employment; while the pastor himself goes from class to class, examines sometimes one, sometimes another, and closes the whole at four o'clock by a catechistical discourse. The writer first observed this mode of instruction at *Desensano*, on the borders of the *Lago di Garda*, then at *Mantua*, and finally, in the Cathedral of *Milan*, whose immense nave and aisles, almost equal in extent to St. Peter's, were then crowded with youths and with children. He was struck more than once with the great readiness of the answers, and often edified by the patience and the assiduity of the teachers.

In other parts of Italy children are catechised regularly, and almost invariably in the parish church by their pastor, and besides these general instructions every young person is obliged to attend a course of instruction for some months previous to the first Communion, and again before Confirmation. It may perhaps be asked, what the catechisms contain, and whether they are

compiled with judgment and discretion. As I have several of these little elementary books in my possession, I am enabled to answer that they contain an explanation of the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sacraments, and have sometimes annexed an account of the festivals, fasts, and public ceremonies: so that whatever redundancies the Protestant reader may find in the compilation, he can never complain of the omission or of the neglect of essentials. The truth is, and in spite of prejudice it must be spoken, the Italian common people are, to say the least, full as well acquainted with the truths, the duties, and the motives of religion as the same class in England, and instances of very gross ignorance seldom occur unless in the superabundant population of great towns and of overgrown Capitals. It is, I know, generally believed that the principal source of religious information is shut up in Italy (and indeed in all catholic countries) by the prohibition of translated Bibles; but this opinion, though supported by the united authority of the pulpit and of the press, is founded upon a slight mistake. Translations, when supposed to alter the sense or to degrade the dignity of the sacred Writings (and many such have been circulated in most countries) are prohibited; when considered as tolerably accurate, they are allowed and encouraged. Of the latter description, an Italian translation exists, penned with great

elegance, and recommended to public perusal by no less than *papal* authority.

After this impartial exposition, I think it may be fairly concluded, and my reader, if one single spark of christian charity glows in his bosom, will rejoice in the conclusion; in the first place, that in a country thus superabounding in works of benevolence, the spirit of charity, that characteristic mark of genuine Christianity, must be alive and active; and in the second place, that a nation, furnished with so many means of instruction, cannot perish through ignorance of the saving doctrines of the Gospel.

But many of my readers may exclaim, with surprize and impatience: What! are then the accounts of Italian superstition and bigotry, which we have so often read and so often laughed at, all false? Is there no idolatry in Italy, no priestcraft, no abuse? Surely, our author must be blinded by his partiality, and, in his enthusiasm, extend his admiration even to the absurdities and the deformities of its corrupted religion. Without doubt, the author has his prejudices, and may be influenced not a little perhaps by his enthusiasm; but his prejudices and his enthusiasm lean, he hopes, towards benevolence, and prompt him to pity and to excuse the errors of his fellow creatures. He abandons to Burnet, Addison, Misson, etc. and to the herd of travellers who follow their traces, the task of inflaming animo-

sity, and of working up the zeal of the reader into fury by misconceived and overcharged descriptions. He wishes to lull these stormy passions to rest, to reconcile the reader to his fellow creatures beyond the Alps, and to prevail upon him to extend to their abuses and their weaknesses some portion of that indulgence, which he seldom refuses to the absurdities and the follies that, now and then, attract his attention at home. To answer the above-mentioned query, therefore, many abuses, without doubt, may be observed in Italy; some priestcraft, if by priestcraft be meant an interested attempt to work upon the simple piety of the people; but I believe and trust, no idolatry. It may here perhaps be expected, that I shall amuse my readers with a long enumeration of ridiculous pictures, wonder-working images, all-powerful indulgencies; exhibit to their delighted eyes, a grotesque line of *friars*,

White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery;

and close the whole with an authentic document, giving pardon to past, present, and future sins. No! I have too great a respect for the public understanding at present to insult it with such trash, and shall endeavor to present to it, as a better entertainment, some reflections on the origin, the progress, and probable reformation of these abuses.

In the regions of the South, where the

sky is bright and nature beautiful; where the heart is warm and the imagination active; external demonstrations have ever been employed to express feelings too big for utterance, and external shews introduced to convey impressions and to excite sentiments grand and sublime, beyond the reach of ordinary language. The demonstrations of respect used anciently in the East, are well known; nor is it necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader the passages in the Book of Genesis, which represent Abraham prostrate before his guests, or Jacob at the feet of Esau, a posture of respect, amongst us exclusively confined to the worship of Almighty. It is equally superfluous to observe, that the legislator of the Jews, acting under the immediate inspiration of Heaven, so far humored the oriental fondness for shew, as to prescribe many minute observances and an annual succession of pompous exhibitions. The Greeks shared the passions and the propensities of their Asiatic neighbors, and display their taste for pageantry principally in their Games, which were in fact their yearly public meetings, where the national talents and character were exhibited to the greatest advantage.

The Romans, a more warlike and a more solemn people, loved pomp equally but employed it better; and confining it to the grand objects that occupied exclusively their thoughts, to Conquest and Religion, they displayed it in the triumphs of their heroes

and in the worship of their gods. But when the successful invasions of the barbarians had for ever closed the long series of the former; and when Christianity had presented objects infinitely more sublime and more awful for the exercise of the latter; then religion became their only occupation, and took possession of their minds, not as a principle only, but as a domineering passion, that claimed for itself the tribute of all their talents and of all their faculties. Then, the spacious Basilicae were opened for the assemblies of the faithful, and the forsaken temples converted into churches; the lights that preceded the Book of Laws and the Praetor, now moved before the Gospels and the Bishop; the solemn tones of tragic declamation were adapted to the lecture of the Holy Books; and the Psalms were tuned to the modulations of the Greek chorusses. To this magnificence were superadded the silent but impressive charms of order and of decorum reigning undisturbed over an immense assembly; the venerable appearance of the clergy, clothed in white, and ranged in a semicircle behind the altar, and at their head the majestic form of their aged pontiff, renowned perhaps alike for his sanctity, for his wisdom, and for his eloquence. The circus, and the theatre without doubt, have exhibited many a gay shew, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus has been the stage of many a noble pageant; but it may be questioned whether

Rome ever witnessed a grander spectacle than that anciently displayed in the illuminated cathedral of the Vatican on the night of the Nativity, or in the Lateran Basilica on the more solemn vigil of the Resurrection.

As years of war and of devastation rolled on successively, the prospect of the Roman world darkened more and more; the forum was deserted, the circus and the theatres were closed, the temples were shut up for ever, and even the very tutelar divinities of the empire were forgotten. In these times of disaster and of depression, the Basilicae alone remained open, the only places of public resort, the only retreat from public misery, where the mind was soothed by the consolations, and the eyes delighted with the solemnities of Religion. In these sanctuaries the Romans assembled with complacency; there, free from barbarian intrusion, they heard the language and beheld the vestments of their fathers; there they saw and venerated in their clergy and in their prelates the grave and dignified deportment of the magistrates of ancient Rome; and there they were entertained with pomps and ceremonies, pure, calm, and holy, that melted and improved the heart, while they captivated the senses, and were by that circumstance alone far more impressive and more delightful than the impure, turbulent, and often inhuman exhibitions of the circus and of the amphitheatre.

The invaders themselves, however fierce and untractable at first, were gradually tamed and civilized by the climate, by the arts, by the manners, and, above all, by the religion of the Romans; and they embraced its doctrines, not with the zeal of converts only, but with the impetuosity and the passion that characterize the proceedings of barbarians. The conversion of these half savages gave, as may be supposed, a new and a stronger impulse to the national propensities, and sometimes made, not religion only, but, as is natural to unpolished minds, its exterior and sensible form the grand object of their thoughts and their devotion. Hence, to build, to ornament, and to endow churches; to increase the number of the clergy, and to found monasteries; to discover relics, and to deposit them in splendid shrines; to lengthen the service by new offices, and to swell the ritual with fresh ceremonies; to invent pomps more magnificent, and habits more dazzling, became the occupation of the clergy, the ambition of nobles, and the pride of sovereigns. It is indeed much to be lamented, that while Zeal increased, Taste was on the decline; and that many of the institutions and the inventions of the seventh and the succeeding ages, though intended to grace, too frequently disfigure the exterior of Religion. The truth is, that the language of signs, like that of words, may be overcharged with ornament, and that, in both, overstrained

attempts to catch the *Beautiful* or to reach the *Sublime*, generally terminate in littleness and in absurdity. We accordingly find, that the same bad taste which encumbered the ritual with petty observances, infected the style of the times, and filled it with obscure allusions, and turgid epithets.

This evil continued to increase with the ignorance and the barbarism of the times, filling the church with new orders, and deforming divine service with new rites, new dresses, new festivals, and new devotions; till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century first checked the abuse, and has ever since been employed, gradually, but effectually, *in driving the holy Vandals off the Stage*, and in clearing the ritual of the accumulated lumber of the seven preceding centuries. Under the secret influence of this improving spirit, absurd relics, formerly honored with ill-placed though well-meant reverence, are now left to moulder unnoticed in their shrines; petty forms of devotion are gradually falling into disuse; the ornaments of the church are assuming a more dignified appearance; the number of holidays introduced among the barbarians, who had little to employ their time but war and rapine, has been diminished and adapted to the more active genius of a highly civilized generation; and the *police* and external discipline of the church is gradually fashioning itself to the feelings and the wants of modern society.

The number of ecclesiastical persons now existing in Italy, though an abuse, is nevertheless neither such an absurdity nor such a grievance as Englishmen are generally apt to imagine it to be, for the following reason, which, though very obvious, has not, I believe, yet occurred to any of our travelled authors. In a country, where the population is immense, and all that population of the same religion, it will be admitted that the parochial clergy alone are not sufficiently numerous to answer the calls and to supply all the religious wants of their flocks; especially when the instruction of every child, and the visitation of every sick individual, are considered as essential parts of parochial duty; and when every person of every description, of an age capable of comprehending the importance of such a duty, is obliged to receive the sacrament every year at or near the festival of Easter. Now, as it is impossible personally to fulfil these duties, deputies and assistants are indispensably necessary; and who are better calculated to fill such humble offices than men who ask no salary and refuse no task; who, content with the necessaries of life, such as the common people use, are always ready to obey the calls of the parochial clergy, and to relieve them in the discharge of the most laborious and burthensome functions? Now, such are the friars, a set of people despised and much traduced by strangers, but in truth, humble, unassuming, and disinterested, obliging to all visitants,

and, I must add, officiously attentive to their foreign censors.

Add to the circumstances just mentioned, that a considerable part of the population of Italy is spread over the fastnesses, and immersed in the recesses of the Apennines, and not unfrequently separated from the inhabitants of the plain by barriers of ice and snow. When in these lonely wilds, the traveller discovers rising on some tufted eminence the humble spire of a convent; or when from the midst of a neighboring forest he hears the bell of an ancient abbey tolling in his ear, Religion and hospitality seem to rise before him, to soften the savage features of the scene, and to inspire hopes of protection and refreshment. Seldom, I believe, are these hopes disappointed. In the rich abbey, he may loiter day after day and still find his presence acceptable, and his hosts entertaining: in the humble convent he will meet with a hearty welcome, be introduced into the best apartment, and partake of their very best fare. If he stays, he confers an obligation; if he goes, he departs, *votis et ominibus*, with their blessings and their prayers. Such acts of kindness remind us that we are Christians and brothers, and in spite of religious animosity melt and delight the benevolent heart.

But these convents are supported by charity, and may be considered as an encouragement to idleness, and a tax upon the industrious poor; and their inhabitants are

a lazy set of mendicants, mere drones in society, always ignorant, often debauched, and ever useless. Such is the language of many travellers, and of another class perhaps equally attached to truth and full as entertaining, of many novelists and many romance writers. But, with all due respect to such formidable authorities, I must state my opinion, not formed in the closet but founded upon local observation. These convents are supported by charity, it is true; but that charity is a voluntary gift, proportioned to the means and the inclination of the donor, and generally drawn from the stores of the rich, not scraped from the pittance of the poor. Their inhabitants are mendicants; but they refund the alms which they collect, with interest into the common stock, by sharing them with the poor and the cripple, with the blind and the sick, with the houseless pilgrim and the benighted wanderer. Thus they spare their country the expense of work-houses, with all their prodigal appendages; and they render it a still more important service, in preserving it from the oppressive and ever accumulating burthen of poor rates. They instruct the ignorant: they visit the sick; they nurse the dying, and they bury the dead; employments, silent and obscure indeed, but perhaps as useful to mankind and as acceptable to the Divinity, as the bustling exertions of many a traveller and the voluminous writings of many an author. Those who charge them with ignorance and de-

bauchery, must have been very partial, or very inconsiderate observers, extending the defects or vices of a few, perhaps lay brothers, (that is, servants in the dress of the Order,) to the whole body; a mode of reasoning which we very justly reject, when applied to our own country and to its corporations, but which we are very apt to adopt when speaking of other countries and of their institutions.

With regard to information, the truth is, that in the greater convents, such as exist in cities, a traveller is certain of discovering, if he chooses to inquire for them, some men of general erudition; and he will find the brotherhood at large, sometimes well versed in Latin and Italian literature, and always in Divinity, the peculiar science of their profession. In the rural convents, the case is different. Taste and learning would be an encumbrance to a friar, doomed for life to associate with rustics: piety, good nature, some Latin, and a thorough knowledge of his duty, are all that can be expected, and all that the traveller will find among these humble *Fathers of the Desert.*

As to the morality of convents, we must form our opinion of it with a due regard to their number, as in all aggregate bodies composed of human beings some instances must be found of the weakness of our common nature; and such irregularities, if not beyond the ordinary proportion of frailty inseparable from the best establishments in

similar circumstances, may claim indulgence.

Now, though instances of gross immorality are sometimes heard of, and occasional deviations are perhaps not unfrequent; yet, on the whole, it is but just to acknowledge, that piety and decorum generally prevail in convents, and that examples of devotion, of holiness, and of disinterestedness are frequent enough to edify the candid observer, whilst they obliterate all little incidental interruptions of religious regularity. Extremes of vice are rare, fortunately, in all ranks, and most certainly very unusual indeed in ecclesiastical corporations of every description. The friar, in fact, who becomes a slave to his passions, generally flies from the gloom and the discipline of his convent, and endeavors to lose the remembrance of his engagements and of his duties in the bustle and dissipation of ordinary life. In fine, I may venture to assure the English traveller, that he may pass the night in any convent in Italy without the least chance of being alarmed by sounds of midnight revelry, and without the smallest danger from the daggers of a *Schedoni*, a *Belloni*, or of any such hooded ruffian; that the tolling of bells, and perhaps the swell of the organ, may chance to disturb his morning slumbers; and that some benevolent Father *Lorenzo* may inquire, rather unseasonably, about his health and repose.

Before I quit this subject it will be necessary to give the reader a short account

of the hierarchy of the church of Italy, and the different Orders that devotion or authority have superinduced in the course of ages into the clerical body. The Pope, as primate, presides over the Church of Italy, with the same rights and prerogatives as accompany the same title in other countries. There is a Patriarch who resides at Venice, but derives his title and honor from the ancient See of *Aquileia*, destroyed by the Huns under Attila, in the year 452, and ever since existing only as an insignificant town or rather village. All the great cities, and some of a secondary rate, have Archbishops, while almost every town, at least if ancient, is the See of a Bishop. To account for this extraordinary number of Bishops, it will be necessary to recollect, that the Christian Religion was planted in Italy by the Apostles themselves or by their immediate successor, who, according to the primitive practice were accustomed to appoint in every town a Bishop and Deacons. Besides the cathedrals, there are several collegiate churches which have their deans and chapters; but it must be recollected, that the deans and canons of every description are obliged to reside at least nine months in the year, and to attend regularly at the three public services of the day, viz. Morning Service, at four, five, or six; Solemn Communion Service or High Mass, about ten; and Evening Servace, about three. The parochial clergy are

numerous; pluralities are never allowed, and constant residence is strictly enforced. So far, the difference between the Italian and English Hierarchy, if we except the article of residence, is not material; in the following circumstances they differ totally, and on which side the advantage lies, the reader must determine.

In Italy every Bishop has his diocesan *seminary* or college, consecrated solely to ecclesiastical education, under his own inspection and under the direction of a few clergymen of an advanced age and of high reputation for sanctity and learning. In this seminary the candidates for orders in the diocese are obliged to pass three years, under rigorous discipline, in the study of divinity and in a state of preparation for the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions before they are admitted to the priesthood. It may be asked, what course of studies is adopted in these establishments? The student is obliged to attend twice a day at lectures on the Scripture, on ethics, and on theology. The mode of treating these topics depends upon the taste and the talents of the lectures; but the two latter are generally discussed in the scholastic manner, which has long since fallen into contempt and ridicule amongst us; though the zealous Protestant must know, that the Reformers, particularly Luther and Calvin, derived from it the weapons which they employed against their antagonists, and the

skill with which they used them. The truth is, that notwithstanding the quibbles, the sophisms, the trivial distinctions, and the cobweb refinements introduced into it, a course of school divinity gives a very full and comprehensive view of theology taken in the widest sense of the word, and furnishes a man of judgment and of discrimination with the best proofs, the strongest objections, and the most satisfactory answers, upon almost every question that has occupied the thinking part of mankind on the subject of religion.

Such is the constitution of the regular and apostolic part of the Italian Church, of the clergy, simply and properly so called; a body of men as exemplary in their conduct and as active in the discharge of their duty, as any national clergy in the Christian world. The traveller must not confound with the clergy a set of men who wear the clerical habit merely as a convenient dress, that enables them to appear respectably in public places, to insinuate themselves into good company, and sometimes to cover principles and conduct very opposite to the virtues implied by such a habit. The intrigues and vices of these adventurers have too often been attributed, by hasty and ignorant persons, to the body whose uniform they presume to wear, with just as much reason as the deceptions of swindlers might be ascribed to the gentlemen whose names are sometimes assumed for such sinister purposes.

It must however be acknowledged, that the clerical body in Italy is too numerous; that many supernumeraries might be retrenched; and that such a reform would contribute much to the edification of the public and to the reputation of the body itself. But, wherever any profession has acquired celebrity or any corporation seems to open a wider or a shorter road to preferment, its ranks will necessarily be crowded, and the very avenues to it besieged with pretenders. This evil is now rapidly decreasing. The ecclesiastical profession, since the Church has been plundered and insulted by the French, is no longer the road either to fame or to fortune. The attractions it retains are merely spiritual, and not likely to allure a multitude, or to compensate, in the opinion of many, the restraints which it necessarily imposes.

We now come to the regular clergy, so called because they live under certain rules or statutes, and take upon themselves obligations not connected with the clerical profession. This body is very numerous, exhibits a great variety of dresses, and strongly attracts the attention of an English traveller, who, if a very zealous Protestant, is apt to feel, at the sight of one of its individuals, an aversion or antipathy similar to that which some hypochondriac persons are said to experience in the presence of cats and other domestic animals.

The regular clergy may be divided into two

great classes, Monks and Friars, who though they are bound in common by the three vows of Poverty, of Chastity, and of Obedience, yet live under very different regulations. The former, under various appellations, follow almost universally the rule of St. Benedict, who, in the sixth century, attempted to regulate the monastic life which had been introduced into Italy and the Western Church in the age preceding. His Rule is rather a treatise of morality than a book of statutes, as it recommends many virtues, and prescribes few regulations; these regulations regard principally the disposal of time, and the order of the psalms, the duties of the two principal officers of the abbey, and the practice of hospitality. It enjoins manual labor, and presupposes the existence of a library in each monastery. Much is left to the discretion of the Superior; particularly the dress, in which the prudent founder recommends plainness, and cautions against singularity. The truth is, that in their hours, their habit, their diet, and their employments, the first monks nearly resembled the better sort of peasants. The *cowl*, a long black gown or *toga* intended to cover their working dress and to give them a decent appearance in church, was at first the only external distinction. In process of time, the general promotion of the monks to holy orders, their application to literature, and, above all, their adherence to the forms, the hours, and the manners of the age of their institution, made the distinction more

striking, and at length marked them out as a peculiar and separate *Cast.*

The first monasteries established by St. Benedict and by his immediate disciples were generally built among ruins, in unwholesome marshes or uncultivated plains, in the midst of dreary forests, or on the summits of mountains almost inaccessible. In process of time these rugged scenes began to smile upon the industry of their inhabitants, and yielding to the unremitting labor of centuries, many a swamp resigned its infectious pools, many a pathless forest opened into pastures, and many a naked rock put on verdure and waved with foliage. As barrenness yielded to cultivation, the resources of the monasteries multiplied, and their increasing riches sometimes overflowed and fertilized whole provinces. Their solitudes were gradually peopled by well-fed and happy peasants, and the abbey itself not unfrequently became the centre and the ornament of a flourishing city.

These establishments were not only the abode of piety, but they became the asylums of learning, and collected and preserved the scattered remains of Greek and Roman literature and refinement. They were indeed the only retreats that were sometimes neglected and sometimes spared by the hordes of barbarians that successively invaded the provinces of the Roman Empire, and swept away, with undistinguishing ruin, their edifices, their sciences, and their arts. In process of time, the Benedictines, not content with hording up

books, endeavored to diffuse science, and opened their retreats to the studious; thus the monasteries soon became the seminaries of youth, and even the nurseries of boyhood. Such, in the time of St. Benedict himself, was *Monte Cassino*, and afterwards *Vallombrosa, Sta. Justina* at *Padua, S. Giorgio* at *Venice*, etc. in Italy; and in France the famous Abbey of *Cluni*, etc.

If manual labor was found incompatible with these nobler and more useful occupations, we cannot censure the monks for having resigned it, nor wonder that they should prefer, to the tillage of their grounds and the increase of their harvests, the propagation of knowledge and the cultivation of the human mind. Their deviation from the letter of their Rule in this respect is the more pardonable, as their literary labors were crowned with the most signal success; and for many ages the church was indebted to the Benedictine Order alone for her most enlightened prelates, the Christian kingdoms for their wisest statesmen, and the republic of letters for its most active and best informed scholars.

To this Order, several countries owe the knowledge of Christianity, and all the blessings annexed, as well in this life as in the life to come, to its public establishment. To it, England in particular, is most deeply indebted; for, from the labors of the zealous Augustin and of his associates and followers, she has derived her religion,

her creeds, her hierarchy, her sacraments; to them she owes the knowledge of the ancient languages and of the ancient arts; they founded her two Universities, *duo lumina regni*; they erected twelve of her most magnificent Cathedrals, and they raised a thousand other superb edifices, which, though now in ruins only, are still the ornament of the country and the admiration of travellers. France has similar, though certainly not equal obligations to the Benedictines, and previous to the Revolution could boast that she possessed in the congregation of St. Maurus, the most learned corporate body in the world; so high was the reputation of that society at a certain period, and so numerous the eminent persons it produced. In fact, what a blaze of glory must have resulted from the united fame of *Montfaucon*, *Mabillon*, *Ceillier*, and *Martenne*, who all flourished at the same period, and astonished the literary world with the extent, the variety, and the depth of their researches.

But the Benedictines are accused of being rich, and rich they undoubtedly were, but never were riches better acquired, or better employed; they were acquired by the persevering labor of ages, and they were employed in acts of beneficence and in works of splendor. Never was there so fair a division of the profits of agriculture between the landlord and the tenants, as between the monks and their farmers; never was

greater indulgence shewn in case of failure; and never was assistance more readily imparted in circumstances of distress. In truth, the peasantry on the abbey lands were, in all countries, a happy and contented race, well instructed in their duties, and well supplied with all the necessaries and the comforts compatible with their situation. They alone enjoyed that rural felicity which poets have, at all times, attributed to their fellows at large, and might justly be called fortunate.

Fortunate nimium sua si bona norint.

I need not enlarge upon the munificence of the Order, as the princely incomes of the rich abbies have, for these eight centuries past been almost entirely devoted to the erection and the decoration of churches, halls, and libraries, and few indeed are the provinces of Europe, which are not indebted for their principal architectural ornaments to the taste, the splendor, and the opulence of the Benedictines; insomuch, that when it disappears, and the period of its extinction is probably not far distant, it will leave more traces of its existence, and more monuments of its greatness and of its wide-extended influence, than any empire, the Roman excepted, that ever yet flourished on the Earth.

The Benedictins are also accused of luxury; and poets and novelists have at all times amused themselves in describing *slum-*

bering abbots, *purple as the vines* that imbosom their abodes; and convivial monks, with the glass in their hands, laughing at the tolling of the midnight bell. To affirm that no scenes of revelry had ever been witnessed in an abbey, or to imagine that such scenes were frequent, would be equally absurd. The rule of St. Benedict obliges his disciples to hospitality, and their luxury consisted in entertaining every guest according to his rank and to their means. The abbot on such occasions represented the body, and was *exclusively* charged with the care and the entertainment of visitors; he had a table and separate apartments allotted for the purpose, and generally lived in the style and the splendor of a bishop. In the interim, the monks, with the prior at their head, lived in their usual retirement, and fed upon their very moderate allowance in their hall; while, to season their repast, a lecture was read from the Bible, the Fathers, or Ecclesiastical History.

In the same manner, the magnificence of their edifices was confined to the public parts, to the church, to the library, to the cloisters, and to the hall or refectory; but never pervaded the cell of the monk or emblazoned the bare walls of his humble dwelling. In *fact*, whether the income of the monastery were one or ten thousand, the furniture, diet, dress, and condition of the private monk were always the same, always above penury, but far below luxury.

In short, monks are generally by birth and education, gentlemen, and their mode of living nearly resembles that of fellows of colleges in the English universities; with this difference, that their engagements are for life, and that nothing but sickness can exempt them from constant residence, and from regular attendance in hall and in chapel.

It would be unjust to pass over in silence, two circumstances highly creditable to this Order. In the first place, the Benedictins have ever been averse to innovations, and have endeavored to retain in the liturgy and in the public service of the Church the forms and the order that prevailed in the times of their founder, and thus, by discouraging petty practices and whimsical modes or expressions of devotion invented by persons of more piety than prudence, they have in a certain degree preserved unadulterated and undegraded, the purer and more majestic ceremonial of the ancients. In the next place, in political struggles, the monks have either observed a charitable neutrality, befriending the distressed, and allaying the animosities of both parties; or, if forced to declare themselves, they have generally joined the cause, if in such cases either could claim to be the cause, of their country and of justice. In scholastic debates, which have not unfrequently been conducted with great rancor and some mischief, they have acted with the coolness of spectators unconcerned in the result, and seem occasionally to have laughed in secret at the

furious zeal with which the contending parties supported or attacked air-built theories and visionary systems. Even in the more important contests on religious articles, which sometimes burst forth before the Reformation, and have raged with lesser or greater, but always with most malevolent animosity, ever since that event; in contests which have ruffled the smoothest minds and soured the sweetest tempers, the Benedictins alone seem to have been exempt from the common frenzy, have preserved their usual calmness in the midst of the general tempest, and have kept strictly within the bounds of christian charity and moderation. Among them we find no inquisitors, no persecutors. Though plundered, stripped, insulted, in most reformed countries, they seem rather to have deplored in silence, what they must have considered as the errors and the madness of the times, than inveighed against it in public; and content with the testimony of their own consciences, they appear to have renounced with manly piety the pleasure of complaint and of invective.

This body, once so extensive, so powerful, is now fallen, and its history, like that of many potent empires, will shortly be a *tale of days that are no more. Philosophists*, insects rising in swarms from the dregs of modern times, buzz and clap their wings in triumph; but the wise man, who judges what may happen *by that which is passed*, pauses in silence and uncertainty.

When he contemplates the solitudes that spread around the Abbies of Vale Crucis and of Furness, and the misery that pines away in the cold ruins of the romantic Tintern, he will apprehend that posterity may derive little advantage from their suppression, and be little inclined to applaud the zeal of their improvident forefathers. The savage wilds of the *Chartreux* have been abandoned to their primeval horrors; the summits of *Monte Cassino*, now crowned with stately edifices are destined to be a desert once more; and the solitudes of *Vallombrosa*, now enlivened by the shouts of youthful mirth, will ere long rebellow the growlings of the bear and of the wolf of the Apennines *. Such is the policy of the philosophic governors of the nineteenth century, and such their method of encouraging agriculture and of augmenting population.

From the Benedictins sprung many minor congregations of more or less repute, according to the talents and the influence of their founders, such as the Bernardins, Celestines, Camaldolese, etc. The first derived great credit from the eloquence, the sanctity, and the authority of the celebrated St. Bernard, and grew up into a rich and numerous. Or-

* This prediction has been fulfilled with regard to both the venerable and magnificent establishments mentioned above much sooner than the author could have imagined.

der. The second, humble and unambitious as their founder, who from the papal chair, then confessedly the first throne in Europe, had slunk in to the silence of a convent, soon subsided in obscurity and insignificance. The last was too austere to become numerous, and if we except a few thinly inhabited houses at Rome, Venice, and Naples, was seen only in deserts, and flourished principally in the most remote, and the most dreary solitudes of the Apennines.

To the monks we may add the canons regular, who with the dress and ordinary duties of other prebendaries, took upon themselves monastic engagements and led a conventual life; as also the Theatins, Hieronymites, Oratorians, and other congregations of clergy, who devoted themselves to the education of youth and to the instruction of the poor, and lived in communities, without making vows or contracting any permanent and irrevocable obligations. This class has rendered many essential services to the public, has produced many distinguished literary characters, and was, perhaps, the most useful and the least objectionable. All these orders, congregations, and institutions, have one advantage in common, which is, that they are supported by a regular settled income, derived from landed property or from public grants; an advantage which contributes much to their independence and to their respectability, and distinguishes them from the second class of regular clergy, who subsist upon alms

and donations, and are therefore called *Mendicants*.

To these latter, exclusively, belongs the appellation of Friars, derived from *Fratres*, *Frati*, *Freres*, an appellation assumed first by St. Francis as a mark of humility, and retained ever after by his followers. It would be useless, and I fear tedious, to detain the reader with an enumeration of all the subdivisions of this numerous body, or with a description of their dresses, distinguishing features and particular observances and austerities. Suffice it to say, that St. Francis of *Asisium*, of whom I have elsewhere given the reader some account, gave the first example and the first impulse in the year 1209. His disciples were called *Fratres Minores*, and in a very short space of time multiplied so prodigiously as to astonish, and almost to terrify the clergy of that age, by their numbers and by their activity.

St. Francis of *Paula*, following the example of his namesake, instituted a new fraternity, and in order to sink still lower on the scale of humility, called his disciples *Fratres Minimi*.

St. Dominic founded the Order of the Preachers, better known under the denomination of Dominicans.

The Carmelites affect to trace their origin to the prophet Elias, and merely (say they) underwent *a reform* at the Christian era; they were discovered by some military pilgrims during the Crusades, on the top of

Mount Carmel, and were thence transplanted to Italy, and other European countries, where, notwithstanding the changes of climate they grew and flourished for several centuries.

The Augustines or Austin Friars, so called because they drew their statutes from the works of St. Augustin, were little different from the rest of the fraternity.

All these, and others of less note, were originally intended to act as assistants to the clergy in the discharge of their parochial duties, but in process of time the auxiliaries became more numerous than the main body, and not unfrequently excited its jealousy and hatred by encroaching upon its prerogatives, and by usurping part of its credit and of its functions. They contrived indeed, first, by pontifical exemptions, to shake off the legal authority of their respective bishops; next, by similar concessions, to acquire some share of their apostolical powers; and, lastly, by certain privileges annexed to their oratories to gather congregations and to draw the people away from the regular parochial service. These were great abuses; and in towns, where the Friars had numerous convents, tended not a little to divert the attention of the public from the spirit and the simplicity of the ancient liturgy, to shews, images, and exhibitions. However, to compensate, if any compensation can be made for such evils, the mendicant Orders produced several great men; each in its time roused the age from a le-

thargy of ignorance, and awakened, partially at least, a spirit of inquiry and of improvement. Besides, in small towns, in numerous villages, and in lonely or distant provinces, they still continue to fulfil their original object, and, as I have hinted above, to afford a necessary assistance to the ordinary pastors. They are, in general, considered as too numerous, and from the frequency with which they meet the eye in certain Capitals, I am inclined to admit this conclusion. But, as the population of Italy is very great, amounting to eighteen millions at least, and as all that immense population professes the same religion, the surplus may not be so excessive as is usually imagined. At all events, this evil is daily diminishing, and the succeeding generations in Italy, as in most other countries, will probably have reason to lament the want, rather than complain of the number, of religious ministers.

To conclude.—There are in the religion of Italy some, and indeed not a few abuses; one among these abuses we may rank the multiplicity of ceremonies, and the introduction of theatrical exhibitions and theatrical music into the church; the general use and exaggeration of certain popular and undignified forms of devotion; and, in fine, the unnecessary number of religious establishments. These abuses originate partly from the influence of the climate and from the genius of the people, and partly from the natural effects of Ages, which, as they

roll on, sometimes improve and sometimes deteriorate human institutions. To remove them entirely, is difficult; to eradicate them at once, would be dangerous and perhaps not possible. The whole business of reform must be left to the zeal of enlightened pastors, to public opinion, to the inquisitive and critical spirit of the age, and to Time, so apt to destroy his own work and to root up weeds, which he himself has planted.

Quod aetas vitium posuit, aetas auferet.
Pub. Syr.

At all events, one obvious reflection presents itself to console the benevolent and truly Christian reader, whose expansive heart embraces all mankind, and who of course wishes rather to enlarge than to narrow the conditions of pardon and the pale of salvation. Of all the abuses here enumerated, not one, in the opinion of an enlightened Protestant, can touch the essence of Christianity; not one can obscure the splendor of the Divine perfections; not one can affect the mediation of the Redeemer, or obstruct the active and efficient operation of the three prime and all-enlivening virtues, of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity. On the contrary, most, if not all, may be attributed to a well-intended, though an ill-directed zeal, a fault which, of all the failings incidental to human nature, undoubtedly deserves the greatest indulgence. With

this reflection ever uppermost in his mind, the most zealous Protestant may traverse Italy with composure, bear its abuses with temper, treat a monk or even a friar with civility, and still consider himself as in a Christian country.

NATIONAL CHARACTER

VIII. After having thus taken a cursory view of the Climate, of the History, of the Literature, and of the Religion of Italy, we shall proceed to make some observations on the character of its inhabitants; observations the more necessary, as the subject has been much distorted by prejudice and misrepresentation.

National, like individual character, is, I am aware, a wonderful texture, composed of threads oftentimes so fine, and frequently so interwoven, as to escape the notice of the most penetrating observer. But this obscurity affects only the more delicate tints, and leaves the principal and constituent colors their full strength and effect. The latter part of this observation becomes more applicable to such individuals and nations as are placed in trying circumstances, which necessarily call forth the passions and oblige nature to exert her latent energies without control. On such occasions the character throws off every disguise, and displays all its peculiar and distinctive features. Now, if ever any nation has been placed in such circumstances it certainly is the Italian, and consequently we should be

led to conclude, that no national character could be more open to observation, and more capable of being drawn with accuracy and precision. Yet, the very contrary has happened, and never surely were any portraits more overcharged, and more unlike the original, than the pictures which some travellers have drawn (at leisure apparently) and given to the public as characters of the Italians. If we may credit these *impartial* gentlemen, the Italians combine in their hearts almost every vice that can defile and degrade human nature. They are ignorant and vain, effeminate and cruel, cowardly and treacherous, false in their professions, knavish in their dealings, and hipocritical in their religion; so debauched as to live in promiscuous adultery, yet so jealous as to murder their rivals; so impious as scarcely to believe in God, yet so bigotted as to burn all who reject their superstitions; void of all patriotism, yet proud of the glory of their ancestors: in short, wallowing in sensual indulgence, and utterly lost to all sense of virtue, honor, and improvement. Hence, is a scene of lewdness or debauchery to be introduced into a Romance? It is placed in an Italian convent. Is an assassin wanted to frighten ladies in the country, or to terrify a London mob on the stage? An Italian appears; a monk or a friar probably, with a dose of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other. Is a crime too great for utterance to be presented dimly to the imagination? It is

half disclosed in an Italian *Confessional*. In short, is some inhuman plot to be executed, or is religion to be employed as the means or the instrument of lust or revenge? The scene is laid in Italy; the contrivers and the perpetrators are Italians; and to give it more diabolical effect, a convent or a church is the stage, and clergymen of some description or other, are the actors of the tragedy. These misrepresentations, absurd and ill-founded as they are, have been inserted in so many books of travels, and interwoven with so many popular tales, that they have at length biassed public opinion, and excited a distrust and an antipathy towards the Italian nation.

The authors of these *Tales of Terror* ought to recollect, that in amusing the imagination they are not allowed to pervert the judgment; and that, if it be a crime to defame an individual, it is aggravated guilt to slander a whole people. Yet this class of writers, who professedly deal in fiction, however they may undesignedly influence the public mind, appear innocent when compared with travellers who while they pretend to adhere to strict veracity, relate as eye witnesses, facts which never happened, and give as interlocutors, conversations that were never uttered, playing upon the credulity of the reader on one side, and on the other, sacrificing the reputation of individuals and of nations without mercy or remorse. This fondness for mischievous and ill-natured fiction, which some celebrated authors have indulged to a

great excess, has sometimes been a serious disadvantage to their countrymen, and has closed against them the best sources both of information and of amusement; that is the societies of Capitals through which they passed, in Sicily and in Italy.*

But this evil is trivial in comparison of the greater mischief which such works do at home, by infusing prejudices, and exciting rancorous antipathies against our fellow-creatures; sentiments generally ill-founded and always unchristian and malevolent. If it be difficult to account for the malignity of such authors, it is still more so to conceive the credulity of the readers who give the traveller full credit for whatever he chooses to relate, and listen to his tales with the most unsuspicious confidence. Yet if they reflected upon the propensity which travellers in general are supposed to have to fiction and exaggeration, and have considered how little English travellers in particular, for various reasons, associate with the people of the countries through which they pass,

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* See on this subject Mr. Swinburne's account of his reception at *Palermo*, subsequent to Brydone's publication. Vol. III. sect. 25. I always cite this sensible and very accurate writer with satisfaction. Had he given the public such an account of Italy in general as he has of its southern provinces, he would have superseded the necessity of the present publication.

they would find more reasons for doubt and diffidence than for implicit belief in such relations.

But if I object to such misrepresentations and literary falsehoods as a man of veracity, I censure them with double severity as a patriot. I consider them, when published, as insults to the good sense and the candor of the nation; and, when believed, as so many monuments of its credulity and its injustice. Hitherto foreigners, and particularly Italians, have shewn very little inclination to retaliate, and in general display towards the manners, the literature, and the reputation of England, a partiality the more generous on their side because the less merited on ours. Such conduct gives them a claim not to justice only, but to indulgence, and might induce a generous traveller to dwell with more complacency upon their virtues than upon their defects. In that disposition of mind, the following observations are written, and will perhaps be found more favorable to the Italian character than the reader may naturally expect; though in the author's intimate conviction they are always strictly conformable to truth and to justice.*

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* The following very sensible and benevolent observation is so applicable to the subject which the author is now treating, that he cannot refuse himself the satisfaction of inserting it.

National character is the result, in a great degree, of climate, religion, govern-

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« In the picture I have here drawn, I have followed nothing but truth; this honest report it is but justice to make; and it is cruelty in the highest degree to stigmatize persons of probity and real merit in the gross as a luxurious, slothful, ignorant set of men. For my own part, wherever I meet such general reflections in any traveller on any country whatever, I always attribute it to his own self-sufficiency, and want of better information; or to his temerity in taking up the opinions of others at a venture, without having the opportunity of examining on what foundation they are grounded. «

« The many falsehoods and ridiculous stories reported of this Church, and spread over all countries, persuaded me that this is a subject hitherto little known; nor shall we wonder at the number of these falsehoods, if we reflect that the accounts we have had, for the most part, have been given by travellers who knew nothing either of the language or of the matter: but went into a church, stared about them, and then came home and published an account of what they saw, according to their own imagination; frequently taking an accidental circumstance for an established custom, and not seldom totally misunderstanding whatever they beheld: the consequence has been, that their mistakes, for want of being contradicted and cut off at first, have grown and multiplied; by being copied and translated from one language to another.« — *Dr. King's History of the Greek Church*, a work of learning, sense, and impartiality.

ment, and education, which modify our common nature, and give it those peculiarities that distinguish the different tribes which inhabit the earth. Many other causes, some of which, as I have before hinted, lie too deep for human investigation, may concur in heightening and varying the effect, but the above-mentioned are, without doubt, the principal. Any alteration in these grand ingredients must influence the character, and to such a change we must ascribe its improvement or its deterioration.

The ancient inhabitants of Italy are, in general, I believe, admitted to have been a wise, a valiant, and a virtuous people, particularly from the period which united them inseparably to the destinies and the glories of the Roman name, and employed them as instruments in the conquest and the civilization of half the Globe. Though the consciousness of power and the possession of empire may affect the mind and the manners of a nation, and may give *pride to the port, defiance to the eye;* and though many dreadful revolutions have since rolled over the regions of Italy and swept away their inhabitants; yet I know no cause so actively destructive as to have totally debased the character of the unhappy Italians, and bereft them at once of *all* the virtues that rendered their predecessors so illustrious. They enjoy the same advantages of climate as their ancestors, the same serene skies, the same

fertile soil ; the same lovely scenery. The clouds and frosts of the north did not accompany the septentrional invaders ; and in spite of every political disaster nature still continues to smile upon her beloved Italy. In religion , indeed , the change has been great and effectual; but that change in Italy as in every Christian country , by enlightening the mind and by improving the heart in the knowledge of moral truth , has raised the modern child above the ancient philosopher. As this revolution , therefore , cannot have deteriorated the character , we shall proceed to the great changes which so many eventful centuries have produced in the Italian governments and policy.

Italy was originally divided into as many , or to speak more correctly , into more independent and jarring governments than it is at present , and this state of division and of hostility lasted till a very advanced period of Roman History, when the GREAT REPUBLIC , after ages of sanguinary contest , at length conquered the whole Peninsula, and united all its inhabitants in one common name , cause , and interest. The history of these petty states , previous to their incorporation with Rome , is obscure , and affords light too faint to enable us to judge of the merits of their respective constitutions. One circumstance , however , we may discover highly honorable to them , which is, that Liberty was the end and the object of all , and though it sometimes rose to anar-

chy, and as often subsided in tyranny, yet it always revived and ever remained the prevailing spirit that ruled their councils and animated their enterprises. Liberty brought with it its usual retinue of virtues and of blessings, courage, industry and temperance, independence, plenty, and population; virtues and blessings which, when drawn up against Rome, long suspended the high designs of Fate in her favor, and when ranged afterwards on her side, soon laid the Universe prostrate before her. But this momentous conquest that crowned Rome and Italy with glory and with empire, closed the career of Roman virtue and happiness for ever, and by raising to the throne a race of ruthless and all-powerful tyrants converted the country and its Capital into the theatre and very seat of guilt and of misery. To the whole of this long interval, extending from the reign of Tiberius to the extinction of the Western Empire, we may apply, with the exception of a few prosperous reigns, the dark picture which Tacitus has drawn of a part of it only. « *Atrox praeliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace saevum . . . Haustae aut dirutae urbes; pollutae caerimoniae; magna adulteria; plenum exiliis mare, infesti caedibus scopuli: atrocius in urbe saevitum**.» In these times of guilt and of disaster every trace of ancient virtue must nearly have dis-

* Hist. i. Book, ii. section.

appeared, and the Italian character must have sunk to its lowest degradation. The era therefore, of the prosperity and virtue of Italy may be confined to the space which elapsed between the foundation of Rome and the accession of Tiberius, including on the one side the dawning, on the other, the decline, of its glory and of its felicity. At this time, indeed, the national character displayed many virtues and betrayed few defects *. Every state produced its citizens, its sages, its heroes, capable of meeting the legions, the senators, the consuls of Rome in the field and in the cabinet, without disgrace and oftentimes with honor. Frugality at home, valor abroad, patriotism in every circumstance, seem to have been virtues common to all; while perseverance and resolution, rising superior to every obstacle, were the peculiar virtues of the Romans†. These qua-

† Of the Italian race during this period, Virgil speaks in the following lines: —

Haec (Italia) genus acre virum, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos
Extulit; haec Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duros bello . . . . . .

Georg. ii.

* To this period of Roman history, fortunately of long duration, we must in some degree confine the eulogiums bestowed upon the Roman character. Of it Quintilian says, and says with jus-

lities were probably owing to the wisdom of the Senate, that assembly of kings, as the astonished Greek seems justly to have called it; they lingered in that body when every other virtue had fled, and they sometimes graced its decline with a transient beam of magnanimity.

Now, to apply these observations on the state of ancient to that of modern Italy, there is a period in the history of the latter, when again restored to her original state of division, she enjoyed the same liberty and displayed the same virtues. The period to which I allude comprises the space that elapsed from the tenth to the seventeenth century, when the great cities, shaking off the yoke of the German Caesars, rose into independent and sometimes powerful republics, superior in fame and in greatness to their ancestors, the Ligurians, the Etrurians,

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tice—Quae profecto (dicta et facta preclara antiquitus) nusquam plura, majoraque, quam in nostrae civitatis monimentis reperientur. An fortitudinem, fidem, justitiam, continentiam, frugalitatem, contemptum doloris ac mortis, melius alii docebunt, quam Fabricii, Curii, Reguli, Decii, Mutii, aliique innumerabiles? Quantum enim Graeci praeceptis valent tantum Romani (quod est majus) exemplis.—*Quintil.* Lib. xii.

We admire in the Romans not their ambition, but the virtues that accompanied it; and we praise not their success, but the godlike qualities that preceded and insured it.

the Samnites, etc. and equal to Thebes, to Athens, and to Lacedaemon. Like these states they were engaged in perpetual warfare; but their mutual hostilities in both cases seem to have contributed more to their advantage than to their prejudice, by exciting a spirit of emulation, enterprize, and patriotism, with all the military and manly virtues.

I have elsewhere hinted at the flourishing state of these commonwealths: but were I to draw a comparison between them and the Greek states, it would not be difficult to prove, that in political institutions, wise councils, bold enterprize, riches and duration, the advantage is generally on their side: I may add, that their history is as eventful and as instructive, less sullied with crime, if not more abundant in virtue. The history of Thebes is short; its sun rose and set with its hero Epaminondas; and all the glories, all the achievements of Greece, are comprised in the records of Athens and of Lacedaemon. Yet, can the annals of these cities, can their petty wars in Greece and in Sicily, can even that splendid struggle with the Persian monarch be compared to the histories of Genoa and of Venice; to their bold contests with German, French, Spanish invaders at home; and abroad to their glorious feats of arms against the accumulated power of the mighty Sultan? The enterprizes of Lacedaemon and of Athens were confined to their own narrow seas and to the bordering coasts, and never extended beyond Sicily then a

Grecian island. The fleets of Genoa and of Venice swept the whole Mediterranean, carried devastation and terror over all the shores of Africa and of Asia Minor, and more than once bore defiance and hostility into the port of Constantinople. If, therefore, we praise the ancient Greeks we cannot in justice refuse a tribute of applause to the modern Italians; the same virtues that plead in favor of the former, demand for the latter some share of our esteem and admiration. We may carry the parrallel still farther and observe, that in the Italian as in the Greek republics, the arts and sciences were cultivated with enthusiasm; and that poetry, history, and grammar, architecture, painting, and sculpture, kept pace with the glory and the resources of each State, and were employed at home to immortalize the achievements performed by its heroes abroad. Here indeed the first praise belongs to the Greeks as the inventors; but surely no small honor and acknowledgment are due to those who restored and perhaps improved these noble pursuits*. So far at least,

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* . . . . . Egregias artes ostenderit, esto,
Grecia, tradiderit Latio preclara reperta;
Dum post, in melius aliunde accepta, Latini
Omnia retulerint, dum longe maxima Roma
Ut belli studiis, ita doctis artibus, omnes
Quod sol cumque videt terrarum, anteiverit urbes., *Vida de Art. Poet.*

we see no reason for reproaching the people of Italy with degeneracy.

This state of polity, so much resembling ancient Greece, has undergone a great change, it is true, during the two or three last centuries. Several of the lesser republics have lost their independence and been annexed to the greater; *Florence* has been enslaved to its Dukes; *Pisa* and *Siena* have shared the fate of *Florence*; and other revolutions have taken place equally inimical to the interests of liberty. Yet the two great republics still survived, and continued to display much of their ancient energy even so late as the middle of the last century. Besides, the various changes alluded to were internal, and while they transferred power, riches, and population from one city to another, in no wise affected the external lustre and independence of the country. On the contrary, if we may believe a judicious historian*, whom I have often had occasion to quote in these observations, Rome herself never beheld more splendid days since the extinction of her empire, than during the seventeenth century; nor had Italy, from the same era, been more free from barbarian influence, ever enjoyed more tranquillity at home, or been more respected abroad, than during the years that preceded the French Revolution.

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* Denina.

According to this representation, the accuracy of which it would be difficult to question, we discover nothing in the history of the modern Italians that must necessarily degrade ther public character, or entirely efface the remembrance of the virtues which made the nation great and illustrious during so many ages. The French Revolution, it must be owned, darkened the bright prospects of Italy, and indeed clouded the whole horizon of Europe; but whatever its local ravages may have been, I do not see that its general effects have produced a greater change in the character of the Italians than in that of the Spaniards, of the Dutch, of the Swiss, and of the Germans, all of whom lie equally within the range of its devastation. At all events, the full extent of its mischief, if Providence deigns to allow it a longer duration, will be known only to our posterity; till the present moment, horror and detestation are the only sentiments it has excited in the minds of its victims.

So far I have endeavored to shew, that there is nothing in the history of Italy which can justify the reproaches made to the character of its inhabitants by certain inconsiderate or prejudiced authors. I will now proceed to particulars, and take into consideration some of the many vices imputed to them. But first I must observe, that few travellers have had either the leisure or the inclination, and still fewer the

information and the opportunities, necessary to form a just estimate of the Italian character. Many drive through the country with the rapidity of couriers, content themselves with a hasty inspection of what they term its *curiosities;* confine their conversation to the innkeepers and the *Ciceroni;* visit the Opera-house, perhaps intrigue with an actress; then return home, and write a Tour through Italy. Others, with more information and better taste, find that the ancient monuments and classic scenery of the country, the perusal of the Roman authors on the spot where they were inspired, and the contemplation of the masterpieces of the great artists, furnish sufficient occupation for every hour; these cannot prevail upon themselves to sacrifice such refined enjoyments to the formality of visits and to the frivolity of general conversation. Such travellers, without doubt, derive much improvement and much rational entertainment from their tour; but yet they cannot be qualified to judge of the character of the Italians. For this purpose are requisite, in the first place, a tolerable knowledge of the language of the country, a qualification in which transalpines in general are very deficient; in the second place, a familiar and effectual introduction into the best houses in each city; and thirdly, time and resolution to cultivate the acquaintance to which such an introduction naturally leads. I might add, a fourth requisite, perhaps not less

necessary than the former, I mean good nature; a virtue that does not permit us to condemn as absurd every practice and opinion contrary to the modes of thinking and of living established in our own country. Endowed with these qualities, a traveller will indeed be a competent judge of the subject, and enabled to form an opinion from his own experience; an opinion which he will find very different from that generally enforced by ignorant writers, and adopted by inconsiderate readers.

He will experience, contrary probably to his expectations, much hospitality, as far as hospitality consists in furnishing a guest with every accommodation. This is so true, that a good letter of recommendation may carry a traveller from house to house over all Italy; a circumstance that accounts for the indifference of the inns in the lesser towns, which are frequented solely by foreigners and by the middling classes; as Italians of rank almost always lodge, when travelling, in private houses. When once introduced into a house, he will find it always open to him, and the more frequent his visits, the greater will be his consideration, as much assiduity is regarded as a mark both of confidence and of respect. Dinners, though not uncommon in Rome, Naples, and Milan, are not much in fashion. The Italians are very indifferent to the pleasures of the table; their repasts are short, and too hasty in their opinion, for conversa-

tion. They devote the whole evenings, and part of the night to society, when they love to meet and enjoy their friends at leisure. In this respect they differ much from us, and indeed from most transalpines; but I know not that we have reason to condemn them. If *we* consult conviviality, *they* look to health, and perhaps to economy. On which side rational self enjoyment, and even social is to be found, it is not difficult to determine. Nor, if they are biassed on this occasion by economical motives do they deserve much censure. Their taste for expence takes a different direction. They prefer Minerva to Bacchus; and take less pleasure in regaling themselves on turtle, venison, Champagne, and Burgundy, than in contemplating pictures, statues, marble halls and pillared porticos.

As for courage, it is a quality common to the whole species: every nation arrogates it to itself, a proof that it belongs to all. If any seem deficient in it, the deficiency is to be attributed, not to innate cowardice, but to ignorance of the art of war; to want of discipline; to consciousness of the inutility of resistance; or to some such incidendal circumstance. Hence, nations most inured to arms display this quality most; and hence the same army, as well as the same individual, sometimes gives surprising marks of courage and of cowardice in the same campaign. To accuse The Italians of cowardice is to belie their whole history.

The troops of the King of Sardinia were distinguished for their valor, while their monarchs acted the part of warriors. Even in the late invasion, the peasantry themselves, in some parts of the Neapolitan, and particularly of the Roman state, made a bold and generous though ineffectual resistance. Not courage, therefore, but the motives which call it forth, and the means which give it effect, that is discipline, hope, interest, etc. are wanting to the Italians.

Those who reproach the Italians with ignorance must have a very imperfect knowledge of that people, and have confined their observations to the lowest populace of great cities, and to the peasants of certain mountainous tracts and unfrequented provinces. Such classes, in all countries, not excepting the United Kingdom, have little means and less inclination to acquire knowledge; they are every-where left much to nature, and consequently retain something of the Savage. The peasantry of the north of Italy, particularly of the Piedmontese and Milanese territories, and those of Tuscany, were, previous to the French invasion, universally taught to read and write; they were in every respect as well instructed as that class ought to be, and equal in point of information to the peasantry of the most flourishing countries in Europe. Even in the Neapolitan territory, without doubt,

the worst governed of all the Italian states, I have seen a shepherd boy lying under a tree with a book in his hand, his dog at his feet, and his goats browsing on the rocky hills around him, a scene more delightful than any described in classic pastoral. The middling classes, which in reality constitute the strength and give the character of a nation, are generally very well acquainted with every thing that regards their duty, the object of their profession, and their respective interests. In writing, in the higher rules of arithmetic and in geography, they are inferior to the same classes in England, but such accomplishments are most valued because most useful, in commercial countries; especially when national prosperity is intimately connected with navigation, and when a spirit of adventure is very generally prevalent in the middling and the lower classes. But, even where the ordinary share of information is wanting, the deficiency is not so perceptible as in more northern regions, whose inhabitants are naturally slow and inattentive. The Italian is acute and observing. These two qualities united supply in some degree the place of reading, and give his conversation more life, more sense, and more interest than are to be found in the discourse of transalpines of much better education.

We now come to the higher class, for against them the reproach is particularly

levelled, and supposing the accusation well-grounded, I might suggest a few circumstances in extenuation. On the Continent in general, the various governments are purely monarchical, the whole administration is confined to the sovereign and his ministers, while the body of the nation is excluded from all share and influence in the management of its own concerns. Such an exclusion operates most perceptibly upon the higher classes, whose natural province such management is, and by withdrawing every stimulus to exertion and improvement, it acts as a powerful soporific, and lulls them unavoidably into sloth and ignorance. In a free country, mental improvement brings with it its own reward, oftentimes rank and fortune, and always fame and consideration: it is both necessary and fashionable, and cannot be dispensed with by any individual, who means to attain or to keep a place in the higher orders of society. In a despotic government, all these motives are wanting. The drudgery necessary for the acquisition of information is rewarded only by the consciousness of intellectual superiority; an advantage of little weight in countries, where mental attainments are too much undervalued to attract attention or to excite envy. Hence, after having passed through the ordinary course of college education, or loitered away a few years with a private tutor, the noble youth of the Continent,

if not employed in the army sink into domestic indolence, and fritter life away in the endless frivolities of town society.

After this general apology for the ignorance of the continental gentry, I must say in favor of the Italians in particular, that they stand in less need of it than the same class in any other country. Whether the various republics that lately flourished in Italy furnish them with more inducements to mental cultivation; or whether the natural affection to literature which had never been totally extinguished even in the barbarous ages impels them spontaneously to application, I know not; but the italian nobility have always distinguished themselves by cultivating and encouraging the arts and the sciences. To prove this assertion, which may perhaps surprise many of my readers, I need only observe, that many or rather most of the Italian academies were founded by gentlemen, and are still composed principally of members of that class. Such is the Arcadian academy at Rome, such the *Crusca* at *Florence*, the Olympic at *Vicenza*, the *Fisiocritici* of *Siena*, etc. To this proof, in itself sufficiently strong, I will add, that the Italian nobility has produced more authors even in our days than the same class has ever yet done in any country, not excepting our own, where they are in general the best informed. Who has not heard the names of *Maffei*, *Carli*, *Rezzo-*

nico, Salluzzi, Doria, Filangieri, Alfieri? They were all of noble birth, and have certainly done credit to it, and reflected a lustre upon their order more brilliant and more honorable than the blaze of all the coronets and all the *stars* of Europe united. Many more might be mentioned, but instead of swelling these pages with a dry catalogue of names, I shall only refer the curious reader to the lists of the various academies (and there is scarce a town in Italy without one or more of these literary associations) and he will find, that they consist, as I have observed, of nobles and clergy almost exclusively. I remember being present at one of the academical assemblies at *Florence*; it was crowded with members; several sonnets were recited, and some dissertations read by their respective authors. Most of the auditors and all the authors were gentlemen, as I was assured by the person who had been so obliging as to introduce us. Moreover, a taste for the fine arts, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, is almost innate in the Italian gentry, as it seems to have been in the ancient Greeks; now, a taste so refined in itself, and the result of so much observation and of so much sensibility, seems to presuppose some, and indeed no small, degree of mental cultivation, and is scarcely separable from an acquaintance with the two great sources of information antiquities and history.

We will now pass to an accusation of a more serious nature, and consider the state of morality in Italy, as far as it regards the intercourse between the sexes: ad here again, as I am persuaded that my representation will surprise many of my readers, I think it necessary to make some previous remarks. In the first place, the morality of nations is merely comparative. In all, there is too much vice, and though in some it may be more glaring than in others, yet every one has some favorite indulgence very pardonable in their own eyes, but very offensive to strangers. In the next place, sensuality, in some shape or other, seems the predominant vice of the species, and though perhaps the most degrading propensity of nature, it displays its power in every climate, at the expence of one or other of the contrary virtues. In the northern regions it has long reigned under the form of intemperance. In the southern climates, it has at all times domineered in the shape of lust. Hence, when the soft inhabitants of Italy, Spain, Greece and Asia, first beheld the grim savages of the *Cimbrian Chersonesus*, they were as much surprised at their chastity as terrified by their fierceness, and while they daily witnessed the convivial excesses of their conquerors they were astonished to see them turn away with indifference from more genial and more alluring enjoyments.

But the manners of these nations have undergone no small alteration since the fall of the Roman Empire. The arts, the sciences and the civilization of the south have visited even the polar regions, and softened the rugged hearts of their half frozen inhabitants. The Loves and Sports accompanied the muses in their northern emigration: Venus now shares the sway with Bacchus, and Pleasure in all its forms wantons even in the lap of eternal winter. The inhabitants of the north have therefore little with which to reproach those of the south, at present, especially as in adopting the vices of milder climates they still retain their native intemperance; a vice as foul in itself and as destructive in its consequences as any that has ever yet enslaved the human mind. I would infer from this observation that it is unfair to censure the Italians for excesses common to them and to other nations, and to stigmatize them with vices which are, I fear, rather the madness of the species in general than the characteristic depravity of any particular tribe.

It must indeed be admitted, that in many of the great towns in Italy due respect is not paid to the matrimonial contract, and that a freedom of intercourse is encouraged contrary to the very nature and essence of that sacred institution. Far be it from me to palliate, even in the slightest degree, so enormous a disorder, which by poisoning

domestic confidence and defeating the purposes of nuptial union, infects the very source of the happiness and even of the existence of mankind. A crime that thus runs in direct opposition to the benevolent designs of Providence, and violates one of his most holy institutions, merits unqualified detestation, and cries to heaven itself for vengeance. But I must observe, that this most criminal intercourse is, I fear, by no means peculiar to Italy, and even in Italy not so general as is commonly represented. The example of the higher class, and of those who immediately administer to their amusements, such as comedians, singers, actors, actresses, etc. is the only one known or attended to by many travellers, and that even, not always very perfectly; general conclusions are too easily drawn from a few instances; and appearances, scandalous to us, because contrary to our established customs, are sometimes too easily converted into proofs. Of this latter kind is *Cicisbeism* or the well known practice which authorizes ladies to employ an attendant friend as their protector in public and their confidant in private, who as he performs the duties of the husband generally, is supposed sometimes to usurp his privileges. This practice is absurd, effeminate, contrary to the delicacy of one sex and to the dignity of the other, and therefore always reprehensible; and yet it is not always criminal. On the contrary, sometimes the *Cicisbeo* is a friend or a near relation, who acts as the guardian of the

honor of the husband, and by his constant and watchful attendance is a pledge and a security for the wife's fidelity. There are certain cities, and even in the most corrupt cities, there are some families where the occupation of *Cicisbeo* is confined to this confidential inspection, which in such circumstances is never, it is said, abused for the purposes of criminal indulgence.

On the other hand, in certain other great towns, the *Cicisbeo* enjoys all the rights of a husband without exception, and while he enjoys the wife, perhaps of his friend, resigns his own spouse, in his turn, to the embraces of another person. How such a most profligate exchange of wickedness, such a detestable commerce of debauchery, could have crept into a Christian country, or be tolerated even for a moment in an orderly government, is inconceivable; but its consequences were perceptible in the degeneracy of the higher classes at Venice and Naples, and the fall of these States may be considered, without presumption, as in part, the consequence and the punishment of that degeneracy.

Some writers have attributed the prevalence of this practice always indecent, and too often criminal, to the manner in which matrimonial connexions are formed in Italy, where, in general, motives of interest are alone considered, and the choice, the affection, and even the liberty of the parties are disregarded. In matrimonial arrangements

between persons of rank, reasons of state, of policy, of influence, and even of convenience, are too often allowed to preponderate in most countries, to the great detriment of domestic happiness, and consequently of public morality. When in such contracts as have freedom and affection for their basis, innocent partialities are thwarted and the most delicate feelings of the human bosom are wounded, Nature will rebel, and, even at the expense of conscience, seek for comfort in connexions more congenial to its propensities. In such cases we must pity, and may almost excuse, the individual, but cannot too severely reprobate a practice that leads so directly to vice and to misery. That this most mischievous mode of contracting marriages is common in Italy, is, I believe, too true: but whether more common than in other parts of the continent I cannot take upon myself to determine. At all events, its evil effects are visible, and call aloud for reformation.

But it must be remembered, that the disorders of which I am now speaking, are confined to great cities and to the higher orders, who form a small (and fortunately a small, because too frequently a very vicious) part of the population of a country. The middling classes and the peasantry, the strength and the pride of a nation, are in Italy as chaste as persons of the same description in any, and more chaste than they are in most countries. Of the truth of this

assertion few of our travellers are competent judges; acquainted principally with the tradesmen and populace of *Venice* and *Naples*, the two most corrupted capitals in Italy, they draw from them the character of the whole nation; while the middling classes of *Rome* and *Florence*, and all the inhabitants of the country are unnoticed, and generally unknown. Yet, those who have ranged through the peopled villages of the *Mantuan*, *Paduan*, *Milanese*, and *Piedmontese* territories; those who have penetrated the recesses of the *Apennines*, the *Sabine*, *Umbrian*, and *Samnite* mountains, will join the author in paying a just tribute to the innocence, to the simplicity, to the golden manners of these happy rustics. To these regions and to their inhabitants we may still with strict propriety, apply the verses of Virgil, —

> Illic saltus et lustra ferarum
> Et patiens operum, parvoque assueta juventus
> Sacra Deum, Sanctique Patres:
> Casta pudicitiam servat domus.
>
> *Georg.* ii.

The truth is, that the country pastors watch most carefully over the morals of their flocks, and caution both sexes at a very early period against the dangers and the consequences of debauchery.

The mention of the Italian peasantry naturally reminds me of their industry; a virtue which may be traced over every plain, and discovered on almost every mountain, from the *Alps* to the *Straits of Messina*. The

fertility of the plains of *Milan* is proverbial, but its exuberance is not more owing to nature, than to the skill, the perseverance, and the exertions of the cultivator. Hence where the fertility of the soil seems to fail, the industry of the laborer still continues, and covers with vines and olive trees, the sides of *Monte Selice*, near *Padua*, and of the *Superga* near *Turin*, two mountains naturally as barren as *Helvellyn* or *Penmanmaur*. The beauty and cultivation of the plains, which extend between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, are too well known to be either praised or described; and he who has traversed them will not be surprised that a Greek Emperor (*Michael Paleologus*) should have supposed them in his admiration, to be the purlieus of the terrestrial paradise. But Italian industry is not confined to these regions of fertility. From *Bologna* to *Loreto*, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, it has covered the coast of the *Adriatic* with rich harvests, and shaded the brows of the *Apennines* with verdure and foliage. It also displays its labors to the best advantage, and every where shews in fences, canals to water the fields,* planta-

* This practice of irrigation, so very common both in ancient and modern Italy, and contributing so very materially to the progress of vegetation, is turned into a beautiful scene by Virgil.

Et cum exustus ager morientibus aestuat herbis,

tions, etc. a neatness of tillage seldom witnessed and never surpassed even in the best cultivated countries. And not these regions only, but the defiles of *Seravalle;* the lovely vales of the *Arno* and of the *Clitumnus*, of *Terni* and of *Rieti;* the skirts of *Vesuvius* so often ravaged and so often restored to cultivation; the orchards that blow on the steeps of *Vallombrosa*, and wave on the summits of *Monte Sumano:* Italy, all Italy, *blooming as the garden of God*, from the *Adriatic* to the *Tuscan*, from the *Alps* to the *Ionian* Sea, is a proof and a monument of the industry and the intelligence of its inhabitants.

» But the Italians sleep in the middle of the day, and lie stretched out under the porticoes of the churches, or under the shade of the vine, when they ought to be working; therefore they are a lazy, sluggish race. » The Italians, like the Sicilians and the Greeks, follow the example of their ancestors in this respect, and only obey the call of nature, in reposing during the sultry hours, when labor is dangerous and the heat is intolerable. To compensate for this suspension, they begin their labors with the dawn, and prolong them till the close of evening; so that

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Ecce, supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit: illa cadens raucum per devia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
Georgic, lib. i.

the Italian sleeps less and labors more in the four-and-twenty hours, than the English peasant. The Italians seem always to have been early risers, as appears from many passages in Cicero's and Pliny's letters; and a beautiful picture of domestic life drawn by Virgil, will on this occasion recur to the recollection of the reader *. In all warm climates, as the cool of the evening invites to amusement, so the freshness of the morning seems to call to labor and exertion; and travellers would consult both their health and their pleasure, if they would obey this call, and devote the sultry part of the day to rest, and the cool morning hours to curiosity and application. « But (say the enemies of Italy, and this indeed is the strongest argument they produce) is not beggary a proof of indolence, and in what country is a traveller so beset with beggars as in Italy? he is pursued in the streets, tormented at church, and besieged by them at home. Their importunities are encouraged by charity and provoked

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* Inde, ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactae
Curriculo expulerat somnum: cum foemina, primum
Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minerva,
Impositum cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes,
Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
Exercet penso; castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos.
Æn. lib. viii 407.

by refusal; in short, wherever you go, you are followed and teased by a crowd of impudent and oftentimes sturdy vagrants.» This statement, though highly colored, is not exaggerated; at least, if confined to the southern provinces. In extenuation, I must observe, that if the example of the ancients, and I pretend not to make the modern Italians more perfect than their ancestors, can be admitted as an excuse, the moderns may plead it in their favor. Juvenal alone, not to load the page with useless quotations, furnishes a sufficient proof of the numbers of mendicants that crowded Rome in his time, in the following lines, which point out their stations, their gestures, and their perseverance.

> Caecus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles
> Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
> Blandaque devexae jactaret basia rhedae.
>
> *Sat.* iv.

But without relying upon antiquity for an answer to this reproach, the reader must be informed, that vagrants as numerous and as troublesome may be seen in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in some parts of Germany, and let me add, in Scotland and in Ireland; so that if beggary be a proof of idleness, the inhabitants of all these countries must submit to the imputation. But, to remove a charge so insulting to the largest and most civilized portion of the inhabitants of Europe, we need but to remember, that in all these countries there is no legal provision for the

poor, and that the needy and the distressed, instead of demanding relief from the parish, are obliged to ask alms of the public. Perhaps, if it were possible to calculate the number of those who live upon charity in Italy and in England, we should find no great reason to triumph in the difference. Beggary, without doubt, is sometimes the effect of individual, but cannot in justice be considered as a proof of national, idleness, since even amongst us, where ample provision is supposed to be made for all cases of distress, and where mendicancy is so strictly prohibited, yet objects in real or pretended misery so often meet the eye, and in spite of law and *police*, infest our public places.

As for the nakedness of children in Italy, the want of furniture in houses, of glass in the windows, and many other external marks of misery, every traveller knows how fallacious are such appearances, which are occasioned, not by the distress of the people, but by the mildness and the serenity of the climate. To admit as much air as possible is the object in all southern countries; and in Italy at present, as well as anciently, the people of all classes delight in living constantly in the open air; a custom as salubrious as it is pleasant in such a genial temperature as generally prevails beyond the *Alps*. Hence the scenes of festive enjoyment and of private indulgence are generally represented as taking place in the open air, as in the Georgics.

Ipse dies agitat festos: fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant.

And in Horace,

Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes, sic temere, et rosa
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti?

Carm. lib. ii. xi.

Hence Cicero, as Plato before him, represents most of his dialogues as taking place in some rural scene, as the second *De Legibus*, in an island formed by the *Fibrenus;* the first, *De Oratore*, under a plane tree, etc. all scenes as favorable to the activity of the mind, as they are conducive to the health of the body.

After all, a foreigner who has visited some of the great manufacturing towns, and traversed the northern and western parts of the United Kingdom, may ask with surprise, what right we have to reproach other nations with their poverty and misery, when under our own eyes, are exhibited instances of nakedness, filth, and distress, exceeding all that has hitherto been related of Italy, of France, or of any country under heaven, excepting perhaps some of the Prussian territories. *Quam in nos legem sancimus iniquam!*

We shall now proceed to another charge. "The Italians are vindictive and cruel, and too much in the habits of sacrificing hu-

man life to vengeance and passion. » It would almost be a pity to refute this charge, the supposed certainty of which has furnished our late novelists, particularly those of the fair sex, with so much and such excellent matter for description; dungeons and assassins, carcases and spectres. But, *veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello*. We must leave these stories to nurses, and to babies, of whatever age they may be, whether in or out of the nursery. The Italian is neither vindictive nor cruel; he is hasty and passionate. His temper, like his climate, habitually gay and serene, is sometimes agitated by black and tremendous storms, and these storms, though transient, often produce most lamentable catastrophes. An unexpected insult, a hasty word, occasions a quarrel; both parties lose their temper; daggers are drawn, and a mortal blow is given; the whole transaction is over so soon, that the by-standers have scarce time to notice, much less to prevent it. * The deed is considered, not as

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* The author, with one of his young companions, happened to be present at a quarrel, which had nearly terminated in a very tragic manner. Walking early in the morning in the streets of *Antium*, he saw a man and a boy disputing; the man was middle aged and of a mild benevolent countenance, the boy stout and impudent: after some words, the man seized the boy by the collar, the boy struggled, and finding that to no purpose, had recourse to blows;

the effect of deliberate malice but of an involuntary and irresistible impulse; and the perpetrator, generally repentant and horror-struck at his own madness, is pitied and allowed to fly to some forest or fastness. Such is the cruelty of the Italians, and such the assassination too common in some great towns, yet not near so common as has often been represented. It is the effect, not of a sanguinary, but of a fiery temper; it was prevalent at all times in southern countries, and might be checked by the severity and activity of good government. But of the two governments under which this atrocity is the most destructive, the one is too indulgent and the other too indolent; and while the papal magistrate forgives, and the Neapolitan neglects the criminal, they both eventually encourage and propagate the crime.

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the old man bore several strokes with tolerable patience, when, all on a sudden, his color changed to a livid pale, his eyes sparkled, and every feature of his face became absolutely demoniac. He held the boy's throat with his left hand, took his knife out of his pocket with his right, and applied it to his teeth to open it; the boy seemed sensible of his fate, lost all power of resistance, and was sinking to the ground with fear. We immediately stepped in and seized the man's arm, we took the knife out of his hand, and rescued the boy: the man made no resistance, and seemed for some minutes totally insensible of what was passing.

Yet the remedy is easy and obvious. A prohibition, under the severest penalty, to carry arms of any description. This remedy has been applied with full success by the French, while masters of the south; and by Austrians, while in possession of the north of Italy.

But, in justice to the Italians, every impartial traveller must acknowledge, that murder, that is deliberate assassination, is very uncommon among them; that they are very seldom prompted to it by jealousy, of which they are by no means so susceptible as some writers would persuade us and scarcely ever tempted to it by that vile, hellish love of money, which, in France and in England impels so many miscreants, after a cool calculation of possible profit, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow creatures. Even robbers are rarely met with at present; like the ghosts that swim in the air during the darkness of the night, they are often talked of, but never seen; and a traveller, excepting in time of invasion, war, or civic dissensions, may pass the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, and traverse the dreary *Campagna*, and the uninhabited *Paludi*, by day or by night, without alarm or molestation. I do not expect to hear the bloody scenes that stain the annals of *Florence*, *Genoa*, or *Venice*, quoted as proofs of national cruelty. Such scenes disgraced ancient Greece and Rome; stain the pages of Dutch and German, of Spa-

nish and Portuguese history; and have been renewed in the French Revolution, with a profusion of blood, a refinement in cruelty, and an enormity of guilt unparalleled in the records of the Universe. But these crimes belong, not to the nation, but to the species. The earth, under all its climates, has too often drunk the blood of man shed by his brother, and while it cries to heaven for vengeance, proves, in spite of philosophism, that man, when left to the workings of his own corrupted heart, becomes the most cruel of savages, the foulest of monsters. We may conclude, that neither the history nor the manners of Italy present more frequent or more aggravated features of cruelty than those of any other nation; and that all accusations against them on this head, are the effusions of hasty prejudice and of superficial observation.

Thus, I have now reviewed, and, I conceive, refuted the principal charges against this celebrated people. The lesser imputations, though sung by poets, repeated by novelists, and copied again and again by ephemeral tourists, may be passed over in silent contempt, as unworthy the notice of the reader and the traveller. He who, from the knavery of the innkeepers, reasons against the honesty of a nation, or judges of its character from the accomplishments of a few wandering artists, may indeed imagine that Italy is peopled with rogues and swindlers, and produces nothing but dancers and

buffoons, singers and fiddlers. But, upon the same principles he must conclude, that the French nation is entirely composed of cooks and hair-dressers, and that England herself, even England, the mother of heroes, of patriots, of statesmen, has furnished Europe with nothing more than grooms and jockies, cotton and woollen manufacturers.

What then, it will be asked, is the real character, of the modern Italians? It will not, I think, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part which the modern Italians have acted in history, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty shewed itself in the various commonwealths that rose up in every part of *Ausonia*, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman Republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free States, and at length beheld, with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand republic of *Venice*, the daughter and almost the rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark and the glory of Italy. The ancient Romans, by their arms, founded the most extensive, the most flourishing, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and perhaps a more glorious dominion over the opinions of man-

kind, and still govern the world by their religion and their taste, by their arts and their sciences. To the ancient Italians, we owe the plainest, the most majestic language ever spoken: to the modern, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon; the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo. The former have given us Virgil, the latter Tasso. In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?

Through the whole of their history we observe and applaud the same love of liberty, the same unbroken spirit, the same patriotism, the same perseverance, the same attachment to letters, the same detestation of barbarism and of barbarians; and in short, the same active, towering, and magnificent spirit, that so gloriously distinguished the Romans. How then can we presume to tax them with the feeble vices of a degraded and subjugated tribe? with ignorance, cowardice, and general degeneracy? The Italians, it is true, have never been able to unite the states of their own country, in order to give it all its force, and enable it to exert all its energies, as the Romans did; still have they, like the Romans, succeeded in extending their conquests far and wide, and imposing a new yoke on half the nations of the world. But let it be

remembered, that in the first as well as in the last of these projects, the Italians have been opposed not by their own countrymen only, but by the Germans, by the French, and by the Spaniards, no longer tribes of wandering, divided, undisciplined savages, but mighty monarchies, united each under one chief, and employing for the attainment of its object, the numbers of ancient times directed by the skill and by the experience of modern days. With such difficulties in opposition to their vast designs, we may be allowed to doubt whether the Romans themselves would have succeeded in the conquest even of Cisalpine Gaul, and still more, whether they could ever have extended their domination one foot beyond the precincts of Italy.

From these observations, I think, I may fairly be allowed to conclude, that a nation which has thus, during so many ages, continued to act so great and so glorious a part in the history of mankind, that has thus distinguished itself in every branch of human attainment, and excelled all other people, not in one, but in every intellectual accomplishment; that such a nation must be endowed with the greatest talents, and with the greatest virtues that have ever ennobled any human society.

It may perhaps be asked, « why, with the same talents and with the same virtues, the Italians do not now make the same figure in the history of the world as their

ancestors ? » The answer appears to me obvious. To induce man to shake off his natural indolence, and to exert all his energies, either urgent pressure, or glorious rewards are necessary. Now, the ancient Romans fought first for their safety and very existence, and afterwards, when imminent danger was removed from their city, they entered the lists of fame, and combated for the empire of the World. In both cases, all their powers and all their virtues were called into action, either to save their country or to crown it with immortal glory. The modern Italian has neither of these motives to arouse his natural magnanimity. Provided his person, his property, his city even are safe, he is indifferent whatever may be the issues of the contests of which his country is either the object or the theatre. Whether the French or Russians, the Germans or Spaniards gain the victory, the Italian is doomed still to bear the foreign yoke. His inactivity and indifference in the struggle are therefore excuseable, because prudent. *Quid interest cui serviam, clitellas dum portem meas* *. As for glory and empire, to them, Italy divided and subdivided as she is, and kept in a state of political palsy by the intrigues or the preponderating power of her transalpine enemies, to them Italy can have no pretension. But, if some happy combination of events should

* Phoedrus.

deliver her from foreign influence and unite her many states once more under one head, or at least in one common cause, the cause of independence and of liberty, then Europe might confidently expect to see the spirit and the glory of Rome again revive, and the valor and perseverance which subdued the Gauls and routed the Cimbri and Teutones again displayed in chastising the insolence of the French, and in checking the incursions of the Germans. She would rise even higher, and assuming the character, which her situation, her fertility, and her population naturally give her, of umpire of the south, she might unite with Great Britain the rival and the enemy of France, in restoring and in supporting that equilibrium of power so essential to the freedom and to the happiness of Europe.

But, whether Italy be destined to re-assume her honors, and to enjoy once more an age of glory and of empire; or whether she has exhausted her portion of felicity, and is doomed to a state of hopeless bondage and dependence, it is not for man to discover. In the mean time, deprived of that sceptre of empire, which Heaven once entrusted to her hand to humble the pride of tyrants and to protect oppressed nations, to portion out kingdoms and provinces, and to sway at pleasure the dominion of the Universe, she has assumed the milder but more useful sovereignty of the intellectual world, and reigns the acknowledged queen of poetry and

of music, of painting and of architecture; the parent of all the sciences that enlighten, of all the arts that embellish human life *.

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* Vida, when speaking of this mental superiority, bursts into the following strains of poetry and patriotism truly Virgilian. Though we cannot, perhaps, partake the wish, yet we may enjoy the beauty of the verse and the purity of the language.

Dii, Romae indigetes! Trojae tuque auctor Apollo,
Unde genus nostrum coeli se tollit ad astra,
Hanc saltem auferri laudem prohibite Latinis.
Artibus emineat semper, studiisque Minervae,
Italia, et gentes doceat pulcherrima Roma!

CONCLUSION.

The Author has now not only closed his Italian Tour, but terminated the reflections which it naturally suggests, and he flatters himself that in his progress through the country, he has fulfilled the engagement which he entered into in the preface, and taken the ancients for his guides. In fact, however he may have been smitten with the face of nature, or delighted with the works of art, he has seldom failed to inform the reader how the writers of antiquity have described the former, and what monuments remain or are recorded, that may enter into competition with the latter. From this double comparison, which pervades the whole work, and was indeed in the Author's mind one of its principal objects, he thinks he may draw the following inferences, all three very favorable to modern Italy.

In the first place, that the scenery and the natural beauties of that country are nearly the same as they were in the times of the Romans. In the second place, that the language, manners, modes of living, and character of the modern, are nearly the same as those of the ancient Italians: and thirdly, that Italy was in general as prosperous during the years immediately preceding the French revolution, as it has ever perhaps been at any period of its history subsequent

to the reign of Augustus. The first inference presents no difficulty that has not been, at least implicitly, removed either in the course of the Tour itself, or in the reflections that follow it. The second, it is conceived, follows naturally from the observations made in the body of the work, and if they be accurate, is incontestible. The third may astonish many of my readers; and as it is very opposite to our early conceptions on the subject, requires further elucidation.

Population and cultivation may be considered as the most prominent indications of prosperity, and these two objects must therefore be taken into consideration on both sides. The population of Italy under Augustus, for it continued to decline rapidly for several ages afterwards, cannot easily be ascertained; it has been stated by some writers to have amounted to six and thirty millions. I am inclined to suspect that this calculation is considerably exaggerated. We learn from Strabo, that at the period of which we are speaking, several ancient towns in Italy and particularly in *Samnium*, had either entirely disappeared, or had dwindled into villages*. The labors of agriculture were then carried on principally by slaves, a mode which cannot be considered as favorable to population. To this we may add, that the civil and social wars which had succeeded

* Lib. v.

each other with such rapidity, and such devastation previous to Augustus's final establishment, had occasioned a diminution in population not to be replaced by the tranquillity of the latter years of that Emperor's reign †. Moreover; the laws passed by that prince for the encouragement of matrimony, would

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† The social war, or that between the Romans and the Italian tribes, the civil war between Marius and Sylla, between Caesar and Pompey, between the Triumvirs and the Conspirators, and in fine, that between Augustus and Antony, all took place between the year of Rome 663 and 724, that is, in about seventy years. The first was confined to Italy, and probably contributed more to its devastation than any contest recorded in its history, not excepting even the invasion of Annibal—*Nec Annibalis nec Pyrrhi fuit tanta vastatio*, says Florus. This sanguinary contest terminated in the total destruction of some of the most ancient nations: and not a few of the most populous cities in Italy. To these wars we may add the Servile war, and the insurrections of Spartacus, of Sertorius, and of Catiline; all of which were *civil* struggles that caused the effusion of much blood, and the devastation of considerable tracts of country. When to these active and visible causes of depopulation, we add the silent but most effectual agent of all, a general spirit of libertinism and of debauched celibacy, so prevalent among the Romans in the era of Augustus, we shall find sufficient reasons to question the great population of Italy at that period.

never have occurred to a legislator in a country abounding in population, as the remedy is never called for, till the effects of the distemper are felt. The number of colonies, amounting to eight and twenty*, which he established in different parts of Italy, may be considered as an evidence of depopulation, as excepting the confiscations of the triumvirate, a prince, who like Augustus, affected to govern with justice and even with clemency, could not be supposed to make room for colonies by the dispossession of the original and inoffensive proprietors. The poetic complaints of Virgil† refer to the same evil, and considering the accuracy of the author, may be admitted as satisfactory proofs of its reality.

In fine, the eloquent lamentations of Lucan, which I have cited upon a former occasion, prove that in his time, though no civil war or interior calamity had intervened, the very vicinity of the Capital itself was very thinly inhabited; an evil which he celebrates. His words, even when a due allowance is made for the fictions of the poet, and the exaggeration of his style, bear so

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* Suetonius, Oct. Caesar, Aug. 46.

† Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos, *squalent abductis arva colonis*,
Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.
Georg. 1.

much upon the point, that I think it necessary to insert them.

Non aetas haec carpsit edax, monimentaque rerum
Putria destituit: crimen civile videmus,
Tot vacuas urbes. Generis quo turba redacta est
Humani? toto populi qui nascimur orbe
Nec muros implere viris nec possumus agros.
Urbs nos una capit; *vincto fossore coluntur*
Hesperiae segetes; stat tectis putris avîtis
In nullos ruitura domus. *Lib* vii.

Now, as to cultivation, Italy, with all its fertility, did not, it seems, produce a sufficient quantity of corn to supply the wants of her own inhabitants; for even so early as the reign of Augustus, Egypt had become the granary of the Capital, and that prince, after the defeat of Antony, employed his troops in clearing and repairing the different canals that bordered the *Nile*, in order to facilitate the transport of grain * from that river to *Ostia*. This evil continued to increase with singular rapidity, and Rome was frequently alarmed, and sometimes visited by famine. A stormy winter, or the continuation of an unfavorable wind in the then imperfect state of navigation, excited the most dreadful apprehensions, and sometimes roused the degenerate populace to deeds of useful violence, that the love of liberty would have ennobled and consecrated as acts of heroism. Once indeed the Emperor Claudius was as-

* Suet. 18.

saulted, and nearly driven out the Forum. Upon this occasion, Tacitus observes that Italy used formerly to supply distant regions with provisions, but that, in his time, instead of trusting to its fertility, the existence of the Roman people was committed to the winds and to the waves†.

Both the depopulation of Italy and the decay of cultivation are ascribed, by some authors, not to the civil wars only but to the accumulation of property, and to the extent and luxury of villas and gardens. The latter cause has always appeared to me unsatisfactory. The Roman villas were large and costly, and their gardens were extensive; but the former could not occupy many acres, and the latter, after all, were mere pleasure grounds and regular walks and plantations. Parks or large enclosures, comprehending whole territories in their circumference, were, I believe, first introduced by the northern barbarians for the purpose of hunting; an amusement which, with war, constituted the whole business and employment of their existence. The Romans used to divert themselves occasionally with the chace of wild boars, but the forests which bordered the

† At hercule olim ex Italiae regionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabant; nec nunc infecunditate laboratur; sed Africam potius et Ægyptum exercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi Romani permissa est.—*Annal.* xii. 43.

coasts of *Latium* and of *Etruria*, and the wild recesses of the *Apennines* afforded the means of that diversion in abundance, and rendered all artificial woods unnecessary.

As to villas, they were not so much spread over the whole country in the manner they are in England, as crowded together in certain fashionable regions. Thus, while the environs of Rome, the Alban Mount, the banks of the *Tiber* and of the *Anio*, and all *Campania* and its coasts seem to have been covered with seats, the recesses of *Sabina*, and the windings of the *Apennines*, though as beautiful and much cooler, and more salubrious, were almost deserted. Horace mentions only one neighbor, *Cervius*, who, perhaps, existed only in verse; and the younger Pliny tells us that his friends, *from the neighboring towns*, occasionally break in upon his studies with a seasonable interruption, an expression which seems to imply that there were few or no villas in the immediate vicinity *. *Nulla necessitas togae*, says the latter, in another epistle, speaking of the same villa †, *nemo arcessitor ex proximo*.

That these villas were numerous it must be acknowledged, as Pliny himself had four at least, and his mother-in-law as many; Cicero had six, if not more, which, from their

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* Horat. Sat. lib. ii. 6.—Plin. Epist. lib. ix. Ep. 36.

† Lib. v. Epist. 6.

beauty or rather from his attachment to them, he calls *ocellos Italiae;* and as neither Cicero nor Pliny were numbered among the most opulent of their time, we may suppose that persons of larger fortune possessed a greater number. But after all, a villa with merely a garden or pleasure grounds annexed, does not occupy much space in proportion to the extent of the country; nor is there any reason to believe that the most magnificent villa of the Romans covered any considerable space; since the celebrated villa Tiburtina of Hadrian, which contained not only imitations of the most remarkable edifices in the empire, but a representation of the infernal regions, and of the Elysian fields, even this imperial residence with all its appurtenances did not occupy a space of seven miles in circumference.

The accumulation of landed property therefore, or the *latifundia*, as Pliny the Elder calls overgrown estates, seems, to have been a more probable cause of the evil of which we are speaking; and this cause which had reached a very alarming pitch even in the reign of Augustus, arose from the facility which the civil wars and the subsequent proscriptions afforded of amassing wealth; as the victor seldom failed to bestow the lands and houses of the vanquished upon his friends and supporters, and sometimes even upon the spies and the lowest instruments of the party. Thus we find, that the whole territory of *Cremona*, with no small portion of the neigh-

boring districts, was given up by Augustus Caesar to his veterans; from this donative we may calculate the extent of his largesses to his intimate friends. What, in fact, must have been the income of Agrippa who could erect at his own expence, and without inconvenience, such an edifice as the Pantheon, and at the same time supply Rome with more than one hundred fountains, all ornamented with marble, with columns, and with statues? We may go farther back, and date the origin of these excessive incomes so early as the usurpation of Sylla. Crassus, whose immense fortune was accumulated under the influence and perhaps from the confiscations of that Dictator, is supposed to have possessed more than five millions sterling. Antonius, Cicero's colleague, besides his estates in Italy, was proprietor of the whole island of *Cephallenia*, and had erected a new city in it at his own expence: and in the reign of Augustus, a single individual of no rank or fame, Claudius Isidorus, though he had suffered considerable losses in the course of the civil wars, left at his death four thousand six hundred yoke of oxen; two hundred and fifty thousand sheep, goats, swine, etc. and in money fifteen hundred thousand pounds sterling.

This evil increased to an extent almost incredible under the Emperors; and we find in Nero's time, that six Romans, who were put to death by that tyrant from motives of avarice, were in possession of one-half of

Africa! In fine, in the reign of Honorius, after the division of the empire, and indeed at the very period of its most rapid decline, a Roman patrician, of one of the first rank, was supposed to enjoy an annual revenue of four hundred thousand pounds sterling, not including the provisions supplied by his estates for the use of his table. One fourth of that sum was necessary to constitute a moderate income. Now, at this very period when the opulence of the Roman nobles was so excessive, the reader will be surprized to learn, that a very considerable part of Italy, and that part the most fertile, was nearly converted into a desert. Yet that such was the fact, we find unquestionable proof in the Epistles of St. Ambrose, then Bishop of *Milan*, an eye-witness of the scene which he describes. *De Bononiensi veniens urbe a tergo Claternam, ipsam Bononiam, Mutinam, Rhegium, derelinquebas; in dextera erat Brixillum; a fronte occurrebat Placentia veterem nobilitatem ipso adhuc nomine sonans: ad lævam Apennini inculta miseratus, et florentissimorum quondam populorum castella considerabas, atque affectu relegebas dolenti. Tot igitur semirentarum urbium cadavera, terrarumque sub eodem conspectu exposita funera . . . in perpetuum prostrata ac diruta.* * This picture, though evidently copied from a well-known passage in Sulpi-

* Amb. Epist. 39.

cius's Epistle to Cicero, must be considered as an exact representation, and exhibits a scene of desolation sufficiently extensive and melancholy.

But the depopulation here deplored was the result, not of an incidental invasion, nor the consequence of a few disastrous years; it was the operation of the military system established under the Emperors, and had been in gradual progression during the three preceding centuries. Pliny, who wrote his Natural History under Vespasian, observes, that in *Latium*, fifty-two tribes had perished utterly, *sine vestigiis*, and points out several towns even in *Campania* itself, that had either disappeared or were in a state of rapid decay. He also mentions several temples neglected and falling into ruin, even in places near Rome; and frequently employs such expressions as *sunt reliquiæ . . . jam tota abiit . . . . . quondam uberrimæ multitudinis*, etc. all of which are evidently indications of a decreasing population, and of a country on the decline.

The depopulation of Italy has, I know, been in part ascribed to the vast increase of Rome, and to the natural tendency which opulent provincials ever have to desert, the *incelebrity* of their obscure country, and to establish themselves in the Capital. During the era of liberty this evidently was not the case; for we not only find the Republic discharging the surplus of its population in colonies, but we are informed that the Senate,

by an express order, prohibited the establishment of Italian provincials in the City, and ordered twelve thousand Latins, who had settled there, to return home. An expression of the historian, however, shews the propensity of the Italians, and the commencement of the evil *; yet long after this event, which took place in the year of Rome 565, many of the Italian towns were extremely populous, insomuch that *Padua* alone counted five hundred Roman knights among her citizens.

Under the Emperors, when not food only and sometimes raiment, but every convenience and almost every luxury were provided gratis for the Roman people; when baths furnished with regal magnificence were open for their accommodation, and plays and races and combats were exhibited daily and almost hourly for their amusement; when porticos and groves, and temples and colonnades, without number, offered them shade and shelter at all hours and in all seasons; in short, when a thousand fountains poured out rivers to refresh them, and all the wants of nature were supplied without labor or exertion; then the idle, the indigent, and the effeminate inhabitants of Italy, and indeed of all the provinces, flocked to Rome, and crowded its streets

* Jam tum multitudine alienigenarum urbem onerante, *Tit. Liv. Lib.* xxxix. 3.

with an useless and burthensome multitude. To this overgrown population, thus formed of the *dregs* and the vagrancy of the subjugated countries, Seneca refers with temper, Lucan with contempt, and Juvenal with indignation.

> Non possum ferre, Quirites,
> Graecam urbem,
> Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

It may appear singular, but it is true, that the population of Rome increased as the empire declined, and was never perhaps greater than during the inauspicious reign of Honorius, when the barbarians who had overrun the distant provinces made inroads into Italy itself, and forced the terrified inhabitants to seek for protection in the Capital. To ascertain the amount of this population would be difficult, especially as the most learned authors disagree in their calculations; but, whatever its amount may have been, it may justly be surmised, that it was not either at this, or at any preceding period, a very efficient cause of the depopulation of Italy. The British Capital may possibly contain as many inhabitants as Rome did during any, even the most flourishing era of its empire; and it still continues to increase both in size and in population, without any prejudice to the cultivation of the country or to the prosperity of the country towns. The real causes of the depopulation of Italy

under the Emperors were the unsettled state of the Roman constitution, the accumulation and the uncertainty of property, and the pressure of taxation; evils resulting invariably from a military and a despotic government, and more destructive in their effects in one century than all the wars, famines, and pestilences that have ever afflicted mankind.

The same bane of public prosperity that preyed upon the resources of Italy under the Caesars is now corroding the vitals of the Turkish empire, has already converted the fertile provinces of *Asia Minor*, of *Syria*, and of *Egypt* into deserts, and will shortly devour the remaining population of *Greece*, and leave nothing behind but barren sands and silent solitudes. That the towns and even tribes mentioned by Strabo and by Pliny should have withered away and disappeared under the deadly influence of such a government; and that Italy itself, though the centre of the power and of the riches of a mighty empire, should have gradually decayed under the immediate frown of a race of tyrants, and constantly the theatre of their cruelties, of their caprice, and of their contests is not wonderful; on the contrary, it is rather surprizing that it should have resisted the action of so many accumulated causes of destruction, have survived its fall, and have risen so great and so flourishing from its disasters.

At what period, or by what means the

population of Italy was restored, its cultivation renewed, and new sources of wealth and prosperity opened to it, it is neither my province nor my intention to inquire, but we find it in the thirteenth century covered with numerous republics, warlike and populous as the commonwealths that flourished in the same country previous to the Roman conquest, and like them engaged in perpetual contests. In the succeeding century we see it rich in commerce and in manufactures; and in the fifteenth, we behold it illuminated with all the splendors of genius and of science, and shedding a light that penetrated the darkness of the benighted countries around, and roused their inhabitants from a long slumber of ignorance and of barbarism. So great, indeed, was its literary fame during this period, and so many and so distinguished were its artists, its poets, its philosophers, that it may perhaps be doubted whether its history during the fifteenth and sixteenth century be not as instructive as that of *Greece*, even when *Greece* was most distinguished by the arts and by the talents of its inhabitants *. Since that period the state

* The author of Anacharsis was so struck with the united wonders of the history of Italy at the period of which I am speaking, that he had thoughts of introducing his ideal traveller into that country instead of Greece, as affording a

of Italy has indeed varied; several bloody wars have been carried on in its interior; and many of its provinces have passed under different masters. Yet, as those wars were waged principally by foreigners, and as the change of dynasties, if unaccompanied by other alterations, has little or no effect upon the welfare of a country, Italy notwithstanding these vicissitudes has continued in a state of progressive prosperity down to the latter part of the nineteenth century.

In the year 1784, Italy and its dependent islands, *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, etc. were supposed to contain from sixteen to eighteen millions of inhabitants, and it is highly probable that in the year 1793 this number was augmented to twenty millions, as no natural or artificial cause of mortality visited Italy during the interval. All the Italian states were at that period governed by their own native, or at least resident princes, with the exception of *Milan*, which belonged to the House of Austria; but as the administration was conducted by an

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greater scope for useful observations on the arts and sciences, and presenting a greater variety of character and anecdote. He has left behind him a sketch of his design, which, though imperfect; yet presents a masterly combination of hints, portraits, and parallels. As it is intimately connected with the subject of these volumes, and yet far from being generally known, I have inserted it as an additional appendix.

Archduke, who always kept his court in that capital, it felt little inconvenience from its dependence on a transalpine sovereign. All the cities, and almost all the great towns, with most places of any consideration, exist under the same name nearly as in ancient prosperity and population, and several have considerably exceeded it. If *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Cumæ* have utterly perished in *Campania*, to compensate the loss, Naples not only spreads her superabundant population over the neighboring coasts, but over the base of *Vesuvius* itself, and raises populous and flourishing towns on the ruins of the fallen cities *. Rome is reduced, it is true, from a million perhaps to two hundred thousand inhabitants, and its immediate vicinity has perhaps lost one million more; but *Ancona*, on the opposite coast, is more flourishing than it was under the Caesars; and *Loreto*, a new city, has risen in its vicinity, and now lodges fifteen thousand inhabitants on the summit of a mountain. *San Marino*, the child of Liberty, nurses her seven thousand hardy sons on a pinnacle of the *Apennines*, and all the coast of the *Adriatic* swarms with life and blooms with industry and vegetation.

* The southern provinces of Italy are possibly as well peopled now, if we except a few great towns, as they were in Roman times. Apulia was always a sheepwalk: Cicero calls it—*inanissima pars Italiae*.

Etruria, though not perhaps as flourishing or as populous as it was about the period of the foundation of Rome, is more so probably than it was when under the sway of the Emperors. Most of its ancient towns remain, and some are in a much more flourishing state than they were at any period of Roman history; such as *Florence*, *Siena*, and *Lucca*. The *Maremme* or sea-shores, formerly unhealthy and thinly inhabited, are, in consequence of the establishment of the free-port of *Leghorn* then a miserable village, now a populous city, cultivated and in a state of progressive improvement. As to the spacious plain extended between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, its ancient towns, (with the exception of *Velleia*, which was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain) and all its ancient cities, are in a most flourishing state; some far more prosperous indeed than they were even in the reign of Augustus or of Trajan. Among the latter we may rank *Turin* and *Genoa*, both places of little name anciently, now populous and magnificent capitals. *Milan* itself is probably much more considerable at present than it was at either of the above-mentioned periods, though inferior, in population at least, to what it was when during the decline of the empire, it occasionally became the residence of the Emperors. The prosperity of *Bologna*, with a few exceptions, seems to have been progressive, and has long since raised

it to such a degree of opulence as to appropriate to it, as its distinctive quality, the epithet of *rich*. To close the catalogue, *Venice* rises before us with its domes and towers, with its immense population and its extensive commerce, the Queen of the *Adriatic*, and the mistress of *Dalmatia*, of *Epirus* and of *Acarnania*, of the *Ionian* islands, and in the beginning of the last century, of *Peloponnesus* itself. This splendid Capital compensates the loss of *Aquileia* *, and can count in their extensive and populous territories ten towns more considerable than that ancient metropolis of *Istria*†. In short, Italy, with its dependencies, in the year 1792 was supposed to contain more than twenty millions of inhabitants, a population for the extent of country far superior to the best inhabited territories, the *Netherlands* not excepted, and in all probability, if not above, at least equal to its population at any period of Roman history since Augustus ††.

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* *Aquileja* was destroyed by Attila in the fifth century.

† To the barbarians, howsoever mischievous in general, Italy, according to an Italian proverb, owes two blessings, *its modern language* and *the city of Venice*. I do not know whether many of my readers may not consider both these blessings as purchased at too high a price.

†† There is a circumstance mentioned by Polybius (Lib. ii.) which may be considered as fur-

As to cultivation (the second criterion of prosperity) one observation will be sufficient to decide the question in favor of Modern Italy; and that is, Italy at present not only feeds her own inhabitants but exports largely to other countries, an advantage which she never enjoyed at the period of history to which I have so often alluded . To this observation it may be added, that Italy now produces every article necessary not for the comforts only, but moreover, for the luxurious enjoyments of life; and although there, as well as in less favored countries, fashion may often induce the opulent to have recourse to foreign markets for accommodation, yet there is not one single object requisite for either dress or furniture that may not be procured home-made in Italy. One source

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nishing a foundation for calculating the population of Italy at an early period: this author relates, that on a rumor of an approaching invasion by the Gauls, the inhabitants of Italy (an appellation which then excluded all the country lying north of the *Apennines*) brought into the field an army of more than six hundred thousand men This force, we may reasonably suppose, was the result of an extraordinary effort, and could not have been maintained as a regular army; now modern Italy, including its dependencies, could, if it formed a federative republic like Germany, support an army at least as considerable without depopulating its provinces or impoverishing its inhabitants.

of riches and commerce indeed this country now enjoys, which is alone sufficient to give it commercial superiority; I mean, the silk which it produces in abundance, and which constitutes its staple manufacture. The nurture of the silkworm indeed, and the culture of the mulberry-tree on which it feeds, not only furnishes the poor of Italy with employment, but supplies its poets with a favorite and popular theme.

> Unde sacri viridem vates petiere coronam
> Et meritis gratas sibi devinxere puellas.
> *Vida. Bombycum*, lib. ii.

I might pursue the subject still farther, and maintain, with some appearance of truth, that, excepting Rome, Italy is ornamented with more magnificent edifices at present than it was at any period of ancient history. The ornamental edifices of ancient times were temples, porticos, baths, amphitheatres, theatres, and circuses, to which I may add, an occasional mausoleum. The magnificence of temples consists in their colonnades, which generally formed their front, and sometimes lined their sides, and the beauty of colonnades as of porticos, arises from their extent and elevation. Now temples, graced with majestic ornaments, were, beyond the precincts and the immediate vicinity of Rome, certainly not common. A well-known temple of Fortune gave considerable celebrity to *Praeneste;* the lofty rock of *Anxur* was crowned with the co-

lonnades of Jupiter; and it is probable that each great city, and occasionally a promontory or a fountain, had a splendid edifice dedicated to their tutelar divinities. But the far greater part of the temples were small, sometimes deriving considerable beauty and interest from their site and their proportions, as that of *Tibur* and of *Clitumnus*, and sometimes, as seems to have been the case of most rustic fanes, without any share of either *. Moreover, these temples appear to have been at all times much neglected, and many of them allowed to fall into decay, as we are informed, not by Horace only †, but by the elder Pliny, who mentions a temple in ruins so near Rome as *Ardea*.

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* Pliny the Younger, by a single expression, enables us to guess at the size and furniture of a rustic temple, even when of great celebrity—« Vetus sane *et angusta*, quum sit alioqnin stato die frequentissima . . . Deae signum . . . antiquum *e ligno*, quibusdam sui partibus *truncatum*.« Pliny, who was about to rebuild this fane, *in melius*, *in majus*, orders his architect to purchase *four* pillars for the front, and a quantity of marble sufficient to lay the pavement and line the walls—*Lib.* xi. *Ep.*39.

† Delicta majorum immeritus lues
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes deorum, etc.
Hor. Lib. iii. Ode 6.

It will, I believe, be admitted, that the Churches which rise so numerous in every part of Modern Italy, oftentimes equal the temples of old in exterior magnificence, and generally surpass them in interior decoration. Though I have excepted Rome from the comparison, yet I may safely aver that there was not anciently, even in Rome itself, one temple in magnitude comparable to the cathedral of *Florence*, or to that of *Milan*, and that few in internal beauty surpassed or even equalled that of *St. Giorgio* at *Venice*, of *Sta. Giustina* at *Padua*, or of the abbey church of *Chiaravalle*.

The *pillared* portico was a peculiar feature of Roman magnificence, nor does Italy at present exhibit any thing of the kind, excepting the grand colonnade of the Vatican, forming the most extensive scene of architectural beauty in the world. In *arcaded* porticos Italy is still rich, and *Vicenza* and *Bologna* present in their celebrated galleries a length of arches not probably surpassed in ancient times.

Amphitheatres were of Roman invention, and when of great magnitude and of solid stone were most stupendous edifices. But of these the number was very small, and it may be doubted whether in all Italy there were more than three or four of the kind, two of which were in Rome, and one at *Verona*. Most, if not all the others were either of wood, like that of *Placentia*, which was burnt in the contest between Vespasian

and Vitellius, or of brick like that of *Puteoli*, and numberless others unnecessary to mention *.

The observation on the small number of magnificent amphitheatres may be applied with some restriction to theatres, many of which were of little size, and of very common materials, and contributed no more to the ornament of the country than modern edifices of the same description. The same may be said of circuses and baths, particularly the latter, which with very few exceptions, were, in provincial towns, buildings of more convenience than magnificence. But to compensate the defect, if there exist any in this respect, Modern Italy possesses other edifices perhaps of equal beauty, and undoubtedly of greater utility, and of far superior interest. I allude to her abbies and to her hospitals. The former lift their venerable

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* I am aware that several learned authors are of opinion, that the upper story only of the amphitheatre of *Placentia* was of wood, and that the same may be said of other similar edifices supposed to be built of the same materials. But the destruction of so large an edifice can scarce be represented by an historian so accurate as Tacitus (Tacit. Hist. ii. 21.) as the conflagration of the whole; while, on the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how the appellation *pulcherrimum opus* can be applied to a wooden pile. On the whole, as it was *consumed* by fire we must conclude that it was of wood.

towers amidst her forests and her solitudes, sometimes replace the temples that crowned the pinnacles of her mountains, and open in the loneliness of the desert scenes of architecture, of literary opulence, and of religious pomp, which, contrasted with the savage features of nature around, seem almost to border on the wonders of enchantment*.

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* The site of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, on the pinnacle of the Alban Mount, is now occupied by a convent of Camaldolese monks, and the Parent Abbey of the Benedictin Order rises on the ruins of a temple of Apollo which crowned the pinnacle of Mount *Cassinum*. The reader will recollect other instances.

Some writers of more prejudice than reflection, represent these, and all similar establishments, as blots, deformities, defects, etc. but as long as painting, sculpture, and architecture are held in repute; as long as agriculture and literature are considered as advantages; and as long as the knowledge of Christianity is looked upon as a blessing; so long the great abbies will be ranked among the ornaments of Modern Italy. But, in the opinion of the authors mentioned above, the *ergastula* of antiquity, which may perhaps have sometimes occupied the same solitary recesses, and were the prisons of the slaves who cultivated the land, and now and then also of freemen seized by the lawless landholders on the high road, and enslaved for life, these *ergastula* might possibly be more ornamental.

The latter encircle her cities with lines of palaces, superior in size and decorations to the mansion of their sovereigns, and expand halls, libraries, fountains, and gardens for the reception, not of an idle populace, nor of parasites and buffoons, nor of actors and declaimers but of the sick and the suffering, of the ignorant and the forlorn, of all that feel misery and want relief! If, to these edifices we superadd colleges, seminaries, and literary establishments, all institutions unknown to antiquity, and almost all of considerable magnitude and splendor, spread at present over the face of the country in every direction, and embellishing in a greater or less degree every town from *Susa* to *Reggio*, we may perhaps no longer hesitate to allow to Modern Italy the praise even of superior embellishment. But, when with these edifices we connect the object for which they are erected, and the moral effects which they are intended to produce when we contemplate the consequent propagation of religion and decency, of literature and humanity, the prospect still brightens upon us, and Modern Italy rises before us encircled with a lustre, that eclipses all the glories even of the Augustan age.

Such was the state of Italy during the latter period of the eighteenth century, populous and cultivated; covered with the works of art and with the monuments of glory; not only independent but extending her sway over the neighboring coasts and

islands: not only united by the same language, (the most harmonious and the most copious of modern dialects) but spreading that language with all its treasures over all the wide-extended shores of the Mediterranean. But the French invasion darkened the prospect, and clouded all this scene of glory. Since this disastrous event every year has visited Italy with some additional curse in its train, and has swept away in its flight some monument of her former fame, some remnant of her late prosperity. Her cities have been plundered; her sons dragged away to bleed in the cause of their oppressors; her schools have been suppressed; her cultivation discouraged; the morals of her youth tainted, misery has thus been entailed upon future generations; and all the curses of military despotism have been inflicted upon her in all their aggravation. Of these curses the greatest and most destructive is the loss of her independence: Italy now, for the first time in the long annals of her most eventful history, is numbered among the provinces of a foreign empire. Rome, *the Princess of provinces is become tributary;* the Metropolis of Christendom is degraded into the handmaid of Paris. The Roman Emperor, that majestic phantom that terminated with becoming dignity the grand pyramid of the European republic, has descended from his throne, and tamely resigned the crown and the sceptre of the Caesars to a Gallic usur-

per*. Yet this pusillanimous prince, when he gave up a title which had been the ambition of the wisest and the most heroic of his ancestors, and which raised his family above all the royal dynasties of Europe, had more legions under his command than were assembled under both Caesar and Pompey to dispute the empire of the world in the plains of *Pharsalia*. But, if Rome has to blush for the pusillanimity of her Emperor, she may justly glory in the firmness of her Pontiff, and acknowledge in Pius VII. the unconquerable soul of her ancient heroes. While all the other sovereigns of the continent bowed in silent submission to the will of the victor, and resigned or assumed provinces and diadems at his nod, the humble Pontiff alone had the courage to assert his independence, to

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* The Roman has thus subsided in the French Empire, and Napoleon affects to reign the founder of a new monarchy, and the rival, not the successor of the Caesars. This attempt to make France the seat of empire is the second on record. The first was made during the distractions that accompanied the contest between Vespasian and Vitellius. Though successful at first, it soon terminated in disgrace and discomfiture, and the empire of the Gauls vanished before the genius of Rome.—*Tacit. Hist* iv. It is to be wished, for the sake of the human race at large, that this second attempt at universal dominion may meet with the same fate!

repel indignantly the pretended sovereignty of the French despot, and to reject with contemptuous disdain both his claims and his offers.

Inconcussa tenens dubio vestigia mundo.
Lucan ii.

How long this subjugation of Italy may last, it is not for human foresight to determine; but we may without rashness venture to assert, that as long as the population and the resources of Italy are annexed to the destinies of France, so long France must be triumphant. A peace that consigns the garden of Europe to the tranquil sovereignty of that overgrown and most restless Power, consigns the Continent over to hopeless slavery; and of a peace that brings such a dire disaster with it, it may justly be asserted that it will be more pernicious in its consequences than the longest and most destructive warfare.

The islands may flatter themselves in vain with the advantages of their situation; a population of sixty millions, active, warlike, and intelligent with all the ports and all the forests of the Continent at their command, with increasing experience on their side, and with the skill and the valor of trans-atlantic mariners in their favor, must at length prevail and wrest the trident even from the mighty hand of Great Britain.

When we contemplate the page of his-

tory, and see how intimately happiness seems connected with misfortune, and how closely glory is followed by disaster; when we observe the prosperity of a country suddenly checked by invasion, the most civilized regions opened as if by the hand of Providence to a horde of barbarians, and all the fair prospect of peace and felicity blasted in the very moment of expansion, we are tempted to indulge a sentiment of despondency, and mourn over the destiny of our Species. But, the philosopher who admires the wisdom and the goodness of the Divine Being stamped on the face of nature, and reads them still more forcibly expressed in the Volume of inspiration, will ascribe to design that which folly might attribute to change; he will discover in the histories of nations, as in the lives of individuals, the prudent discipline of a father inuring his sons to patience and to exertion; repressing their petulance by timely chastisements; encouraging their efforts by occasional success, calling forth their powers by disasters and disappointments; allowing the mind seasons of peace and prosperity to mature its talents; and, when it has attained the highest point of perfection allotted to human endowment in this state of trial, changing the scene, and by new combinations of nations and of languages, calling forth the energies of other generations; and thus keeping the human heart and intellect in constant play and uninterrupted progress towards improvement.

APPENDIX.

On the Pope, the Roman Court, Cardinals, etc.

THE subject of the following pages, though not strictly speaking included in the plan of a *Classical* Tour, is yet intimately connected with the destinies of Rome. For the former reason I have omitted these observations in the body of the work; and for the second, I think it necessary to insert them here; especially as many of my readers, though they may have heard much of the *names*, yet may possibly be very superficially acquainted with the *things* themselves. Such therefore as may have any curiosity to satisfy, or any wish to acquire more information on the subject, will perhaps peruse the following pages with some interest.

The person of the Pope may be considered in two very different capacities, as temporal sovereign of the Roman territory, and as chief Pastor of the Catholic Church. The confusion of these characters has produced much scandal in past ages, and in modern times has occasioned much misrepresentation and not a little oppression. To draw the line therefore, and to enable the reader to discriminate the rights annexed to these different characters, may be considered not only as necessary in a discourse which treats of the Roman Court, but as a debt due to

the cause of truth and benevolence. That such a combination of spiritual and temporal power may occasion a mutual re-action on each other, and that it has had that effect not unfrequently, must be admitted: whether, it may not on that very account be, in some degree, mischievous, is a question which we are not here called upon to discuss, especially as this union forms no part of Christian or Catholic discipline; and however decorous or advantageous the independence of the first Pastor be supposed yet it is confessedly no necessary appendage of his spiritual jurisdiction. I shall treat of the spiritual character first, as that is the essential and distinguishing privilege claimed by the Roman See, and then speak of the temporal power which it has acquired in the lapse of ages.

Now in order to give the Protestant reader a clear and precise idea of the rights which every Catholic considers as inherent in the Roman See, or to speak more correctly, in the successor of St Peter, it will be necessary to observe, that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, Metropolitan and Primate of Italy, of Sicily, and of Macedonia, etc. and Patriarch of the West; that in each of these capacities he enjoys the same privileges and the same authority as are enjoyed by other Bishops, Metropolitans, Primates, and Patriarchs in their respective dioceses and districts; that his authority like theirs, is confined within certain limits marked out by ancient custom, and by the canons; and that like theirs

also, it may be modified or suspended, by the Church at large. I shall only add, that as Patriarch of the West, the Pope enjoys a pre eminence elevated enough to satisfy the wishes of the most ambitious prelate, as by it he ranks before all western ecclesiastics, and takes place and precedency on all public occasions.

But the Roman Pontiff claims honors still more distinguished, and as successor of St. Peter is acknowledged by the Catholic Church to sit as its firt Pastor by divine institution. As it is not my intention to exhibit either proofs or objections, but merely to state an article of belief, I shall as the best and most satisfactory method give it in the words of a general council.*

« Item definimus Sanctam Apostolicam Sedem et Romanum Pontificem in universum orbem tenere Primatum, et ipsum Pontificem Romanum Successorem esse beati Petri, Principis Apostolorum, et verum Christi Vicarium, totiusque Ecclesiae Caput, et omnium Christianorum Patrem et Doctorem existere; et ipsi in beato Petro pascendi; regendi, ac gubernandi universalem ecclesiam a Domino nostro Jesu Christo plenam potestatem traditam esse, quemadmodum etiam in gestis Oecumenicorum conciliorum et in sacris canonibus continetur. Renovantes insuper ordinem traditum in canonibus caeterorum venerabilium Patriarcharum; ut Patriarcha Constantinopolitanus secundus sit post sanctissimum Roma-

* General Council of *Florence*.

num Pontificum, tertius vero Alexandrinus; quartus autem Antiochenus, et quintus Hierosolymitanus ; salvis videlicet privilegiis omnibus et juribus eorum.«

According to this canon the Pope enjoys, by the institution of Christ, the primacy of honor and jurisdiction over the whole Christian Church, and to refuse it to him would be deemed an act of rebellion *. But no authority has yet determined, and it seems indeed very difficult to fix, the precise rights and prerogatives which are conferred by this primacy, and are so inseparably annexed to it, that to oppose their exercise or to deny their existence would be either schism or heresy. Suffice it to say, that the greater part of the powers exercised by the Popes, and especially those acts which have been considered as the most offensive in themselves as well as galling to other bishops, are allowed to be of human institution. In fact, the object of the canon above-mentioned, as also of the article corresponding with it in the creed of Pius IV. seems to have been solely to ascertain the existence of a *divinely* appointed Superior in the Catholic Church, leaving in the interim the mode of exercising his prerogative to the canons and the discipline of the same Church, to be enlarged or restrained as its exigencies may require.

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* See on this subject, *Divinae fidei Analysis*, etc. by Holden, a pious and learned divine of the *Sorbonne*.

But though no temporal advantages are originally, or by its institution, annexed to it, yet it is evident that such an elevated dignity must naturally inspire reverence, and consequently acquire weight and consideration. Influence, at least in a certain degree, must accompany such consideration, and give the spiritual pastor no small degree of worldly importance. We accordingly find, that even in the very commencement of Christianity the Bishop of Rome had become a conspicuous personage, so far as to attract the attention of the Emperors, and sometimes, if the expression of an ancient writer be not a rhetorical exaggeration, to awaken their jealousy.

When the Emperors embraced Christianity, it may easily be imagined, that the successor of St. Peter acquired an increase of temporal weight and dignity; and it has been observed, that the Pagan historians speak with some asperity of the splendor of his retinue and of the delicacy of his table. This splendor can excite no astonishment. The first pastor of the religion of the Emperors might justly be ranked among the great dignitaries of the empire; he had free access to the person of the sovereign, and was by him treated with filial reverence: his palace and his table were frequented by the first officers of the state, and to support his dignity in their company might, perhaps justly, be considered as one of the duties of his station. We cannot suspect the Popes of that period, such as St. Sylvester, St. Dama-

sus, Gelasius, Leo the Great, etc. of such contemptible vices as either luxury or ostentation; simple and disinterested all through life, they could not be supposed to resign their habitual virtues in their old age, and to commence a career of folly when seated in the chair of St. Peter. But they knew human nature, and very prudently adapted their exterior to that class of society which they were destined to instruct.

But besides the consideration inseparable from the office itself, another source of temporal greatness may be found in the extensive possessions of land, and in the great riches in plate, of the Roman Church itself. These riches were considerable, even under the Pagan Emperors and during the persecutions, as we may presume from various passages in ancient authors *, and they were not a little increased by the liberal donations of the Christian princes, and particularly of Constantine the Great. The invasion of the barbarians, without doubt, might occasionally lower the produce of these lands, and their rapacity might lessen the quantity of plate; yet not in the same proportion in which it affected the lands and the properties of the laity, as great respect was in general shewn to the tombs of the Apostles, and to the sanctuaries of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John

* Prud. Lib. Περι στεφανων. 2. D. S. Laurentio.

Lateran. So far, indeed, was this veneration sometimes carried by these invaders, that the fierce Genseric himself not only spared the great Basilicae, but during all the horrors of a week's plunder, respected the persons and the property placed within their precincts. Hence the Roman Church, after repeated invasions, after the establishment and the reigns of a race of barbarian monarchs, and even after the destructive vicissitudes of the Gothic war, which gave the last blow to the prosperity and to the fortunes of Italy, still retained extensive possessions, not in Italy only, but in Sicily and other more distant provinces. This fact we learn from the epistles of Gregory the Great, who employed the vast income, of which he was the administrator, in supporting many illustrious families reduced to misery, and in relieving the distress of the people laboring under the accumulated pressure of war, of famine, and of pestilence. When such riches are so employed, it is no wonder that the public should look with reverence and affection to the hand that dispenses them, and be disposed to transfer their allegiance from a sovereign, remote, weak, and indifferent, to their Pastor, who relieved them by his generosity, directed them by his prudence, and protected them by his talents and by his authority. Such was the part which Gregory acted during his pontificate. He was by birth a Roman patrician, and took a deep interest in the misfortunes of his country; he was placed by his rank

and education on a level with the greatest characters of the age, and had been early employed in the management of public affairs; he had thus acquired the address of a courtier with the experience of a statesman: when raised to the pontificate he found, in the disastrous state of Rome and Italy, sufficient opportunities of displaying these talents to the best advantage, and for the noblest object; and by them he saved his country from the intrigues of the imperial court, from the weakness and the wickedness of the Exarchs, and from the fury of the *Longobardi*, then a recent and most savage horde of invaders.

From this period, though the Greek Emperors were the nominal, yet the Popes became the real and effective sovereigns of Rome, and attached to it as they generally were by birth, and always by residence, duty, and interest, they promoted its welfare with unabating and oftentimes, successful efforts. Upon the merit of these services therefore, and the voluntary submission of an admiring and grateful flock rests the original and blest claim which the Roman Pontiffs possess to the temporal sovereignty. But though this sovereignty was enjoyed, many years elapsed before it was avowed, on the side of the Pontiff, or admitted on that of the Emperor, and many more ages before it was fully and finally established on a solid and unshaken basis.

The German Caesars continued long to assert their supreme dominion over the me-

tropolis as the Capital of their empire; the Roman barons, a proud and ferocious aristocracy, often defied the authority of their weak Pontiffs; and the Roman people itself, though willing to submit to the councils of a father, frequently rebelled against the orders of a prince. It will not appear singular, that these rebellions, or to speak more fairly, these acts of opposition to the temporal dominion of the Popes were never more frequent than during the reigns of those Pontiffs, whose characters were the most daring, and whose claims were the most lofty. In fact, from the tenth century, when the Popes began to degenerate from the piety of their predecessors *, and to sacrifice their spiritual character to their temporal interests, Rome became the theatre of insurrection, warfare, and intrigue; and continued so with various intervals of tranquillity occasioned by the intervening reigns of milder Pastors, till the sixteenth century, when they resumed the virtues of their early predecessors, and by them regained the veneration and the affection of their flocks. Since that period the Pope has reigned Pastor and

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* This fact will not be contested by the most zealous partisan of the papal prerogative; if it should be, the author need only appeal to Baronius, who, speaking of the tenth century, observes—*Pontifices Romanos a veterum pietate degenerasse, et principes saeculi sanctitate floruisse.*

Prince, an object at once of the reverence and of the allegiance of the Roman people, seldom alarmed by foreign invasion, or insulted by domestic insurrection; devoted to the duties of his profession, the patron of the arts, the common father of Christendom, and the example and the oracle of the Catholic Hierarchy.

But though the Pope is both Bishop and Prince, yet his titles, dress, equipage, and the whole ceremonial of his court, are adapted to the first of these characters. He is styled Holiness, the Holy Father, and sometimes in history the Sovereign Pontiff; but the former appellations, as more appropriate to his duties and functions, are exclusively used in his own court. His robes are the same as those of a bishop in pontificals, (excepting the stole and the color,) which is white not purple. His vestments when he officiates in church as well as his mitre do not differ from those of other prelates. The *tiara* seems originally to have been an ordinary mitre, such as is still worn by the Greek Patriarchs. The three circlets, which have raised it into a triple crown, were added at different periods, and it is said, for different mystic reasons. The first or lowest seems to have been originally a mere border, gradually enriched with gold and diamonds. The second was the invention of Boniface VIII. about the year 1300; and to complete the mysterious decoration, the third was superadded about the middle of

the fourteenth century. The use of the *tiara* is confined to certain extraordinary occasions, as in most great ceremonies the Pope uses the common episcopal mitre.

Whenever he appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilicae he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state; though in the chancel, his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendor in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his antichamber, a prelate in full robes is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the Pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the Pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The pontiff then converses with him a short

time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or metals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genuflection is again repeated, and the doors close *.

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* Some Protestants have objected to this ceremony, which, after all, is only a mark of respect formerly paid to every bishop *, and still kept up in a court tenacious of its ancient observances. *It is said*, that Horace Walpole, when presented to Benedict XIV. stood for some time in a posture of hesitation, when the Pope, who was remarkable for cheerfulness and humour, exclaimed, « *Kneel down, my son, receive the blessing of an old man; it will do you no harm* !« upon which the young traveller instantly fell on his knees, and was so much pleased with the conversation and liveliness of Benedict, that he took every occasion of waiting upon him, and testifying his respect during his stay at Rome. In truth, English gentlemen have always been received by the Popes with peculiar kindness and condescension, and every indulgence is shewn to their opinions, or, as the Romans must term their prejudices and even to their caprices.

The custom of being carried in a chair of state has also given offence, and is certainly not very conformable to the modern practice even of courts, however it is another remnant of ancient manners, a mode of conveyance (less luxurious indeed) copied from the *lectica*, so much in use among the Romans. In the earlier ages, the custom of

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* Fleury Mœurs des Chretiens xxxii. ad finem.

The pomp which environs the Pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of ordinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family or their confidants. The Pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labors for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh for

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the Popes as of other bishops was to pass from the sacristy through the church on foot *, leaning on two priests, and thus advance to the altar, a custom more conformable to Christian humility, and to the simplicity not only of ancient but of modern times. In fact, in all the ceremonial of the Roman Church and Court, the only parts liable to misrepresentation or censure, are certain additions of later times, in religious pomps and court pageants, in dress and in stile, being too inflated and cumbersome. The rule of reform is easy and obvious; to prune off the excrescences of barbarous ages, and to restore the simple forms of antiquity.

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* Ordo Rom. Primus et Secund. *Muratori.*

the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only exercises. Devotion and business, the duties of the Pontiff and of the Prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or for the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honors can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement!

I have said a solitary meal, for the Pope never dines in company; so that to him a repast is no recreation: it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expences of his table to about six pence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present Pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day. These unsocial repasts may have their utility in removing all temptations to luxurious indulgence, and all opportunities of unguarded conversation; two evils to which convivial entertainments are confessedly liable. Yet, when we consider on the one side the sobriety and the reserve of the Italians, particularly when in conspicuous situations, and on the other the number of men of talents and information that are to be found at all times in the Roman court, and in the col-

lege of cardinals, we feel ourselves disposed to condemn an etiquette which deprives the Pontiff of such conversation as might not only afford a rational amusement, but oftentimes be made the vehicle of useful hints and suggestions. Another advantage might result from a freer communication; the smiles of greatness call forth genius; admission to the table of the Pontiff might revive that ardor for literary glory, which distinguished the era of Leo X. and might again perhaps fill Rome with Orators, Poets, and Philosophers. And though we applaud the exclusion of buffoons and pantomimes, and the suppression of shews and pageantry, yet we may be allowed to wish that the halls of the Vatican again resounded with the voice of the orator, and with the lyre of the poet; with the approbation of the Court, and with the plaudits of the multitude. But can Rome flatter herself with the hopes of a third Augustan age?

On the whole, the person and conduct of the Pope, whether in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (*Ganganelli*) was advised by his phisicians to ride; he rode in the neighborhood of his *Alban Villa*, and it is said, offended the peo-

ple of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV. wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public, the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta Santa; plenary indulgence to all who enter.* These anecdotes suffice to shew the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the Pontiff.

Some centuries ago the Popes considered themselves authorised, by their temporal sovereignty, to give the same exhibitions and tournaments, and to display the same scenes of festivity and magnificence in the Vatican, as were beheld at the courts and in the palaces of other princes; nor did such ill-placed pageants seem at that period to have excited surprise or censure. But the influence of the Council of Trent, though its direct interference was indignantly repelled, reached the recesses of the pontifical palace, and the general rigor of discipline established by it, ascended from the members to the head, and at length pervaded the whole body. Hence the austere features of the papal court, and the monastic silence that reigns through the vast apartments of the *Vatican* and of the *Quirinal* palaces; and hence also the solitary repasts and the perpetual abstemiousness of the Pontiff's table.

I mean not, however, to insinuate that

the private virtues of the Popes themselves have no share in this system of frugality and decorum, as that is by no means the truth. Temperance is a general virtue in Italy, and independent even of the national character, the Popes have long been remarkable for their personal abstemiousness. The present Pontiff in particular, inured to monastic discipline from his youth, and long accustomed to the plainest diet, owes, probably, the extreme temperance by which he is distinguished, to habit as much as to principle, and can feel little inclination to exchange his slight and wholesome repasts for the pleasures of a luxurious table. But, to whatever cause it may be attributed, this truly episcopal spirit and appearance are edifying, and must extort the applause of every traveller, who, however unwilling he may be to acknowledge the Pontiff as the first Pastor of the Christian Church, must confess, that his mode of living and appearance are not unworthy of that sacred character.

To speak of the prerogative of the Pontiff as a sovereign is scarcely necessary, as it is known to be uncontroled by any legal or constitutional authority; a despotism, which, though mildly exercised, is diametrically opposite both to the interests of the people and to the personal happiness of the prince himself. The mischiefs that result from thence to the former are obvious; while the latter, if alive to sentiments of religion and of moral obligation as the modern sove-

reigns of Rome must unquestionably be, cannot but tremble under the weight of a responsability so awful thus confined to his own bosom. To share it with the best and wisest members of the State is safe, and would at the same time be so glorious, that we should be tempted to wonder that the experiment had never been tried, if every page in history did not prove how sweet despotic sway is to the vitiated palate of Sovereigns. But, if ever any monarch had either an opportunity or an inducement to realize the generous plan formed by Servius Tullius of giving liberty and a constitution to his people, the Popes, we should imagine, could have wanted neither.

In the middle ages when even Rome itself was infected with the barbarism and the licentiousness of the times, the Romans may perhaps have been incapable of governing themselves with prudence and consistency. The Barons were perhaps too powerful, the people too ignorant, to bear, or to appreciate the blessings of equal laws and of representative administration. (I have said perhaps, because experience has long since proved that the best instrument of civilization is liberty.) But surely this objection is not applicable to the Romans of the present age, whether nobles or plebeians; the former, are calm and stately; the latter, serious and reasonable; forming a nation well calculated to exercise the rights and to display the energies of a free people. The car-

dinals and the first patricians would constitute a wise and illustrious senate, and the people might exercise their powers by a representative body, the materials of which may be discovered in every street in Rome, and in every town and almost every village in its dependent provinces. The Pontiff, a prince without passions, without any interest but that of his people, without any allurement to vice, and any bias to injustice, must surely be a fit head to such a political body, and calculated to preside over it with dignity and effect. Thus the *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, now an empty name, would again become a mighty body, the rich and beautiful territory under its sway would again teem with population; its influence or its power might once more unite Italy in one solid mass, and direct its energies in union with Great Britain, its natural ally, against the common enemy of Italy, of Great-Britain, and of mankind.

But to turn from visions too prosperous to be realized, we shall proceed to the College of Cardinals, the real senate of modern Rome, and the council of the Pontiff. The title of cardinal was originally given to the parochial clergy of Rome: it seems to have been taken from the imperial court, where in the time of Theodosius, the principal officers of the state had that appellation added as a distinction to their respective dignities. The number of titles, or churches which have a title to this dignity, is seventy-two, including the six sub-

urban bishoprics; their principal and most honorable privilege is that of electing the Pope; and it is easy to conceive that their dignity and importance increased with that of the Roman See itself, and that they shared alike its temporal and its spiritual preeminence. As they are the counsellors, so they are the officers of the Pontiff, and are thus entrusted with the management of the church at large and of the Roman State in particular.

In the middle ages, when the Roman Bishop seemed to engross to himself the government, both spiritual and temporal of Christendom, and acted at once with all the power and authority of Emperor and of Pontiff, the cardinalate became the next most conspicuous dignity, and rivalled, sometimes eclipsed the splendor of royalty itself.

Even after the plenitude of papal power had been retrenched, and the reformation had withdrawn so many provinces from its dominion, the purple retained its lustre, and a cardinal still continued to rank with princes of the blood royal. This honor they possess even in our times, and in spite of the revolution itself, they enjoy it in such courts as are not immediately under French control. Thus the College of Cardinals has made a conspicuous figure in Europe for the space of at least one thousand years. The Roman Senate itself can scarce be said to have supported its fame and grandeur for so long a period; in dignity, rank, ta-

lents, and majesty, the sacred College is worthy to succeed and to represent that august assembly.

One of the advantages, or rather the peculiar glory of this body, is that it admits men of eminence in virtue, talents, or rank, without any regard to country or nation; thus paying a tribute to merit in opposition to local prejudices, and inviting genius from every quarter of the globe, to receive the honors, and at the same time to increase the lustre of the Roman purple. The classic writers of the age of Leo, while they beheld so many distinguished characters collected in this assembly, and while they received so much encouragement from its learned members, looked up to it with reverence and affection, and joyfully applied to it the titles and the appellations of the ancient senate. It was with them the *amplissimus cœtus*, *imperii et rationis arx — portus omnium gentium — Orbis terrarum concilium*, etc. Its members were the *purpurati patres—gentium patroni — Urbis principes*, etc. It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise that this dignity should at all times have been the object of ecclesiastical ambition, and been accepted with joy by the sons even of the first monarchs in Europe.

The cardinals are named by the Pope, though all the Catholic Powers are allowed to recommend a certain number. Some hats are generally kept in reserve in case

of any emergency, so that the number is seldom full. The nomination is not often abused, and the honor so rarely misplaced, that the public has not been known to complain for a long lapse of years.

The grand assembly of the cardinals is called the Consistory, where the Pontiff presides in person. Here they appear in all the splendor of the purple and form a most majestic senate, such as might almost justify the emphatical expression of the Greek Orator. But this assembly is not precisely a council, as it seldom discusses, but witnesses the ratification of measures previously weighed and adopted in the cabinet of the Pontiff. Here therefore public communications are announced, foreign ambassadors received, cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered, in short, the exterior splendor of sovereignty is displayed to the public eye. But the principal prerogative of a cardinal is exercised in the Conclave, so called because the members of the sacred college are then confined within the precincts of the great halls of the *Vatican* palace, where they remain immured till they agree in the election of a Pontiff. The halls are divided into temporary apartments; each cardinal has four small rooms, and two attendants called conclavists. The Senator of Rome, the conservators, and the patriarchs, archbishops, then in the city, guard the different entrances into the conclave, and prevent all communication. These

precautions to exclude all undue influence and intrigue, from such an assembly, on such an occasion, though not always effectual, deserve applause. However, the clashing interests of the different courts are so well-poised, that even intrigue can do but little mischief; for if the cardinals attached to any sovereign make particular efforts in favor of any individual of the same interest, they only awaken the jealousy and rouse the opposition of all the other courts and parties. The choice generally falls on a cardinal totally unconnected with party, and therefore exceptionable to none, exempt from glaring defects, and ordinarily remarkable for some virtue or useful accomplishment, such as learning, dignity, moderation, firmness.

It is not my intention to specify all the forms of *etiquette* observed, or the ceremonies practised during the process, or at the conclusion of the election; two or three however I must notice for reasons which will appear sufficiently obvious; one is the custom of putting the tickets containing the votes of the cardinals on the *patina* (or communion plate) and then into the chalice: now, however important these votes may be, and however intimate their connexion with the welfare of the Church, yet to apply to them the vases devoted in a peculiar manner to the most awful institutions of religion, seems to pass beyond disrespect, and almost to border on profana-

tion. The next ceremony to which I have alluded, is that called the adoration of the Pope; it takes place almost immediately after his election, when he is placed in a chair on the altar of the Sixtine chapel, and there receives the homage of the cardinals: this ceremony is again repeated on the high altar of St. Peter's. Now in this piece of pageantry, I object not to the word *adoration;* no one who knows Latin, or reflects upon the sense which it bears on this and on a thousand other occasions, will cavil at it, though he may wish it otherwise applied. Nor do I find fault with the throne; he who is at the same time both Pontiff and Prince has, from time and custom, perhaps a double title to such a distinction. But why should the altar be made his footstool? the altar, the *beauty of holiness*, the throne of the *victim* * *lamb*, the *mercy seat* of the temple of Christianity; why should the altar be converted into the footstool of a mortal?

I mean not, however, while I condemn this ceremony to extend the censure to those who practise or who tolerate it. Be-

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* Hic sua pascit populos fideles
Carne, qui mundi scelus omne tollit
Agnus, et fusi pretium cruoris
Ipse propinat.

Hym. Ded.

sides the difficulty of altering an ancient rite (if this piece of pageantry deserves that epithet) the world is too well acquainted with the virtues of the late Pontiffs to suspect them of want of humility. To conform to an established custom, and to refer the honor to him whom they represent, the *Prince of Pastors* and the *Master of Apostles* appears perhaps to them a greater act of humility than to excite surprize, and perhaps to give offence, by an untimely and unexpected resistance. Be the motives of toleration however what they may, the practice is not edifying to any, it is offensive to most, and of consequence, as producing some evil and no good, it ought to be suppressed.

The last ceremony which I shall notice is the following. As the new Pontiff advances towards the high altar of St. Peter's, the master of the ceremonies kneeling before him, sets fire to a small quantity of tow placed on the top of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, thus addresses the Pope, *Sancte Pater! sic transit gloria mundi!* This ceremony is repeated thrice. Such allusions to the nothingness of sublunary grandeur have, we all know, been introduced into the ceremonials of royal pageantry both in ancient and modern times; nor is it mentioned here as a novelty, but as a proof of the transcendent glory which once encompassed the papal throne. — *Nemo est in mundo sine aliqua tribulatione vel an-*

gustia, quamvis Rex sit vel Papa. — De Imit. Christi. i. 22. The pontifical dignity was then, it seems, supposed to be the complement and perfection of regal and even imperial power.

Yet there is no sovereign who seems to stand in so little need of this lesson as the Roman Pontiff. The robes which encumber his motions, the attendants, that watch his steps, and the severe magnificence that surrounds him on all sides, are so many mementos of his duties and of his responsibility; while the churches which he daily frequents lined with monuments, that announce the existence and the short reigns of his predecessors; nay, the very city which he inhabits, the sepulchre of ages and of empires, the sad monument of all that is great and glorious beneath the sun, remind him at every step of fallen grandeur and of human mortality. One lesson more the Pontiff is now destined to receive daily, and that is of all others the most impressive and most mortifying; power escaping from his grasp, and influence evaporating in the shadow of a name, *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Of the retinue and procession of the Pontiff at the inauguration I shall say no more; but of the ceremonial of the Roman Court in general, merely give the opinion of the most intelligent of French travellers in his own words, after having observed that, to the eye of an Englishman though as par-

tial to pomp and stateliness as the native of a northern region can be, the effect would be increased if the quantum of ceremony were considerably diminished. *La pompe qui environne le Pape, et les ceremonies de l'Eglise Romaine sont les plus majestueuses, les plus augustes, et les plus imposantes qu'on puisse voir.* *

From the state and the exterior of the Popes in general, we will now pass to the person and the character of the present Pontiff. Pius VII is of a noble family, *Chiaramonte* by name, and became early in life a Benedictin monk of the Abbey of *S. Giorgio* at *Venice*. His learning, virtue, and mildness raised him shortly above the level of his brethren, attracted the attention of his Superiors first, and afterwards of the late Pope, Pius VI. who on his way to *Vienna* had an opportunity of noticing the Father *Chiaramonte*, and who shortly after promoted him to the See of *Imola*, and afterwards raised him to the purple. His career in this splendid line seems to have

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* La *Lande*.—The reader will perhaps be surprised to find no account of various observances, of which he has heard or read much, such as the *open stool*, the examination, etc etc.; but his surprise will cease, or perhaps increase, when he is assured that no such ceremonies exist.

been marked rather by the mild and conciliating virtues than by the display of extraordinary abilities; we accordingly find him esteemed and beloved by all parties, and respected even by French generals, and by *Buonaparte* in particular.

When the late Pope was torn from his Capital by the orders of the French Directory, and dragged prisoner into France, the cardinals were banished or deported with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and the cardinal *Chiaramonte* of course shared in common with his brethren the hardships and the dangers of this persecution.

On the death of Pius VI. the cardinals assembled in conclave at *Venice*, and in a short time unanimously proclaimed cardinal *Chiaramonte* Pope. This election took place in the month of March 1800. The French were obliged to evacuate Rome about the same period, and the Pope embarked for *Ancona*, and made his public entry into Rome in the following April.

We may easily conceive the joy both of the Pontiff and of the people on this happy occasion. The scene was unusually splendid, but it owed its splendor not to the opulence of the sovereign, but to the zeal of the subject. The guard that lined the streets, and escorted the Pontiff, consisted of a numerous body of young patricians; the triumphal arches and decorations were supplied by the Roman people; and the equipage of the Pontiff himself was the vo-

luntary homage of the generous *Colonna*, a prince truly worthy of the name of a Roman. In fact, the Pope was personally as poor as the Apostle whom he succeeds, and like him, brought to his Flock nothing but the piety of the Pastor, and the affection of the Father. As the procession moved towards the *Vatican*, tears were observed more than once streaming down his cheeks, and the details which he afterwards received of the distress occasioned by the rapacity of the late invaders, could only increase his anguish.

To relieve the sufferings of his people, and to restore the finances of the country, was his first object, and to attain it he began by establishing a system of the strictest economy in his own household and around his own person. He next suppressed all immunities or exemptions, and subjected the nobility and the clergy to the same or to greater burthens than the lower orders; this regulation, so simple in itself, and so just, is yet little practised on the continent, where in general the weight of taxation falls upon those who are least capable of bearing it. The French republic affects indeed to adopt it, but in fact uses it only as a convenient method of plundering the rich without relieving the poor. Such are the beneficial effects of this regulation, that though some oppressive and unpopular duties have, I believe, been removed, and the sum imposed on each indivi-

dual diminished, yet the general amount of the taxes is considerably increased. Other salutary arrangements are, it is said, in contemplation, and the good intentions, the sense, and the virtuous feelings of Pius VII. encourage the hope, that his reign, if he be not thwarted in his designs, will be the commencement of an era of reform and of prosperity.

The Pope is of a middle stature; his eyes are dark, and his hair is black and curly; his countenance is mild and benevolent, expressing rather the tranquil virtues of his first profession, than sentiments congenial to his latter elevation. However, it is whispered by those who are more intimately acquainted with his character, that he can on occasions display great firmness and decision; that he is influenced much more by his own judgment than by the opinions of his ministers, and that he adheres irrevocably to his determination. At the present crisis, when the temporal possessions of the Roman Church are at the mercy of the strongest, a spirit of conciliation is perhaps the best calculated to preserve their integrity; and even in the spiritual concerns of the Apostolic See, the interests of religion may doubtless be best consulted by such concessions and changes in discipline as the reason or even the prejudices of the age may seem to demand. In both these respects, and particularly in the latter, the lenient and judicious Pontiff is likely to employ his

authority in a manner highly conducive to public utility.

I have said above, *if not thwarted in his designs*, for the exception is necessary The power of the French Republic still alarms the Roman court; and the darkness of its designs and the known malignity of its leaders, are sufficient to justify every suspicion. Even at present their conduct is treacherous and insolent. Though obliged by the articles of the late peace to evacuate the Roman territory, they still continue to occupy its sea-ports, and they compel the papal government to provide for the maintenance and the pay of the troops employed for that purpose. To which I may add, that they still encourage spies and intriguers of various descriptions in the Capital, and what is perhaps less dangerous but more expensive, they send generals to Rome under various pretexts, but in fact to extort money under the appellation of presents. Such is the occupation of *Murat* at the moment I am now writing, and such the silent warfare carried on by the French since the last treaty.

Cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes.

The attention paid to this brother-in-law of the First Consul is great, and borders rather upon homage than civility; but it is the worship paid to the genius of mischief, and springs from suspicion and fear unqua-

lified by one single spark of esteem or affection.*

The fatal experience of French power and malignity, and the fearful obscurity in which the intentions of that infernal government are enveloped, must of course act as a drawback upon the benevolent plans of the Pontiff, and keep the resources of the country almost in a state of stagnation. If an excavation is to be made, a question naturally occurs—May not the French make

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* One evening at a *conversazione* given by *Turlonia*, a well-known Roman banker, in honor of the peace lately concluded, to which *Murat*, the French general, and all the English and French at Rome were invited, Murat paid particular attention to the English, and among them to Captain P—of the Guards. Walking with him and others about the *Faro* table, and observing that the English took no part in the gambling there carried on, he took occasion to make them a compliment on their forbearance, and passing thence to some sarcastic observations on the master of the house and his countrymen, concluded by a declaration that there are but two nations in the world, the French and the English—« *You*,« says he,« *are the first by sea, we by land*.« To this decision, which however flattering to the navy is no compliment to the army of Great Britain, the Captain replied dryly, « *Sir, we are just arrived from Egypt*.« This short answer, uttered with the modesty peculiar to the man, reminded the French General of the recent glory of the British arms, and extorted from him some awkward and reluctant explanations.

us another visit, and carry away the fruits of our discoveries? If a project of cleansing the bed of the Tiber is proposed; and about to be adopted, for whom, it is asked, shall we draw up these long neglected treasures? for our greatest enemies. Is a palace to be repaired or new furnished: what! they exclaim, shall we spend our fortunes to prepare lodgings for a French general? Thus the influence of the French, whether absent or present, is always felt and always active in the production and in the extension of misery, of devastation, and of barbarism.

INCOME OF THE POPE.

Of the income of the Roman court, some account may perhaps be expected, though the many alterations which have lately occurred may be supposed, not only to have reduced its amount, but to have rendered that amount very irregular and uncertain. Several years ago, when in full possession of its territory, both in Italy and in France, it was not calculated at more than six hundred thousand pounds. Contrary to a very general opinion I must here observe, that this income arose principally from internal taxation, and that a very small part of it was derived from Catholic countries. The sums remitted by Catholic countries may be comprised under the two heads of annats and of dispensations; now these two heads, when united, did not produce in France,

the richest and most extensive of Catholic countries previous to the revolution, more than fifteen thousand pounds per annum. In Spain the annats had been abolished, or rather, bought off; and in Germany, if I mistake not, suppressed. Dispensations, that is, licenses to take orders, to hold livings, to contract marriages, and do various acts, in cases and circumstances contrary to the prescriptions of the common canon law, produced merely sufficient to pay the expences of the courts through which they necessarily passed, and added little to the Papal revenue. As for the concourse of pilgrims, which was supposed to be so very productive a source of income, it brought nothing to Rome, but the filth and the beggary of Catholic Europe. The far greater part of these pilgrims were not only too poor to bring an accession of wealth to the City, but even to support themselves, and were generally fed and lodged in hospitals expressly endowed for their reception. Into these hospitals seven hundred or more have frequently been admitted at a time, and supplied not only with the necessaries, but even with the comforts of life.

The revolutionary invasion of Italy, and the consequent dismemberment of part of the Roman territory, lessened the papal income, not only by diminishing the number of persons who contributed to it, but by impoverishing all the inhabitants of the Roman state, and by depriving even the industrious of the means of paying the taxes. In truth,

the greatest distress still prevails at Rome, and the government, it is said, can scarce collect the sums essential to its very existence.

EXPENDITURE.

Having thus given a short account of the income, I shall touch upon the expenditure of the Roman court, and passing over those articles which are common to all governments, such as the army, certain offices of state, magistracies and charges, etc. I will confine myself to the causes of disbursement which are peculiar to the pontifical treasury. The Roman Pontiffs have always considered the propagation of Christianity as their first and most indispensable duty, and have applied themselves to it with zeal and success, not only in the early ages when their spiritual functions were their sole occupation, but even at a later period, when politics and ambition had engrossed no small portion of their attention. Hence, in the second and following centuries, the provinces of the Roman Empire employed their zeal, and their disciples spread the light of the Gospel over the Gauls, Spain, and Great Britain; in the middle ages, Germany and the north called forth their apostolical exertions; and in more modern times America, with its islands, on one side; and on the other, the East Indies, with China and their dependencies, have furnished them with constant increasing employment. Of all the re-

gions comprised under these appellations there is scarcely one which has not been visited by their missionaries, and of all the nations which inhabit them, there is scarcely one tribe in which they have not made converts.

To support this grand and extensive plan of Christian conquest, there are several establishments at Rome, and one in particular, which from its object is called the *Collegium de Propaganda Fide*. This seminary is vast and noble, supplied in with a magnificent library, and with a press, in which books are printed in every known language. I ought perhaps, in strict propriety, to have said were printed, as the French, previous to their Egyptian expedition, carried off all the types, amounting to thirty-six sets appropriated to so many different languages.

Some of my readers may perhaps condemn this mode of propagating the Gospel as preposterous, and ill-adapted to the present state of society; they may conceive that the diffusion of Christianity ought to be left to the progress of civilization, and to the consequent extension of general knowledge. But in the first place, though Christianity seems necessary to produce civilization, the inverse does not appear so evident. What progress has Christianity made among the Turks and the Persians? or, independently of Roman missions, among the Hindoos and the Chinese? what progress has it made in our West Indian Islands? or on the border, I might almost say, in

the very bosom of the American states? or to come to a nearer and more familiar instance, is the civilization of the French very favorable to the propagation of Christianity? The truth is, that civilization is attended with vices as opposite to the spirit of the Gospel as those of barbarism itself; and the pride, the luxury, and the indifference of the former, are obstacles to conversion perhaps more insurmountable than the stupidity, the blindness, and the brutality of the latter. To which we may add, that the progress of civilization is slow and irregular; it ebbs and flows as kingdoms and empires wane or flourish; it visits unexpectedly under some new impulse the shores of the savage, and withdraws from the regions of luxury and refinement. Is the communication of the truths of Christianity, upon which depend the eternal destinies of mankind, to be abandoned to the operation of a cause, so slow, so uncertain, so ineffective? No: the Gospel itself prescribes another method better adapted by its energy and by its rapidity to the importance of the object—*GO AND TEACH ALL NATIONS* *— and he who issued the grand commission, has hitherto given effect to its exercise. The *tongues of fire* that first published the Gospel, still continue to proclaim its truths; and will continue to

* Matt. 28.

the end of time to inflame the hearts of the auditors.

Acting therefore upon the authority and the commission of Christ, the Roman Pontiffs continue, by their missionaries, to *teach all nations*, and to carry the *word of truth* to the most distant regions. To prepare persons for this undertaking, and to establish seminaries for their education, has therefore always been an object of primary importance, and the sums of money annually employed for the purpose, have formed a very considerable part of papal expenditure. To this article we must add the support of several hospitals, asylums, schools, and colleges founded by various Popes for objects in their times pressing, and still maintained by the Apostolical treasury.

Moreover, the same treasury has to keep all the public edifices in repair, especially those immense palaces, which, though of little use as residences, are the receptacles of all the wonders of ancient and modern art; to protect the remains of Roman magnificence from further dilapidation; to support the drainage of the Pomptine marshes; and, in fine, to continue the embellishment and amelioration of the Capital and of its territory. When to these burthens we add the pensions which the Pope is accustomed to settle on bishops when unusually poor and distressed, and the numberless claims upon his charity from every part of Europe, we shall not be surprised either at the

expenditure of an income not very considerable, or at the difficulties under which the papal treasury labored towards the end of the late Pontiff's reign.

Many of my readers will probably be surprized to find no mention made of the *infallibility* of the Pope, his most glorious prerogative, for the supposed maintenance of which, Catholics have so long suffered the derision and the contempt of their antagonists. The truth is, that there is no such article in the Catholic Creed, for according to it, infallibility is ascribed not to any individual or even to any national church, but to the whole body of the Church extended over the Universe. That several theologians, particularly Italian and Spanish, have exaggerated the power and the privileges of the Pope, is admitted; and it is well known that among these, some or rather several carried their opinion of pontifical prerogative so high, as to maintain that the Pontiff, when deciding *ex cathedra* or officially, and in capacity of First Pastor and Teacher of the Church, with all the forms and circumstances that ought to accompany legal decisions, such as freedom, deliberation, consultation, etc. was by the special protection of Providence secured from error. The Roman court favored a doctrine so conformable to its general feelings, and of course encouraged its propagation, but never pretended to enforce it as an article of

Catholic faith, or ventured to attach any marks of censure to the contrary opinion.

This latter opinion the ancient and unadulterated doctrine of the Catholic Church, prevailed over Germany, the Austrian empire, Poland, the Low Countries, and England; and in France was supported by the whole authority of the Gallican church, and by the unanimous declaration of all the Universities. So rigorously indeed was their hostility to papal infallibility enforced, that no theologian was admitted to degrees, unless he maintained in a public act the four famous resolutions of the Gallican church against the exaggerated doctrines of some Italian divines relative to the powers of the Roman See. These resolutions declare, that the Pope, though superior to each bishop individually, is yet inferior to the body of bishops assembled in council; that his decisions are liable to error, and can only command our assent when confirmed by the authority of the Church at large; that his power is purely spiritual, and extends neither directly nor indirectly to the temporalities or prerogatives of kings and princes; and, in fine, that his authority is not absolute or despotic, but confined within the bounds prescribed by the canons and the customs of the Church. This doctrine was taught in all the theological schools, that is in all the Universities and seminaries in France, as well as in all the abbies; and was

publicly maintained by the English Benedictin college at *Douay*.

The conclusion to be drawn from these observations is, first, that *no* Catholic Divine, however attached to papal prerogative, ever conceived an idea so absurd as that of ascribing infallibility to the *person* of the Pontiff; and secondly, that those theologians who ascribed infallibility to papal decisions when clothed with certain forms, gave it as *their* opinion only, but never presumed to enforce it as the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Therefore, to taunt Catholics with papal infallibility as an article of their faith, or to urge it as a proof of their necessary and inevitable subserviency to the determinations of the Roman court, argues either a great want of candor, or a great want of information.

Before we close these observations, we will indulge in a momentary retrospect of past ages, and contemplate the consequences of pontifical domination during the middle centuries, when there was much barbarism and more ignorance in Europe, and when its provinces were, with little variation, abandoned to misrule and to devastation. The ambition of the Popes is a threadbare subject, and their pride, their cruelty, and their debauchery, have been the theme of many a declamation, and lengthened many a limping verse. But the candid reader who, in spite of prejudices howsoever early instilled, and howsoever deeply impressed,

can contemplate truth, *oculo irretorto*, will perhaps agree with me in the following reflections, and acknowledge in the first place; that if amidst the confusion of a falling empire, of barbarian invasion, and of increasing anarchy some and even many disorders should find their way into episcopal palaces, and infect the morals even of bishops themselves, it would be neither unexpected nor surprising; in the second place, that if we admit the constant flattery and compliance which environ the great to be an extenuation of their vices, we must surely extend our indulgence, in some degree at least, to the ambition and pride of the Popes, flattered for ages, not by their courtiers and dependants only, but by princes, by monarchs, and even by emperors; and thirdly, that with so many inducements to guilt, and so many means of gratification, no dynasty of sovereigns, no series of bishops of equal duration, have produced fewer individuals of demeanor notoriously scandalous. This observation has, if I do not mistake, been made by *Montesquieu*, who declares that the Popes, when compared with the Greek Patriarchs, and even with secular princes, appear as *men* put in contrast with children. This superior strength of mind and consistency of conduct may, justly perhaps, be ascribed to that spark of Roman spirit and Roman firmness which has always been kept alive in the pontifical court, and has ever marked its proceed-

ings. In fact, at a very early period, when the Emperors were oftentimes semi-barbarians, born in distant provinces, and totally unacquainted with the Capital, the Pontiffs were genuine Romans, born within the walls of the city; and it is highly probable that a far greater portion of the elegance and of the urbanity, as well as of the simplicity and the modesty of Augustus's family, might have been observed in the palace of Urbanus or Zephyrinus, than in the courts of Caracalla or Heliogabalus. This observation is still more applicable to the Pontiffs and Emperors of the succeeding centuries, as the latter, from Diocletian downwards, had assumed the luxury and the cumbrous pomp * of Asiatic despots, insomuch that the court of *Constantinople* bore a much nearer resemblance in dress and ceremonial to that of Artaxerxes, than to that of Augustus. We may therefore easily imagine, that the manners of Gregory the Great and of his clergy were, notwithstanding the misfortunes of the times, far more Roman, that is, more manly, more simple, and for that reason more majestic, than those of Justinian. This natural politeness still continued to be the honorable distinction of the pontifical court, till the ninth century, when the visits of the French sovereigns to

* See Eusebius's description of the dress of Constantine, when he appeared in the Council of Nice.—*De Vita Constantini*, lib. iii. Κεφ. i.

Rome, and the frequent intercourse between them and the Popes, contributed not a little to soften the manners of the former, and to extend the blessings of civilization to their subjects. *

From this period the Roman Pontiffs assumed the character of the Apostles and the Legislators, the Umpires and the Judges, the Fathers and the Instructors of Europe, and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their profession, and had their views always been as pure and as disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weaknesses of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But, notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and the profligacy of some worthless Popes, the Grand Work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized, preserved first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion; next it was enlightened, and finally raised to that degree of

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* *Le regne seul de Charlemagne*, says *Voltaire*; an author not very partial to Rome, *eut une lueur de politesse, qui fut probablement le fruit du voyage à Rome.*

refinement which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the Pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered mankind were permanent, and will probably last as long as the Species itself. Hence, not to allude again to the virtues of the earlier Popes, and to the blessings which they communicated to nations during the middle ages, to them we owe the revival of the arts of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and of Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the Calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered, while the wars of Julius II. and the cruelties of Alexander VI. will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers, whatsoever opinion they may entertain of the *divine right* of the Roman Pontiffs, may be inclined with a late eloquent writer,* to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common Father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City once the seat of empire now the Metropolis of Christianity; to annex

* Chateaubriand.

to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commissions of advising and rebuking monarchs, of repressing the ardor and the intemperance of rival nations, of raising the pacific crosier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian and the vengeance of the despot.

Unity of design is a beauty in literary compositions and in the works of art; it is essential to political combinations, and may surely be allowed to be both useful and becoming in ecclesiastical institutions. To attain this advantage a Head is necessary. How many evils in reality does not the appointment of a chief Pastor, and a centre of union prevent, by repressing alike episcopal pride, popular enthusiasm, and national superstition; by holding up to view constantly a regular rule both of doctrine and of discipline, and thus supporting that uniformity which tends to make all Christendom one vast republic, divided indeed into different provinces, but united by so many ties, by so many sacred bonds of religion, of manners, of opinions, and even of prejudices, as to resemble the members of one immense family. But whether these ideas be the result of prejudice, or the dictates of reason, the reader will determine according to his own judgment.

POSTSCRIPT.

The reader who interests himself in the fate of Rome, may perhaps wish to be informed what the consequences of its entire subjugation may have been; whether the evil of French domination has been, as it usually is, pure and unalloyed, or whether some unintentional advantages may have accidentally flowed from it. The author is fortunately enabled by the arrival of a friend, for many years a resident in that Capital, to give the following information on the subject. In the first place, the French under the pretext of beautifying the city, and of restoring its ancient monuments, but in reality to discover and seize the treasures of art still supposed to lie buried under its ruins, have commenced several excavations, and of course made some discoveries.

In the Forum, on digging round the insulated pillar, the subject of so many conjectures and so many debates, it was found to be a column belonging to one of the neighboring edifices, but removed from its original site, and re-erected in honor of a Greek Exarch in the seventh century.

Round the base of the supposed temple of Peace nothing was found but remnants of marble shafts and capitals.

The earth gathered round the Coliseum has been removed, and the whole elevation of that grand edifice is now displayed; the vaults

have been cleared of the rubbish and the weeds that filled them, and the arena itself is exposed fully to view. Canals, walls, and even vaults have been discovered intersecting the arena in various directions, and covering it with intricacy and confusion; a circumstance that has astonished and indeed quite confounded all the antiquaries who had ever conceived the arena to be a space perfectly open and unincumbered. For my part, if I were to venture a conjecture without having inspected the spot, I should be disposed to imagine either that the walls and separations lately discovered were erected during the middle ages, when exhibitions were not unfrequently given in the amphitheatre; or that in digging they had removed the arena itself, and sunk down to the canals and caverns which were prepared under it to supply it with water, and to carry off that water when no longer necessary. *

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* Some Roman antiquaries imagine, as I am informed, that the arena was boarded, and that the boards were covered with sand or earth: this conjecture is more than probable, because we know that the surface of the arena was removeable, and capable of admitting of sudden and surprizing alterations; If I had not already passed the bounds which the nature of the work prescribes, I might amaze the reader with an account of the wonders, not occasionally, but frequently exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre. Titus himself who erected it, not content with the

They have removed all the rubbish round the temples of Vesta (or of the Sun) and of Fortuna virilis, thrown down the walls

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usual exhibition of wild beasts, produced the scenery of the countries whence they were imported, and astonished the Romans with a sudden display of rocks and forests.

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse Theatro
Dicitur, exhibuit, Caesar, arena tibi:
Repserunt scopuli, mirandaque sylva cucurrit,
Quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
Adfuit immixtum pecudum genus omne ferarum...
Mart. De Spec.

Domitian covered the arena with water, and entertained the Romans with various marine exhibitions and naval fights.

Ne te decipiat ratibus navalis Enyo,
Et par unda fretis: hic *modo* terra fuit
Non credis; spectes dum laxent aequora Martem,
Parva mora est; dices hic *modo* pontus erat.
De Spect. XXIV.

The rapidity of the change is frequently alluded to. In succeeding ages they seemt o have improved upon these gigantic metamorphoses, so that the whole arena suddenly disappeared, and from the chasm formed by its fall, rose forests, orchards and wild beasts.

Ah miseri, quoties nos descendentis arenae
Vidimus in partes? ruptaque voragine terrae
Emersisse feros? et eisdem saepe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Calpurnius.

between the pillars, and restored to those edifices some portion of their ancient beauty. The temples of Concord and of Jupiter

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These changes were produced by the application of various machines, which they called *pegmata*, which rose and swelled sometimes to a prodigious extent and elevation, and again subsided into a perfect level; or perhaps sinking still lower, exposed the caverns and subterraneous dens of wild beasts which lay under the arena. Seneca describes these machines with great accuracy. His licet annumeres machinatores, qui pegmata ex se surgentia excogitant, et tabulata tacite in sublime crescentia et alias ex inopinato varietates: aut dehiscentibus quae cohaerebant: aut his quae distabunt sua sponte coeuntibus; aut his quae eminebant paulatim in se residentibus.—*Epist.* LXXXVIII

Sometimes criminals were raised on these machines, and, while engaged with objects calculated to attract the attention, hurled unexpectly into the dens of the wild beasts below, and devoured.

One of these it seems was in the form of a ship, which while floating in the amphitheatre struck the ground as if wrecked, and opening, let loose some hundreds of wild beasts, mixed with aquatic animals, who swam, fought, or played in the waters, till the water was suddenly let out, the beasts slain, and the ship restored to its original form.

We find in Claudian mention of exhibitions of flames playing round the machinery without damaging it, in a manner that might astonish moderns, however accustomed to theatrical scenes of fire and conflagration.

Tonans, on the Clivus Capitolinus, have also been disencumbered of the earth in which they were half buried, and now exhibit a

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Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammas
Scena rotet; varios effingat Mulciber orbes
Per tabulas impune vagus: pictaeque citato
Ludant igne trabes; et non permissa morari
Fida per inocuas errent incendia turres.
In Flavii Maltii Teodosii Consulatum.

It is not wonderful that in contemplating such efforts of human skill St. Augustin should have exclaimed, Ad quae stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quae in theatris mirabilia spectantibus, audientibus incredibilia, facienda et exibenda molita sunt?

Of the number of animals employed for public amusement, we may form some idea from a circumstance mentioned by Capitolinus, who relates that Probus when quaestor exhibited in one day a *thousand* bears, besides an hundred lions and tigers. Augustus is related to have produced more than five thousand on a similar occasion.

One circumstance more I think it necessary to mention: perfumes were not only sprinkled in showers, which was common, but on certain great occasions poured in torrents down the steps or rather the seats of the amphitheatre. *In honorem Trajani balsama et crocum per gradus theatri fluere jussit*, says Spartianus, speaking of Hadrian: and Seneca informs us, that for this purpose pipes were conducted from the *centre of the arena* to the summit of the amphitheatre. Numquid dubitatur, says he, quin

most majestic appearance. The same may, in part, be said of the *Arco di Giano*, and of the arches of Titus and Severus. The temple of Antoninus and Faustina had been restored in part by the Pope, who indeed had projected and commenced many of the excavations and improvements since executed by the French. They have opened the space round the base of Trajan's column, and I believe dug down to the ancient pavement: fragments of rich marble in considerable quantity, capitals and broken shafts of pillars, rewarded their exertions.

But the water, it seems, rises rapidly and remains stagnant in some of these hollows, so that to prevent the infectious vapors which must inevitably be exhaled from such pools, it is apprehended that it will be necessary to

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sparsio illa quae ex *fundamentis mediae arenae* crescens in summam altitudinem amphitheatri pervenit cum intentione aquae fiat?—*Lib* II. *Quaest. Nat.*

From these observations, and from the various passages of ancient writers on which they are founded, we may with certainty infer in the first place, that under the arena there were dens of wild beasts, reservoirs of water, and sewers to carry it off; spaces to contain sand, machinery, etc. and cellars for perfumes and the wine with which they were mixed; and secondly, that the substratum of the arena must have been moveable, and consequently boarded.—See *Lipsius De Amphitheatris.*

fill them up again. This circumstance seems to prove that the bed of the Tiber is considerably raised partly by ruins, but principally by its own depositions; and that the first step towards permanent excavations is the cleansing of the river, in order to reduce it, if possible, to its ancient level. But this grand scheme of improvement must be the undertaking of a settled and benevolent government, and does not form any part of a predatory and irregular system formed merely for the advantage of the parties concerned, without any reference to public utility. It has been observed, that when expense is to be incurred by any proposed improvement, the French seldom discover its necessity or its advantage: so niggardly indeed is *Buonaparte* towards his Italian provinces, that the roads, formerly so good, have been totally neglected, particularly in the Roman state, and are in some places scarcely passable.

In fine, by enforcing the laws strictly and constantly, and at the same time by disarming the populace, they have put an end to the horrible custom of stabbing, so frequent, and so justly censured in the Roman state. This proceeding was dictated by motives of personal safety, and cost the invaders nothing but a rigorous execution of the law; and in acts of severity against the inhabitants of other countries the French have never been deficient. When to this salutary police and to the excavations above mentioned we add the plantation of a row of trees along

the high roads, we shall have completed the catalogue of real or apparent ameliorations ascribable to the French government.

We may now, therefore, pass to the mischiefs that have followed their usurpation, and in the first place inform the reader, that by the suppression of the Benedectin abbey annexed to it, the Church of St. Paul *fuori le mura* is abandoned to its own solidity, and left to moulder away in damp and neglect; the baths of Diocletian, or the church and magnificent cloister of the Carthusians, have been converted into stables; and that most of the churches are in a state of complete dilapidation; that the Pomptine marshes have not only not been drained as one of our newspapers lately stated, but that the drainage has been totally neglected, and the openings made by the late Pope allowed to fill; that the collections of statues, busts, columns, etc. which continued to ornament the halls of the Vatican and the Capitol, in the year 1802, have been again plundered, and now finally annihilated; that the cabinets and galleries of individuals have been nearly stripped of the few masterpieces which had escaped preceding exactions; that the Vatican library has been plundered of *all* its manuscripts, and indeed of every article either curious or valuable; and in fine, that the population of Rome has been reduced from one hundred and eighty, or two hundred thousand souls, to ninety thousand! a diminution greater than that which has taken

place during the same space of time in any capital not entirely destroyed by a victorious enemy. This rapid decrease has been occasioned in part by the conscription, which is held in such horror, that many youths have mutilated themselves, or fled their country, while aged parents, and particularly mothers, when deprived of their sons, have been known to pine away, or throw themselves into the Tiber in despair. To the conscription must be added the want of employment, the consequence of the total failure of commerce and agriculture; there being no means of exportation, the land-holders confine their crops to the supply of the home market; and the cultivation of corn, of the olive, and of the vine, which were in a state of rapid improvement, and supplied the grand articles of Roman commerce, was almost entirely neglected. This cause of depopulation has reached not only the great towns but the villages and the cottages, and has converted one half of them into deserts: it is difficult to say what time, but a long time certainly is necessary, to repair the evils produced in Italy, and particularly in Rome, during the short period of French usurpation *.

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* The population of Rome will in all probability increase with rapidity in more prosperous circumstances; an observation not applicable to country towns.

That usurpation is now over, and French predominance

> Terrarum fatale malum, fulmenque quod omnes
> Percuteret pariter populos, et sidus iniquum
> Gentibus,
>
> *Lucan*, Lib. x.

has at length been put down by the *outstretched arm* of Omnipotence; *not unto us is the glory*; for great as were human exertions, and mighty the display of human power, yet man would have failed in the contest, had not the elements been arrayed on his side, and *snow and vapors, winds and storms, that fulfil the word* of their Creator, been employed as instruments of vengeance. The day that completed this signal visitation, and saw the grand enemy fall under the walls of his subjugated capital, should be set apart as an annual solemnity; as a festival, not of nations, but of the species, and celebrated by all future generations, as a day of general deliverance from atheism, ignorance, and military despotism. Why Providence may have sent this scourge upon Christian Europe, or why allowed it so wide a range, and so long a duration, it becomes not us to enquire; but that motives, equally wise and benevolent, commissioned it and guided its progress; and that many important lessons have been inculcated by it, is evident to the most superficial observer. The higher classes may have learned by experience how dangerous it is to adopt or to encourage

monstrous opinions, which, by destroying the distinction between right and wrong, let loose the worst propensities of the human heart, and abandon men to passion; that is, to the savage and brutal part of their nature. Sovereigns may have observed that oppression leads to resistance; that public discontent will at last find a vent; and that those thrones only are stable which rest upon justice and public opinion. They may also have learned that *partition* treaties, the oppression of weaker states, and the barter of provinces and nations like fields and herds, howsoever easy in practice, are not always safe in their consequences; and that examples of rapacity and ambition are recorded precedents that justify retaliation. Both sovereigns and nations may have learnt, that the interest of the whole is the interest of each; that to be bribed away from the common cause, is to sacrifice even personal interest, and that partial security is to be found only in general union. Hence, perhaps, the cause of religion may be strengthened by the grand attack made upon it, and men may attach themselves more and more to principles which have always been followed with safety and never rejected with impunity. The interests of freedom may also be promoted by an explosion which, confounding together all the rights, both of the prince and of the people, terminated in military despotism. Sovereigns may be disposed to redress grievances, and improve the constitutions of their respective

states, because they must have perceived that an oppressed and discontented populace is indifferent to the interests of their country, savage towards their governors, and tame and submissive to an invader. We may, therefore, hope that this tremendous lesson, the most awful on record since the fall of the Roman empire, has not been given in vain, and that the nations of Europe restored to the holy principles and moral habits of their ancestors will unite in one vast commonwealth, and vie with each other, not in extent of territory, nor in numerous armies, but in freedom and industry, in commerce and population, in all the virtues, and all the arts of religious and civilized beings.

Among other blessings easily attainable in themselves, and, at the present moment, inseparable from the happiness of mankind, we may confidently hope, that justice will be done to two nations, both unfortunate, and both, for different reasons, dear to Europe—I mean Poland and Italy. The Poles are a generous and high-spirited nation; they have seldom passed their limits for motives of invasion or plunder; for ages they defended the borders of Christendom against the Mahometan despot; and to their generous exertions under the gallant *Sobieski*, Vienna owes its existence *. Why should not this nation be

* The Poles defeated the Turks, with dreadful slaughter, under the walls of Vienna, and

allowed to possess its honorable name? Why should not its territory remain inviolate as a trophy over the infidels, from whose grasp their valor rescued it, and, at the same time, as an acknowledgment of their services and their achievements in the common cause?

The Italians have been our instructors in the sciences, and our masters in the arts; their country is the garden, the glory of Europe: it is an inheritance derived from the noblest race that ever acted a part on this globe: its history, its geography, its literature, are connected with every idea, every feeling, of the liberal and the enlightened individual, and are interwoven with the records of every civilized nation. Why not leave it in honorable independence, as the great parent of the Christian world, the benefactress of a thousand tribes and of a thousand generations? Such reasons, I am aware, have little influence on the cabinets of sovereigns, and may be pressed in vain on the attention of plenipotentiaries. Yet the allied sovereigns who have given such unparalleled examples of moderation and forbearance towards a *most guilty* nation, cannot close their ears to the claims of an innocent and injured people. Poland oppressed and subjugated, will add little to the security, the greatness, or the glory of Russia; nor can the Venetian territories, torn from

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obliged them to raise the siege of that city. This event took place An. 1683.

Italian sway in spite of nature, be necessary to the welfare of Austria. While, if the Emperor of Russia would comply with the dictates of his magnanimity, and give Poland a king of his own blood, and with him bestow upon it independence, he would not only acquire more glory, but give more stability to his throne, and more security to his own person, than by the conquest of fifty provinces, and the enrolment of fifty regiments. If, in the same manner, the Emperor of Austria (for still, it seems, he prefers that provincial title to a more glorious and imperial appellation) would annex the Venetian states to the Milanese, and make over that noble province to one of the archdukes, his brothers, and to his heirs, he would engage for ever the affections of a brave people, and protect his empire on that side by an impregnable rampart. The empires of Russia and of Austria are already too extensive and too unwieldy; the distant provinces of both are ill peopled, ill cultivated, and indifferently governed. To give to these provinces their full share of prosperity is the duty of their respective governments; in the discharge of this duty, they will find employment for all their activity and all their vigilance; and its success will give them an accession of power and glory sufficient to sate the utmost cravings of human ambition.

In fine, let the Emperor of Austria recollect that it is in his power to give happiness to that country to which his family is indebt-

ed for its original importance, its first step to greatness, its imperial titles, its regal honors, and all its consequent fame and protracted prosperity: that, while he recals to mind these particular claims upon his justice, he may also remember what every sovereign in Europe owes to that country which is to Europe the fountain-head of law and legislation, of the discipline of war, of the arts of peace, of the charms of literature, of the blessings of religion. Cogita te missum ad ordinandum statum, liberarum civitatum, id est, ad homines maxime liberos, qui jus a natura datum virtute, meritis, religione tenuerunt . . . Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quae in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus factis, sit fabulis quoque. Nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate . . decerpseris . . . . . His reliquam umbram, et residuum libertatis nomen eripere durum, ferum, *barbarumque* est.

Plin. Lib. viii. Ep. 24.

Extract from the Abbé Barthelemy, referred to in Vol. 4—Page 357.

« Le hasard m'inspira l'idée du *Voyage d'Anacharsis*. J'étois en Italie en 1755, moins attentif à l'état actuel des villes que je parcourois, qu'à leur ancienne splendeur. Je remontois naturellement aux siècles où elles se disputoient la gloire de fixer dans leur sein les sciences et les arts ; et je pensois que la relation d'un voyage entrepris dans ce pays vers le temps de Léon X, et prolongé pendant un certain nombre d'années, presenteroit un des plus intéressans et des plus utiles spectacles pour l'histoire de l'esprit humain. On peut s'en convaincre par cette esquisse légère. Un français passe les Alpes ; il voit à Pavie Jérôme Cardan, qui a écrit sur presque tous les sujets, et dont les ouvrages contiennent dix volumes *in-folio*. A Parme, il voit le Corrége peignant à fresque le dôme de la cathédrale ; à Mantoue, le comte Balthazar Castillon, auteur de l'excellent ouvrage intitulé, Le Courtisan, *Il Cortigiano ;* à Vérone, Fracastor, médecin, philosophe, astronome, mathématicien, litterateur, cosmographe, célèbre sous tous les rapports, mais surtout comme poëte ; car la plupart des écrivains cherchoient alors à se distinguer dans tous les genres, et c'est ce qui doit arriver lorsque les lettres s'introduisent dans un pays. A Padoue, il assiste aux leçons de Philippe Dèce, professeur en droit

renommé par la superiorité de ses talens et de ses lumières : cette ville étoit dans la dépendance de Venise. Louis XII. s'étant emparé du Milanais, voulut en illustrer la capitale, en y établissant Dèce ; il le fit demander à la republique qui le refusa longtemps. Les negociations continuèrent, et l'on vit le moment où ces deux puissances alloient en venir aux mains pour la possession d'un jurisconsulte.

« Notre voyageur voit à Venise Daniel Barbaro, héritier d'un nom très-heureux pour les lettres, et dont il a soutenu l'éclat par des commentaires sur la rhétorique d'Aristote, par une traduction de Vitruve, par un traité sur la Perspective ; Paul Manuce, qui exerça l'imprimerie, et qui cultiva les lettres avec le même succès que son père, Alde Manuce. Il trouve chez Paul toutes les éditions des anciens auteurs grecs et latins, nouvellement sorties des plus fameuses presses d'Italie, entr'autres celle de Cicéron en quatre volumes *in-folio*, publiée à Milan en 1499, et le Psautier en quatre langues, hébreu, grec, chaldéen et arabe, imprimé à Gênes en 1516.

« Il voit à Ferrare, l'Arioste : à Bologne, six cents écoliers assidus aux leçons de jurisprudence que donnoit le professeur Ricini, et de ce nombre, Alciat qui, bientôt après, en rassembla huit cents, et qui effaça la gloire de Barthole et d'Accurse : à Florence, Machiavel, les historiens Guichardin et Paul Jove, une université floris-

sante, et cette maison de Médicis, auparavant bornée aux opérations du commerce; alors souveraine et alliée à plusieurs maisons royales; qui montra de grandes vertus dans son premier état, de grands vices dans le second, et qui fut toujours célebre, parce qu'elle s'intéressa toujours aux lettres et aux arts: à Sienne, Mathiole travaillant à son Commentaire sur Dioscoride: a Rome, Michel-Ange élevant la coupole de Saint-Pierre, Raphaël peignant les galeries du Vatican, Sadolet et Bembe, depuis cardinaux, remplissant alors auprès de Léon X. la place de secrétaires; le Trissin donnant la première représentation de sa Sophonisbe, première tragedie composée par un moderne; Béroald, bibliothecaire du Vatican, s'occupant à publier les Annales de Tacite qu'on venoit de découvrir en Westphalie, et que Léon X. avoit acquises pour la somme de cinq cents ducats d'or; le même Pape proposant des places aux savans de toutes les nations, qui viendroient résider dans ses états, et des récompenses distinguées à ceux qui lui apporteroient des manuscrits inconnus.

" A Naples il trouve Talésio travaillant à reproduire le système de Parménide, et qui, suivant Bacon fut le premier restaurateur de la philosophie: il trouve aussi ce Jordan Bruno, que la nature sembloit avoir choisi pour son interpréte, mais à qui en lui donnant un très-beau génie, elle refusa le talent de se gouverner.

" Jusqu' ici notre voyageur s' est borné à traverser rapidement l'Italie, d'une extrémité à l' autre : marchant toujours entre des prodiges, je veux dire, entre de grands monumens et de grands hommes, toujours saisi d' une admiration qui croissoit à chaque instant. Des semblables objets frapperont partout ses regards, lorsqu' il multipliera ses courses : de-là, quelle moisson de découvertes, et quelle source de reflexions sur l' origine des lumières qui ont éclairé l' Europe ! Je me contente d'indiquer ces recherches; cependant mon sujet m' entraîne, et exige encore quelques développemens.

« Dans les V.e et VI.e siècles de l'ère chrétienne, l'Italie fut subjuguée par les Hérules, les Goths, les Ostrogoths et d'autres peuples jusqu'alors inconnus ; dans le XV.e elle le fut, sous des auspices plus favorables, par le génie et par les talens. Ils y furent appelés, ou du moins accueillis par les maisons de Médicis, d'Este, d'Urbin, de Gonzague, par les plus petits souverains, par les diverses republiques : par-tout de grands hommes, les uns nés dans le pays même, les autres attirés des pays étrangers, moins par un vil intêret que par des distinctions flatteuses ; d'autres appelés chez les nations voisines, pour y propager les lumieres, pour y veiller sur l'éducation de la jeunesse, ou sur la santé des souverains.

« Par-tout s'organisoient des universités, des collèges, des imprimeries pour toutes sortes de langues et de sciences, des bi-

bliothèques sans cesse enrichies des ouvrages qu'on y publioit, et des manuscrits nouvellement apportés des pays où l'ignorance avoit conservé son empire. Les académies se multiplièrent tellement, qu'à Ferrare on en comptoit dix à douze, à Bologne environ quatorze, à Sienne seize. Elles avoient pour objet les sciences, les belles-lettres, les langues, l'histoire, les arts. Dans deux de ces académies, dont l'une étoit spécialement dévouée à Platon, et l'autre à son disciple Aristote, étoient discutées les opinions de l'ancienne philosophie, et presentées celles de la philosophie moderne. A Bologne, ainsi qu'à Venise, une de ces sociétés veilloit sur l'imprimerie, sur la beauté du papier, la fonte des caractères, la correction des épreuves et sur tout ce qui pouvoit contribuer à la perfection des éditions nouvelles.

« L'Italie étoit alors le pays où les lettres avoient fait et faisoient tous les jours le plus de progrès. Ces progrès étoient l'effet de l'émulation entre les divers gouvernemens qui la partageaient, et de la nature du climat. Dans chaque Etat, les capitales, et même des villes moins considérables, étoient extrêmement avides d'instruction et de gloire : elles offroient presque toutes aux astronomes des observatoires, aux anatomistes des amphitheâtres, aux naturalistes des jardins de plantes, à tous les gens de lettres des collections de livres, de médailles et de monumens antiques ; à tous les gen-

res de connoissances, des marques éclatantes de considération, de reconnoissance et de respect.

« Quant au climat, il n'est pas rare de trouver dans cette contrée des imaginations actives et fécondes, des esprits justes, profonds, propres à concevoir des grandes entreprises, capables de les méditer long-temps, et incapables de les abandonner quand ils les ont bien conçues. C'est à ces avantages et à ces qualités réunies, que l'Italie dut cette masse de lumières et de talens qui, en quelques années, l'éleva si fort au-dessus des autres contrées de l'Europe.

« J'ai placé l'Arioste sous le pontificat de Léon X.; j'aurois pu mettre, parmi les contemporains de ce poète, Pétrarque, quoiqu'il ait vécu environ cent cinquante ans avant lui, et le Tasse qui naquit onze ans après: le premier, parce que ce ne fut que sous Léon X. que ses poésies italiennes, oubliées presque dès leur naissance, furent goûtées et obtinrent quantité d'éditions et de commentaires; le Tasse, parce qu'il s'étoit formé en grande partie sur l'Arioste. C'est ainsi qu'on donne le nom du Nil aux sources et aux embouchures de ce fleuve. Tous les genres de poésie furent alors cultivés et laissèrent des modèles. Outre l'Arioste, on peut citer pour la poésie italienne, Bernard Tasse, père du célèbre Torquat, Hercule Bentivoglio, Annibal Caro, Berni; pour la poésie latine, Sannazar, Politien, Vida, Béroald; et parmi ceux qui, sans être décidément poètes,

faisoient des vers, on peut compter Léon X, Machiavel, Michel-Ange, Benvenuto Cellini qui excella dans la sculpture, l'orfévrerie et la gravure.

« Les progrès de l'architecture dans ce siècle sont attestés, d'un côté, par les ouvrages de Serlio, de Vignole et de Pallade, ainsi que par cette foule de commentaires qui parurent sur le traité de Vitruve ; d'un autre côté, par les édifices publics et particuliers construits alors, et qui subsistent encore.

» A l'égard de la peinture, j'ai fait mention de Michel-Ange, de Raphaël, du Corrége ; il faut leur joindre Jules-Romain, le Titien, André del Sarto qui vivoient dans le même temps, et cette quantité de génies formés par leurs leçons ou par leurs ouvrages.

« Tous les jours il paroissoit de nouveaux écrits sur les systêmes de Platon, d'Aristote et des anciens philosophes. Des critiques obstinés, tels que Giraldus, Panvïnius, Sigonius, travailloient sur les antiquités romaines, et presque toutes les villes rassembloient leurs annales. Tandis que, pour connoître dans toute son étendue l'histoire de l'homme, quelques écrivains remontoient aux nations les plus anciennes, des voyageurs intrépides s'exposoient aux plus grands dangers, pour découvrir les nations éloignées et inconnues, dont on ne faisoit que soupçonner l'existence. Les noms de Christophe Colomb génois, d'Améric-Vespuce de Florence, de Sébastien Cabot de Venise, décorent cette

dernière liste, bientôt grossie par les noms de plusieurs autres Italiens, dont les relations furent insérées, peu de temps après, dans la collection de Ramusio, leur compatriote.

« La prise de Constantinople par les Turcs, en 1453, et les libéralités de Léon X., firent refluer en Italie quantité de Grecs qui apportèrent avec eux tous les livres élémentaires relatifs aux mathématiques. On s'empressa d'étudier leur langue ; leurs livres furent imprimés, traduits, expliqués, et le goût de la géométrie devint général. Plusieurs lui consacroient tous leurs momens ; tels furent Commandin, Tartaglia ; d'autres l'associoient à leurs premiers travaux ; tel fut Maurolico de Messine, qui publia différens ouvrages sur l'arithmétique, les mécaniques, l'astronomie, l'optique, la musique, l'histoire de Sicile, la grammaire, la vie de quelques saints, le martyrologe romain, sans négliger la poésie italienne ; tel fut aussi Augustin Nifo, professeur de philosophie à Rome sous Léon X,, qui écrivit sur l'astronomie, la médecine, la politique, la morale, la rhétorique, et sur plusieurs autres sujets.

« L'anatomie fut enrichie par les observations de Fallope de Modène, d'Aquapendente son disciple, de Bolognini de Padoue, de Vigo de Gênes, etc.

« Aldrovandi de Bologne, après avoir, pendant quarante-huit ans, professé la botanique et la philosophie dans l'université de cette

ville, laissa un Cours d'histoire naturelle en dix-sept volumes *in-folio*. Parmi cette immense quantité d'ouvrages qui parurent alors, je n'ai pas fait mention de ceux qui avoient spécialement pour object la théologie ou la jurisprudence, parce qu'ils sont connus de ceux qui cultivent ces sciences, et qu'ils intéressent peu ceux à qui elles sont étrangères. A l'égard des autres classes, je n'ai cité que quelques exemples pris, pour ainsi dire, au hasard. Ils suffiront pour montrer les différens genres de littérature dont on aimoit à s'occuper, et les différens moyens qu'on employoit pour étendre et multiplier nos connoissances.

« Les progrès des arts favorisoient le goût des spectacles et de la magnificence. L'étude de l'histoire et des monumens des Grecs et des Romains inspiroit des idées de décence, d'ensemble et de perfection qu'on n'avoit point eues jusqu'alors. Julien de Médicis, frère de Léon X, ayant été proclamé citoyen romain, cette proclamation fut accompagnée de jeux publics; et sur un vaste théatre construit exprès dans la place du Capitole, on représenta pendant deux jours une comédie de Plaute, dont la musique et l'appareil extraordinaire excitèrent l'admiration générale. Le pape, qui crut en cette occasion devoir convertir en un acte de bienfaisance ce qui n'étoit qu'un acte de justice, diminua quelques-uns des impôts; et le peuple, qui prit cet acte de justice pour un acte de bienfaisance, lui éleva une statue.

« Un observateur qui verroit tout-à-coup

la nature laisser échapper tant de secrets, la philosophie tant de vérités, l'industrie tant de nouvelles pratiques, dans le temps même qu'on ajoutoit à l'ancien monde un monde nouveau, croiroit assister à la naissance d'un nouveau genre humain: mais la surprise que lui causeroient toutes ces merveilles, diminueroit aussitôt qu'il verroit le mérite et les talens luttant avec avantage contre les titres les plus respectés, les savans et les gens de lettres admis à la pourpre romaine, aux conseils des rois, aux places les plus importantes du gouvernement, à tous les honneurs, à toutes les dignités.

» Pour jeter un nouvel intérêt sur le Voyage que je me proposois d'écrire, il suffiroit d'ajouter à cette émulation de gloire qui éclatoit de toutes parts, toutes les idées nouvelles que faisoit éclore cette étonnante révolution, et tous ces mouvemens qui agitoient alors les nations de l'Europe, et tous ces rapports avec l'ancienne Rome, qui reviennent sans cesse à l'esprit, et tout ce que le présent annonçoit pour l'avenir; car enfin, le siècle de Léon X. fut l'aurore de ceux qui le suivirent, et plusieurs génies qui ont brillé dans les XVII et XVIII siècles chez les différentes nations, doivent une grande partie de leur gloire à ceux que l'Italie produisit dans les deux siècles précédens. Ce sujet me présentoit des tableaux si riches, si variés et si instructifs, que j'eus d'abord l'ambition de le traiter: mais je m'aperçus ensuite qu'il exigeroit de ma part un nouveau genre d'études;

et me rappelant qu'un voyage en Grèce vers le temps de Philippe, père d'Alexandre, sans me détourner de mes travaux ordinaires, me fourniroit le moyen de renfermer dans un espace circonscrit ce que l'histoire grecque nous offre de plus intéressant, et une infinité de détails concernant les sciences, les arts, la réligion, les mœurs, les usages, etc. dont l'histoire ne se charge point, je saisis cette idée, et, après l'avoir long-temps méditée, je commençai à l'exécuter en 1757, à mon retour d'Italie. »

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ITINERARY

OF THE POSTS ON THE MOST FREQUENTED ROADS THROUGH ITALY.

Num. 1.

From Florence to Leghorn.

From Firenze to	Posts,	Distance in miles, Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Lastra	1			
Ambrogiana	1			
Scala	1			
Castel del bosco	1			
Fornacette	1			
Pisa	1			
Livorno	2			
	8	56	62	65

Num. 2.

From Leghorn to Florence by Lucca, Pescia, and Pistoja.

From Livorno to	Posts,	Distance in miles, Geographic	Italian	English
Pisa	2			
Lucca	1 1/2			
Borgo Buggiano	1 1/2			
Pistoja	1 1/2			
Prato	1 1/2			
Firenze	1 1/2			
	9 1/2	61	67	70

Num. 3.

From Florence to Bologna.

From Firenze to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English
Fontebuona	1			
Cafaggiolo	1			
Montecarelli	1			
Covigliajo	1			
Filigare	1			
Lojano	1			
Pianoro	1 1/2			
Bologna	1 1/2			
	9	60 1/2	63	70

Num. 4.

From Bologna to Florence by Modena.

From Bologna to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English
Samoggia	1 1/2			
Modena	1 1/2			
Formigine	3/4			
S. Venanzio	3/4			
Serra	1			
Paule	3/4			
Montecenere	3/4			
Birigazza	1			
Pieve a Paule	1			
Boscolungo	1			
Piano Asinatico	3/4			
S. Marcello	1			
Piastre	1			
Pistoja	1			
Prato	1 1/2			
Firenze	1 1/2			
	16 3/4	100	—	115

Num. 5.

From Florence to Rome by Acquapendente.

From Firenze to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
S. Casciano. . .	1	.	.	.
Tavarnelle . . .	1	.	.	.
Poggibonsi . . .	1	.	.	.
Castiglioncello .	1	.	.	.
Siena.	1	.	.	.
Montaroni . . .	1	.	.	.
Buonconvento. .	1	.	.	.
Torrinieri. . . .	1	.	.	.
Poderina	1	.	.	.
Ricorsi.	1	.	.	.
Radicofani . . .	1	.	.	.
Pontecentino . .	1	.	.	.
Acqua-pendente.	1	.	.	.
S. Lorenzo nuovo.	1	.	.	.
Bolsena.	1	.	.	.
Montefiascone. .	1 1/4	.	.	.
Viterbo.	1	.	.	.
Montagna di Viterbo.	3/4	.	.	.
Ronciglione. . .	1	.	.	.
Monterosi. . . .	1	.	.	.
Baccano	1	.	.	.
La Storta . . .	1	.	.	.
Roma	1 1/4	.	.	.
	23 1/4	—	—	—

Num. 6.

From Bologna to Rome by Ancona.

From Bologna to	Posts,	Distance in miles, Geographic.	Italian.	English.
S. Niccola . . .	1 1/4			
Imola	1 1/4			
Faenza.	1			
Forlì.	1			
Cesena	1 1/2			
Savigliano . . .	1			
Rimini	1			
Cattolica	1 1/2			
Pesaro	1			
Fano.	1			
Maratta.	1			
Sinigaglia. . . .	1			
Case bruciate. .	1 1/2			
Ancona.	1			
Camurano. . . .	1 1/2			
Loreto	1			
Sambucheto . .	1			
Rignano	1			
Macerata	2			
Tolentino. . . .	1			
Valcimara.. . .	1 1/2			
Ponte alla trave.	1			
Seravalle. . . .	1			
Case nuove . . .	1			
Foligno	1 1/2			
From Foligno to Rome See N. 7. pag. 491. . . .	12 3/4			
	42 1/4	—	—	—

Num. 7.

From Florence to Rome by Arezzo and Perugia.

From Firenze to	Posts.	Distance in miles, Geographic.	Italian.	English.
L'incisa	2			
Levane	2			
Arezzo	2			
Camuscia	2			
Torricella	2			
Perugia	2			
Madonna degli Angioli	1 1/2			
Foligno	1 1/2			
Le Vene	1			
Spoleto	1			
Strettura	1			
Terni	1			
Narni	1			
Otricoli	1			
Borghetto	3/4			
Civita Castellana	3/4			
Nepi	1			
Monterosi	1			
Baccano	1			
La Storta	1			
Roma	1 1/4			
	27 3/4	—	—	—

Num. 8.

From Brindisi to Otranto.

From Brindisi to	Posts,	Distance in miles, Geogr.	Italian	Engl.
Mesagne	1			
Cellino	1 1/2			
Lecce	1 1/2			
Otranto	2			
	6	—	50	—

Num. 9.

From Milan to Verona, and from Verona to Venice.

From Milano to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Colombarolo	1 1/2			
Cassano	1			
Caravaggio	1			
Antignolo	1			
Chiari	1			
Spedaletto	1			
Brescia	1			
Ponte S. Marco	1 1/2			
Desenzano	1			
Castel nuovo	1 1/2			
Verona	1 1/2			
Caldiero	1			
Montebello	1 1/2			
Vicenza	1 1/4			
Aslesega	1 1/4			
Padova	1			
Dolo	1 1/2			
Fusina	1 1/2			
Venezia	–			
By Sea 5 miles.				
	22	176	—	130

Num. 10.

From Bari to Taranto.

From Bari to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geogr..	Italian.	English.
Carbonaja	1			
Ceglie	1			
Casamassima	1 1/2			
Gioja	1			
Taranto	2			
	6 1/2	—	52	—

Num. 11.

From Florence to Parma by Pontremoli.

From Firenze to Pisa *See* N. 1.	Posts, 6	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Torretta	1			
Viareggio	1			
Pietra Santa	1			
Massa	1			
Lavenza	1			
Sarzana	1			
Terrarossa	2			
Borgo della Nunziata	2			
Berceto	2			
S. Terenzo	2			
Fosnuovo	1			
Parma	2			
	23	66	68	70

Num. 12.

From Bologna to Mantua by Mirandola.

From Bologna to Samoggia	Posts, 1 1/2	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Modena	1 1/2			
Buonporto	1			
Mirandola	1			
Concordia	2			
Quistetto	1 1/2			
Governolo	1			
Mantova	1 1/2			
	11	—	95	—

Num. 13.

From Florence to Genoa.

From Firenze to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Pisa *See* N 1.	6			
Torretta	1			
Viareggio	1			
Pietra Santa	1			
Massa	1			
Lavenza	1			
Sarzana	1			
Spezia	1			
Borghetto	1 1/2			
Mattarana	1			
Bracco	1 1/2			
Chiavari	2			
Rapallo	2			
Recco	1			
Genova	2			
	24	153	170	277

Num. 14.

From Bari to Brindisi.

From Bari to	Posts,	Distance in miles, Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Mola	1 1/2			
Monopoli	1 1/2			
Fasano	1			
Ostuni	2			
S. Vito	1			
Mesagne	1 3/4			
Brindisi	1			
	9 3/4	—	80	—

Num. 15.

From Genoa to Antibes along the coast

From Genova to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Sestri di Ponente	1			
Voltri	1			
Arezzano	1			
Varaggio	1			
Savona	1			
Noli	1			
Finale	1			
Albenga	1			
Alassio	1			
Oneglia	1			
Porto Maurizio	1			
S. Remo	1			
Ventimiglia	1			
Mentone	1			
Monaco	1			
Villafranca	1			
Nizza	1			
Antibo	2 1/2			
	19 1/2	164	183	188

Num. 16.

From Messina to Palermo.

From Messina to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Santa Lucia	1			
Tindaro	2			
Patti	1			
S. Marco	1			
Caldonia	1			
Tosa	1			
Rocella	1 1/2			
Solanto	1 1/2			
Palermo	1			
	11	—	90	—

Num. 17.

From Naples to Messina.

From Naples to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Torre della Nunziata	1 1/2	.	.	.
Nocera dei Pagani.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Salerno	1 1/2	.	.	.
Vicenza	1 1/2	.	.	.
Eboli.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Duchessa.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Auletta	1 1/2	.	.	.
Sala	1 1/2	.	.	.
Casal nuovo	1 1/2	.	.	.
Lagonero.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Lauria	1	.	.	.
Castelluccio	1	.	.	.
Osteria della Rotonda.	1	.	.	.
Castrovillari	1 1/2	.	.	.
Marina d'Altomonte	1 1/2	.	.	.
Celso.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Sant' Antoniello	1 1/2	.	.	.
Cosenza	1	.	.	.
Rogliano.	1	.	.	.
Sugliano.	1	.	.	.
Nicastro	1 1/2	.	.	.
Fondico del Fico	1 1/2	.	.	.
Monteleone.	1 1/2	.	.	.
San Pietro di Mileto.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Drosi.	1	.	.	.
Seminara.	1 1/2	.	.	.
Passo dei Solari.	1	.	.	.
Fiumara di Muro.	1	.	.	.
Villa San Giovanni.	1	.	.	.
Messina by Sea	-	.	.	.
	38 1/2	—	—	—

Num. 18.

From Bologna to Mantua by Ferrara.

From Bologna to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Capo d'Argine. .	1			
Malalbergo. . . .	1			
Ferrara	1 1/2			
Bondeno.	1			
Quadrelle	1 1/2			
Sermide	1			
Governolo. . . .	1 1/2			
Mantova	1 1/2			
	10	80	—	92

Num. 19.

From Naples to Bari.

From Naples to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Marigliano. . . .	1 1/2			
Cardinale	1 1/2			
Avellino.	1 1/2			
Dentecane	1 1/2			
Grottaminarda. .	1 1/2			
Ariano.	1			
Savigliano	1			
Ponte di Bovino.	1 1/2			
Ortona.	1 1/2			
Cirignola.	1 1/2			
San Cassiano . .	1			
Barletta	1			
Bisceglie.	1			
Giovenazzo. . . .	1			
Bari.	1			
	19	—	152	—

Num. 20.

From Rome to Naples by the Pomptine-marshes.

From Roma	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
to Torre diMezzavia	1 1/2			
Albano.	3/4			
Velletri	2			
Cisterna	1 1/2			
Torre dei 3 Ponti.	1			
Bocca di fiume .	1			
Mesa.	1			
Terracina	1 1/2			
Fondi	1 1/2			
Itri	1			
Mola	1			
Garigliano	1			
Sant' Agata . . .	1			
Sparanisi	1			
Capua	1 1/2			
Aversa.	1			
Napoli	1			
	20 1/4	—	—	—

Num. 21.

From Alexandria to Genoa.

From Alessandria	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
to Tortona	2			
Alla Bettola . . .	2			
Seravalle	1			
Gavi.	-			
Voltaggio , . . .	1			
Campomarrone .	2			
Genova	1 1/2			
	9 1/2	—	60	—

Num. 22.

From Milan to Bologna by Placenza.

From Milano to	Posts.	Distance in miles, Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Melognano	1 1/2			
Lodi	1 1/4			
Casal Pusterlengo	1 1/2			
Piacenza	1 1/2			
Firenzuola	2			
San Donnino	1			
Castel guelfo	1			
Parma	1			
Sant'Ilario	1			
Reggio	1			
Rubiera	1			
Modena	1			
Samoggia	1 1/2			
Bologna	1 1/2			
	17 3/4	129 1/2	133	149

Num. 23.

From Venice to Rimini.

From Venezia to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Cavanelle by sea	-			
Alle Fornaci	2			
Mesola	2			
Pomposa	2			
Magnavacca	2			
Primaro	1			
Ravenna	2			
Al Savio	1			
Cesenatico	1			
Rimini	2			
	15	—	122	—

Num. 24.

From Bologna to Venice.

From Bologna to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Capodargine. . .	1			
Malalbergo. . . .	1			
Ferrara	1 1/2			
Ponte di Lago scuro	2			
Polesella. . . .				
Canal bianco. .				
Arquà	2			
Rovigo.				
Monselice	2			
Padova	1 1/2			
Dolo.	1 1/2			
Fusina.	1 1/2			
Venezia by Sea 5 miles	-			
	14	90	98	104

Num. 25.

From Mantua to Trent.

From Mantova to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian.	English.
Roverbella. . . .	1			
Verona	2 1/2			
Volarni	1 1/2			
Peri	1			
Halla	1			
Roveredo	1 1/2			
Caliani	1			
Trento	1			
	10 1/2	79	84	98

Num. 26.

From Milan to Bologna by Mantua.

From Milano to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic	Italian	English
Melegnano	1 1/2			
Lodi	1 1/2			
Casal Pusterlengo	1 1/2			
Pizzighettone	2			
Cremona	1			
Cicognolo	1			
S. Lorenzo de'Picenardi	1			
Bozzolo	1 1/4			
Castellucchio	1 1/2			
Mantova	1			
S. Benedetto	2 1/2			
Novi	2 1/2			
Carpi	1			
Modena	1 1/4			
Samoggia	1 1/2			
Bologna	1 1/2			
	23 1/2	—	80	—

Num. 27.

From Turin to Alexandria by Casal.

From Turino to	Posts.	Distance in miles. Geographic	Italian	English
Settimo	1 1/2			
Chivasco	1 1/2			
Crescentino	2 1/4			
Trino	2 1/4			
Casale	2 1/4			
S. Salvatore	2 1/4			
Alessandria	1 1/2			
	13 1/2	64 1/2	27	74

Num. 28.

From Turin to Placenza, by Alexandria and Tortona.

From Torino	Posts,	Distance in Miles.		
		Geographic	Italian	English
to Truffarello	1 1/2			
Poirino	1 1/2			
S. Dusino	1 1/2			
Gambetta	1 1/2			
Asti	2 1/2			
Fellizzano	1 1/2			
Annone	1 1/2			
Alessandria	2 1/4			
Tortona	3			
Voghera	2 1/4			
Casteggio	1 1/4			
Broni	2			
Castel S. Giov.	1 1/2			
Placenza	2			
	25 3/4	116	112	127

Num. 29.

From Venice to Trent by Bassano.

From Venezia	Posts,	Distance in miles,		
		Geographic	Italian	English
to Mestre *by sea six miles*				
Treviso	1 1/2			
Castelfranco	1 1/2			
Bassano	1 1/2			
Primolano	2			
Borgo di Valsugana	2			
Pergine	1 1/2			
Trento	1 1/2			
	11 1/2	88	93 1/2	106 1/2

Num 30.

From Trent to Verona and from Verona to Venice.

From Trento to	Posts,	Distance in miles Geographic	Italian	English
Caliano	1 1/2			
Roveredo	1 1/4			
Halla	1 1/4			
Peri	1			
Volarni	1 1/2			
Verona	1 1/2			
	8	—	58	—

From Verona to	Posts,	Distance in miles. Geographic.	Italian	English
Caldiero	1			
Montebello	1 1/2			
Vicenza	1 1/4			
Slesega	1 1/4			
Padova	1			
Strà	1			
Mira	1			
Fusina	1			
Venezia				
By sea 5 miles. There is a large boat called, *Corriera* which sets out every day at eight in the evening.				
	9	—	79 1/2	—

Num 31.

From Mantua to Venice.

From Mantova	Posts,	Distance in miles.		
		Geographic	Italian.	English
Castellaro	1 1/2			
Sanguineto. . . .	1			
Legnago.	1			
Montagnana . . .	1 1/4			
Este	1 1/4			
Monselice	1 1/2			
Padova.	1 1/2			
Strà.	1			
Mira.	1			
Fusina.				
Venezia				
By Sea 5 miles. There is a large boat called, *Corriera* which sets out every day at eight in the evening.				
	11	85	90	97

Num. 32.

From Mantua to Brescia.

From Mantua	Posts,	Distance in miles.		
		Geogr.	Italian	Engl.
Goito	1 1/2			
Castiglione . . .	1			
Montechiaro . . .	1 1/2			
Brescia	2 1/2			
	6 1/2	—	39	—

Num. 33.

From Milan to the Islands Borromee and from them to Milan by Como.

From Milan	Posts,	Distance in miles.		
to Saronno	1 3/4			
Tradate	1			
Varese	1 1/2			
Laveno	2			
Isola Bella *by wat.*				
Isola Madre . . .				
	6 1/4	Geogr. —	Italian .	English . .
			37 1/2	43

to Isola Madre . . .				
Laveno . *by wat.*				
Varese	2			
Como	2			
Milano.	3 1/2			
	7 1/2	Geograph. —	51	59

Num 34.

From Genoa to Milan.

From Genoa	Posts.	Distance in miles.		
to Campomarone. .	1 1/2			
Voltaggio	2			
Novi.				
Tortona	2			
Voghera	1 1/2			
Pancarana	1			
Pavia	1			
Binasco.	1 1/4			
Milano.	1 1/2			
	11 3/4	Geographic . . .	Italian.	English . . . . .
		72	69	83

Num. 35.

From Milan to Turin.

From Milano	Posts,	Distance in miles.		
to Sedriano.	1 1/2			
Bufalora.	1			
Novara	2			
Orfengo. . , . .	1 1/4			
Vercelli.	1 1/2			
S. Germano . .	1 3/4			
Cigliano. . , . .	2 1/2			
Rondissone . - .	1 1/4			
Chivasco . . . ,	2 1/4			
Settimo. . , . .	1 1/2			
Torino.	1 1/2			
	18	Geographic 85	Italian 94	English 98

Num 36.

From milan to Sempione.

From Milan	Posts,	Distance in miles.		
to Ro.	1 1/4			
Cascina buon Gesù	1 1/2			
Sesto Calende. .	2			
Belgirate	1 1/2			
Baveno	1			
Vogogna.	2			
Domodossola . .	1 1/4			
Iselle	1 1/2			
Villaggio del Sempione	1 1/2			
	13 1/2	Geographic . . . . . —	Italian . . . . . —	English . . . . . —

A LIST

Of the best HOTELS, INNS *or* TAVERNS, *in the principal cities and towns in Italy at the present time.*

ALEXANDRIA	I tre Re
	Locanda d' Inghilterra
ASTI	La Rosa rossa
	Il Leon d' oro
BASSANO	La Luna *without the town*
BOLOGNA	I Pellegrini
	L' Albergo Reale
BRESCIA	La Torre
CASAL	I tre re
FERRARA	I tre mori
FLORENCE	Sneider or *Locanda d' Inghilterra*
	Nuova York
	Il Pellicano
	Le quattro Nazioni
GENOA	Albergo di Londra
	Croce di Malta
	Quattro Nazioni
	Due Torri
	Il Cervo
HALLA	La Corona
LEGHORN	The royal Oak
	The Globe
	The City of London
	Wellington's hotel
	Aquila nera
	Croce d' oro
LODI	Albergo del Sole
	I tre re
LUCCA	La Pantera
MANTUA	Albergo reale di Canossa
	La Croce verde
	Il Leone d' oro

Milan	Albergo reale
	I tre re
	Il Pozzo
Modena	Il grande Albergo
Naples	Albergo degli Ambasciatori
	La villa di Venezia
	La Gran Brettagna
	Le Crocelle
Nizza	Il Delfino
Novara	I tre re
	Il Pesce d' oro
	Il Falcone
Novi	Locanda Reale in via Ghirardenghi
Padua	La Stella d' oro
	L' Aquila d' oro
Parma	La Posta
	Il Pavone
Pavia	The post-house
	La Croce bianca
Perugia	Locanda Ercolani
Pesaro	Locanda di Parma
Placenza	San Marco
Pisa	Le tre Donzelle
	L' Ussero
Pizzighettone	La Colombina
	Il Cappello
Ravenna	La Spada
Reggio	The Post-house
	Il Giglio
Rimini	La Fontana
Rome	At Dupre's Benedetto
	Pio
	Margherita
	Damon
	Mad. Stewart
	Mad. Smith
Roveredo	La Rosa
	La Corona

Siena	L' Aquila Nera
	L' Albergo Inglese
	Il Sole
Turin	Albergo Reale *in the new large street*
	Locanda d' Inghilterra
	Locanda di Francia detta le *buone donne*
	Il Bove rosso
	La buona donna
Trent	La Locanda d' Europa
	La Rosa
Venice	Il Gran Parigi
	Il Leon bianco
	I tre re
	La Scala
	La regina d' Inghilterra
	Lo Scudo di Francia
	La gran Brettagna
Vercelli	Il Leon d' oro
	I tre re
Verona	Le due torri
	La Torre
Vicenza	Il Cappello rosso
	Lo Scudo di Francia
Voghera	Il Moro

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THE END.

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